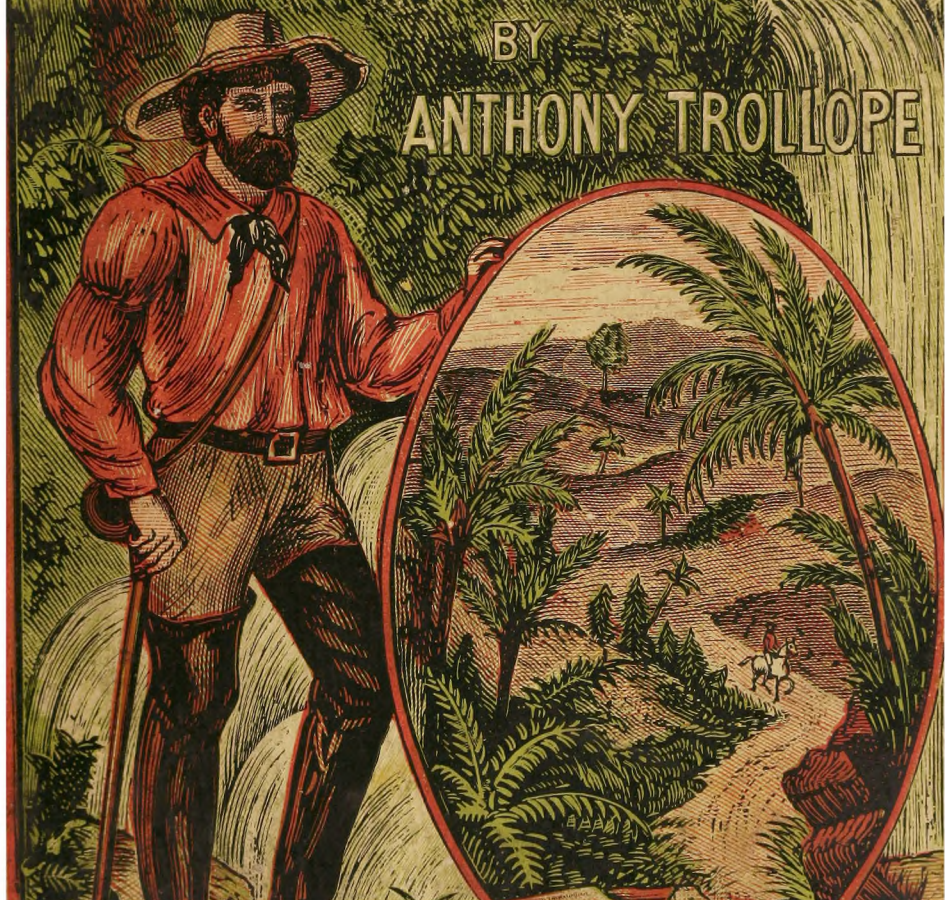




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BY  
ANTHONY TROLLOPE



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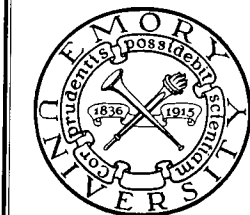
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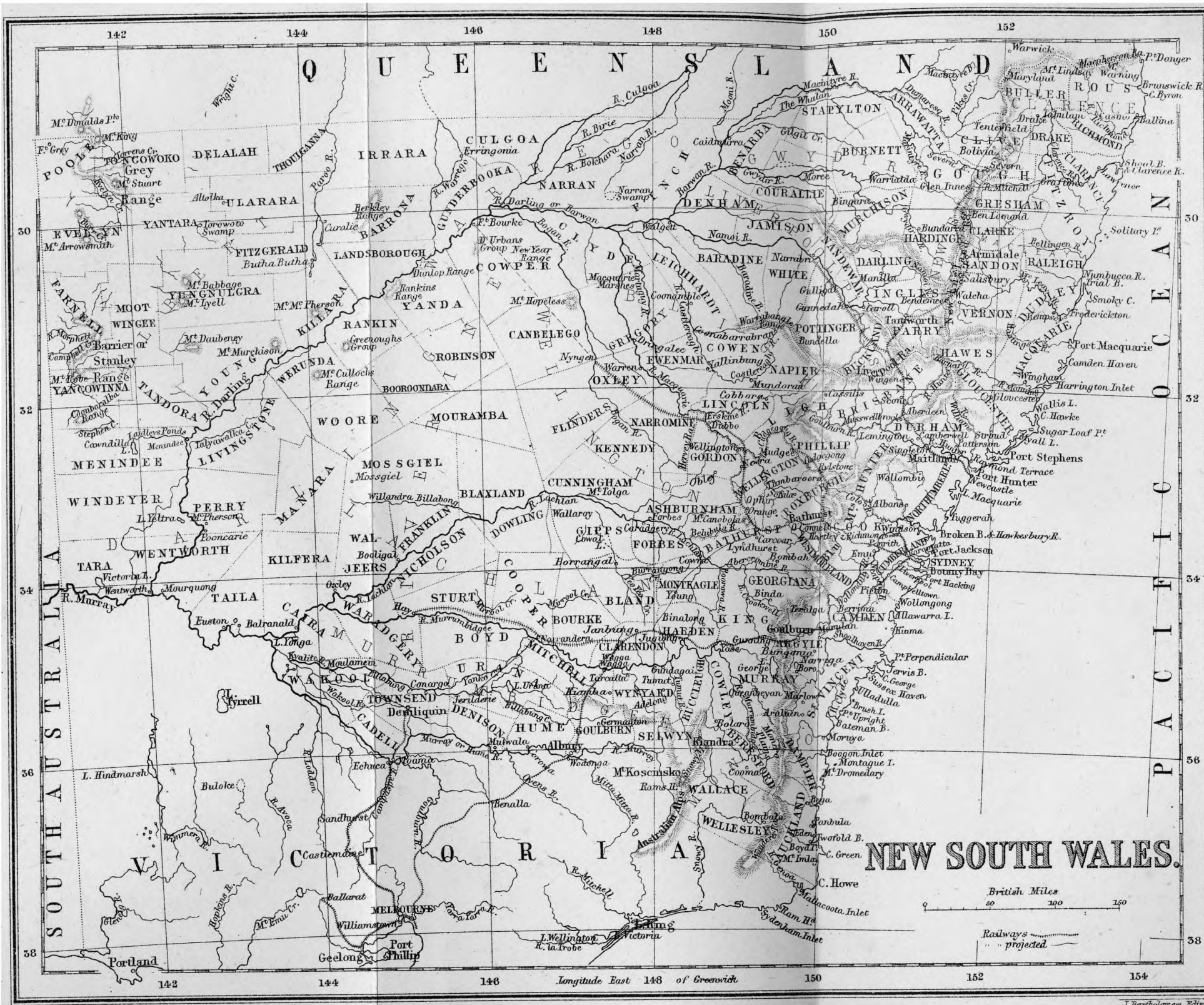
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PART I.  
NEW SOUTH WALES  
AND  
QUEENSLAND



# NEW SOUTH WALES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY HISTORY OF THE COLONY.

ON reaching Sydney the traveller should remember that he is visiting the spot on which our Australian empire was commenced, amidst difficulties of which we in England in these days think very little. We know something of Australian explorers of a later date. We do hear of Oxley, of Hume and Hovell, of Cunningham, Mitchell, Eyre, Sturt, Kennedy, Leichardt, Gregory, Stuart, Burke and Wills, and others who have succeeded in opening up new regions in Australia or have lost their lives in the attempt;—but we hear nothing of the perils endured and the efforts made by those who first brought convicts out to Botany Bay, and who were called upon to perform the almost impossible task of feeding and of governing them there.

Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay, a few miles south of Sydney Harbour,—or Port Jackson, as it is properly called,—in 1770, and took possession of the land on behalf of the English Crown. But Captain Cook was by no means the first to find Australia. Manoel Godinho, a Portuguese, is supposed to be the right claimant of that honour, and is said to have landed on the north-west corner of the continent in 1601. A Dutchman was the next, by name John William Verschoor, who is said to have touched at Cape York, the northern point of the great Queensland promontory, in 1606. Dirk Hartog in 1616. another Dutchman,

## NEW SOUTH WALES.

was the third ; and then, for many years, the Dutch continued to discover parts of the coast and various islands or what was then called Terra Australis. They have left their names behind them in many places ;—in Nuytsland, a most dreary region on the southern coast, at present utterly useless, so called from Peter Nuyts ; in the great Gulf of Carpentaria in the north, so called from Peter Carpenter ; in Tasmania,—Van Diemen's Land, as it used to be,—discovered by Abel Jan Tasman, who called it Van Diemen's Land after the governor of the Dutch East India Company, who had sent him on his voyage, and since rechristened Tasmania because a flavour of convicts had attached itself to the former name. Indeed the Dutch did so much and were so energetic in their voyages, that they were justified in calling the new continent New Holland ; and it seems now to be marvellous that a people so enterprising, and at that time so prone to get and to keep territory, should have lost their hold of the great "Terra Australis." It appears that they defeated their own object by their own secrecy and mystification. They published no records of the voyages made, and no charts of the newly discovered seas, fearing that the great future possession would become too well known to other explorers. Consequently, even among themselves, the doings of their sailors were unknown and unappreciated, and no rational desire was created for possession of the land.

It seems that a Frenchman was on the coast before any Englishman, one M. de St. Alouran having anchored off Cape Leuwin—the great south-eastern corner of the continent—in 1670. After him came William Dampier, an English buccaneer, who in 1688 landed on the western coast, and was, as far as we know, the first Englishman to put his foot on the soil of our great dependency. For eighty years after that English, Dutch, and French, with intermittent energies, endeavoured to become masters of New Holland. In 1770 Captain Cook, not only landed at Botany Bay, but actually surveyed a large portion of the eastern coast, and formally took possession of the country in the name of the King of England. This he did, having first touched at New



Zealand, which had been discovered by Tasman in 1642. In 1777 Captain Cook made another voyage into the Pacific,—in the course of which enterprise he was murdered at the Sandwich Islands. It was at this time that he recommended the English government to send out to Botany Bay the convicts from England which could no longer be sent to the revolted colonies of America. In 1787 Commodore Phillip, the first Australian governor, was despatched in accordance with Cook's advice to form a penal settlement at Botany Bay. Finding Botany Bay and the territory immediately around it to be altogether unfitted for the purpose he had in hand, with no fertile land around it, and no sufficient supply of water, Commodore Phillip sailed northward, entered Port Jackson,—as Cook had already called it,—and founded the settlement for British convicts.

In the same year a French captain, La Perouse, also landed at Botany Bay, anchoring there as it happened on the very day on which Commodore Phillip hoisted the English colours at the head of Port Jackson. La Perouse perished on his road home, but Commodore Phillip created the colony of New South Wales,—from whence have sprung all our Australian colonies.

Mr. Rusden, who knows Australian history probably as well as any man living, commences his account of the discovery, survey, and settlement of Port Phillip, or of the colony of Victoria as it is now called, with the following words:—"American colonization sprang mainly from private adventure. The foundation of colonies in Australia was not the result of private enterprise, but of the policy of the ministry of which Pitt was the real as well as the nominal head." There can be no doubt that Mr. Rusden is right in his statement that our possession of Australia is due to the government of the day, and not to any gallant adventurer such as was Raleigh, or to any band of Puritan brothers going forth in search of freedom, as did they who landed from the *Mayflower* on the shores of Massachusetts. The expedition to Botany Bay was planned by government,—whether actually by Pitt or not I do not know that we can now say,—with the view of finding a shore on which

we might rid ourselves of our ruffians. It was to be governed by martial law, and was based on the footing of a penal settlement. After that the French still made renewed attempts, and endeavoured to call the whole southern district of Australia "Terre Napoléon." This was intended to include, with much other territory, all that country which is, perhaps, now better known as Victoria, than by the imperial name then given to it.

Governor Phillip, with his convicts and few attendants, had by no means a pleasant time of it. He had indeed about as bad a time as any government servant of whom we now read. There were two establishments for convicts in his hands, one at Sydney, and the other at Norfolk Island,—where the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* are now dwindling back to the insipidity of savage life amidst the charms of Utopian freedom. In Governor Phillip's time the life on Norfolk Island was by no means idle or Utopian. There was a great deal of rebellion and running away, a great deal of punishment of a kind which now seems to us to have been very barbarous, but without which the convict element would probably have got altogether the better of the governing element. And there was terrible want, not only at Norfolk Island, but also on the mainland,—want so dire as almost to have become starvation. Nearly all the food consumed for the first years had to be brought either from England, or from some other distant land, such as Batavia or Bengal. The land round Sydney, on which attempts were made to create farms, was found to be poor and barren. The few cattle which the settlers or, rather, which the governor possessed, strayed away or were killed by the blacks. And then these black men, the aborigines, were a source of difficulties for which no satisfactory solution could be found. If only they would be friendly all might be well ;—but how could friendship be expected from a race whose all was being taken from them by a handful of strangers who spoke a strange language,—and who had fire-arms? If the blacks would be friendly it would be well ; but if not—then they must be repressed, as were the convicts. The settlement was not to be abandoned because savage tribes

could not be made to understand quickly the benefits of civilisation,—and the blacks were repressed, and driven away, and sometimes starved, to the great affliction of the first governors.

For five years Governor Phillip fought his battle against convicts, black men, recusant settlers, famine, floods, and drought, and he fought it like a hero. In every emergency,—and every day created a new emergency,—he was forced to think for himself. He had no ministers, and no council. He was commander-in-chief, and the life of every man was in his hands. But he was responsible to the King's government at home, and to public opinion in the colony. From day to day there was pressed upon him the fear that, one after another, they might all perish from want. If this vessel or that did not come at the expected time, there would not be even half a day's rations per day either for convicts, free-men, or for the governor. That modicum of half a day's rations was, more than once, the allowance for them all. I do not know where to look for a better story of great, continued, unpicturesque heroism than in the records of Governor Phillip's career. In these days it is very pleasant to be a governor of a colony. A charming house is provided, there are aides-de-camp and private secretaries, there is a liberal salary, there is probably much hospitality, and just enough of work to enable the governor of an Australian colony to feel that he earns what is bestowed upon him. But in truth he governs nobody, and is simply a medium of communication between the ministry of the colony and the Secretary of State at home. In Governor Phillip's time it was very different. He had indeed to govern,—to rule all and everything, and to do so with an iron hand that could not dare to relax its severity. His hand was of iron, but his heart was very soft. He had no rest from providing for the wants of those around him, and when they were put on half rations, and on less than half, his own were always as scanty as the scantiest.

At the end of five years Governor Phillip went home, and after a lapse of two years,—which two years were very injurious to the young settlement,—was succeeded by Captain

Hunter, who had come out with Phillip. Hunter again, after five or six years, was succeeded by another officer who had come to Botany Bay with Phillip's first band of convicts,—namely Governor King. And these men also were heroes in their way, facing terrible difficulties—difficulties in regard to the black men, difficulties in regard to the convicts, difficulties in regard to food, and, perhaps worst of all, difficulties in regard to a certain New South Wales Corps, which had been sent out from England with an idea that perhaps by such military body the convicts might be controlled,—and perhaps also, in some degree, the governor also. The officers of this corps soon became dominant in the colony, and used their dominion after a strange fashion. They obtained the right, or at any rate the power, of an almost exclusive monopoly, at first in spirits, and afterwards in all imported goods. When Governor Hunter and Governor King had resigned, the battle was carried on by Governor Bligh,—the famous Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*,—who thus became king and lord over the very island on which are now settled the descendants of those who took his ship away from him and sent him adrift upon the waters. Governor Bligh was a very rough man, but seems to have been a manly fellow, with a strong idea of his duty. In the third year of his government he was arrested by the commanding officer of the very troop which was supposed at home to be at his hand for his support. His government was then brought to an end, and the New South Wales Corps was sent home.

Thus were passed the first twenty years of the new colony, amidst struggles of which the history has not yet been fairly written. Great efforts in the meantime had been made to extend the settled district. Farms were established up the Paramatta River, on grounds now rich with orange groves, but which were gradually found to be utterly unfit for cereal crops. The first attempts at growing corn in the neighbourhood of Sydney were failures, sad enough to break the hearts of all but heroes. The Hawkesbury was discovered—a magnificent river which makes its way into the ocean about fifteen miles north of Sydney Harbour,—and on the



Upper Hawkesbury, where now stands the town of Windsor, the land was found to be a rich alluvial deposit, capable of growing anything. But no sooner had settlers made their young home on this seemingly happy soil, than floods came and washed everything away. And there is Windsor now, with its rich lands, and its constant floods,—and some 2,000 inhabitants, who must surely be web-footed. Various also were the attempts made under these first governors to find a way out from the narrow strip of territory occupied along the shore across the mountains into the interior. These are the Blue Mountains, which are blue indeed, and very lovely,—now crossed by the Bathurst railway, but over which in those days the settlers long found it impossible to make their way. Wool had become an article of export during these early years, and did at last give rise to the energies which in time forced a passage through the Blue Mountains. Captain Macarthur, who had been one of the officers belonging to that wretched New South Wales Corps, introduced merino sheep into the colony, and obtained a grant of 10,000 acres of land. Then others took to massing flocks. In 1813 there came a great drought, and Messrs. Wentworth, Blaxland, and Lawson got through the mountains in search of grass for their sheep.

In 1805 a second dependency on New South Wales was established on the northern shore of Van Diemen's Land, for the purpose of removing thither convicts from Norfolk Island,—which place was abandoned, as the governor found it impossible to supply food to a settlement at such a distance. The abandonment of the station was, however, only temporary. Thus was commenced the second in date of our Australian colonies. In 1825 Van Diemen's Land was, at its own request, separated from New South Wales, and established as a penal colony on its own bottom, with its own governor, and its own expenses. Its name soon became as familiar with us as that of the parent colony,—but we viewed them both only as the homes of our exported rascaldom. In 1836 Port Phillip,—which is now the colony of Victoria,—became a dependency under New South Wales. In 1851 she was allowed to go alone, and is now, at any rate in her

own opinion, the first in importance of all the colonial children of Great Britain. In 1839 New Zealand became a dependency under New South Wales,—but the child did not remain long in leading-strings. In 1840 New Zealand received a governor of her own from England. In 1859 the Moreton Bay district, constituting at that time the northern half,—or something more than half,—of what was left of the colony of New South Wales, was cut off, and the separate colony of Queensland was established. In this way New South Wales was the parent of all our present Australian colonies, except South Australia and Western Australia, both of which originated in efforts made from home.

In 1856, five years after the separation of Victoria, responsible government was established in New South Wales, and governors of the happy, hospitable, sleek, and unburdened kind came into vogue. This happened during the reign of Sir William Denison, who came out in 1853 with the task of inaugurating the change. He, however, still kept the title of Governor-General of Australasia, which was not borne by his successor, Sir John Young. Perhaps of all her governors, Sir Richard Bourke is the one best remembered and the most esteemed in New South Wales. He came to the colony in 1832, and remained there for the normal period of six years. A large statue to his memory, standing at the gate of the Sydney domain, helps to keep alive his honours. He was no doubt a firm, considerate man, excellently well qualified for his duties. He was preceded by Governor Darling, and succeeded by Governor Gipps, as to both of whom it is now recorded in the colony that, if diamonds, they were rough diamonds.

## CHAPTER II.

### SYDNEY.

I DESPAIR of being able to convey to any reader my own idea of the beauty of Sydney Harbour. I have seen nothing equal to it in the way of land-locked sea scenery,—nothing second to it. Dublin Bay, the Bay of Spezzia, New York, and the Cove of Cork are all picturesquely fine. Bantry Bay, with the nooks of sea running up to Glengarrif, is very lovely. But they are not equal to Sydney either in shape, in colour, or in variety. I have never seen Naples, or Rio Janeiro, or Lisbon ;—but from description and pictures I am led to think that none of them can possess such a world of loveliness of water as lies within Sydney Heads. The proper thing to assert is that the fleets of all nations might rest securely within the protection of the harbour. How much acreage of sea the fleets of all nations might require I cannot even surmise ;—but if they could be anchored together anywhere, they could surely be so anchored at Sydney.

In none of the books which I have seen respecting the early settlement of the colony, or of its subsequent difficulties in progress, is much stress laid on the scenery of Sydney Harbour, or of the Hawkesbury River which is near it. Nor is much said of the glorious defiles of the Blue Mountains. Such books have been generally circumstantial and statistical,—either despondent or hopeful, according to the opinions of the writers. They have always insisted much—and have done so with well-deserved zeal—on the great efforts made by Australian discoverers. They have told us of the drawbacks of the land,—which are very great, as the soil is often

poor, is encumbered with forests, deficient in water, and subject to a climate which is not propitious to cereals. On the other hand, we have heard from them much of Australian wool, and for the last twenty years of Australian gold. We gather from these books many facts as to the past events of Australia, and many opinions as to its future. But we hear very little of Australian scenery. Consequently we, at home in England, are inclined to believe that Australia, as a country, is displeasing to the eye. The eternal gum-tree has become to us an Australian crest, giving evidence of Australian ugliness. The gum-tree is ubiquitous, and is not the loveliest, though neither is it by any means the ugliest, of trees. But there are scenes of nature in Australia as lovely as are to be found in any part of the world;—not so closely congregated as in Western Europe, but quite as much so as in North America. They are often difficult of access,—and must remain so, till the population is large enough to stretch itself about the country, and to make railways, and to run river steamers.

The people of Sydney are by no means indifferent to the beauty of their harbour, and claim for it the admiration of strangers with something of the language, but not with the audacity, of Americans, when they demand the opinions of their visitors as to their remarkable institutions. There is something of shamefacedness, a confession of provincial weakness, almost an acknowledgment that they ought not to be proud of a thing so insignificant, in the tone in which you are asked whether, upon the whole, you do not think Sydney Harbour rather pretty. Every Sydney man and every Sydney woman does ask you the question,—as does every American ask that other question; but it is asked in Sydney with bated breath, and with something of an apology, “Of course you have been bothered out of your life about our harbour;—but it is pretty,—don’t you think so?” It is so inexpressibly lovely that it makes a man ask himself whether it would not be worth his while to move his household gods to the eastern coast of Australia, in order that he might look at it as long as he can look at anything. There are certain spots, two or three miles out of the town, now



occupied generally by villas, or included in the grounds of some happy resident, which leave nothing for the imagination to add. Greenoaks and Mount Adelaide, belonging to two brothers, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Henry Mort, are perfect. Sir James Martin, who was the prime minister when I was first there, and who, I hope, may soon be so again, has a garden falling down to the sea, which is like fairyland. There is a rock outside,—or probably inside,—the grounds of Woolhara, belonging to Mr. Cooper, on which the blacks in the old days, when they were happy and undisturbed, used to collect themselves for festive, political, and warlike purposes. I wonder whether they enjoyed it as I did ! How they must have hated the original Cooper when he came and took it,—bought it for 20s. an acre, out of which they got no dividend, or had a grant of it from the English Crown ! Woolhara is a magnificent property, covered with villas and gardens, all looking down upon the glorious sea. In England it would be worth half a million of money, and, as things go on, it will soon be worth as much in New South Wales ; and perhaps some future Cooper will be Duke Cooper or Marquis Cooper, and Woolhara will be as famous as Lowther or Chatsworth. It is infinitely more lovely than either. I envied the young man, and almost hated him for having it,—although he had just given me an excellent dinner.

I doubt whether I ever read any description of scenery which gave me an idea of the place described, and I am not sure that such effect can be obtained by words. Scott in prose, and Byron in verse, are both eloquent in declaring that this or that place is romantic, picturesque, or charming ; and their words have been powerful enough to send thousands to see the spots which they have praised. But the charm conveyed has been in the words of the writer, not in the beauty of the place. I know that the task would be hopeless were I to attempt to make others understand the nature of the beauty of Sydney Harbour. I can say that it is lovely, but I cannot paint its loveliness. The sea runs up in various bays or coves, indenting the land all around the city, so as to give a thousand different aspects of the water,—and not of water, broad, unbroken, and unrelieved,

but of water always with jutting corners of land beyond it, and then again of water and then again of land. And you,—the resident,—even though you be a lady not over strong, though you be a lady, if possible not over young,—will find, unless you choose your residence most unfortunately, that you have walks within your reach as deliciously beautiful as though you had packed up all your things and travelled days and spent pounds to find them. One Mrs. Macquarie, the wife, I believe, of Governor Macquarie, made a road, or planned a road, or at any rate gave her name to a road, which abuts on the public domain, and is all but in the town. A mile and a half from the top of Hunter Street carries the pedestrian all round it. Two shillings does as much for him or her who prefers a hansom cab,—and the Sydney hansoms are the very best cabs in the world. At the end of it is Mrs. Macquarie's chair,—with a most ill-written inscription, but with a view that affords compensation even for that. The public gardens, not half a mile from the top of Hunter Street, beat all the public gardens I ever saw,—because they possess one little nook of sea of their own. I do not love public gardens generally, because I am called on to listen to the names of shrubs conveyed in three Latin words, and am supposed to interest myself in the locality from which they have been brought. I envy those who have the knowledge which I want ; but I put my back up against attempts made to convey it to me, knowing that it is too late. But it was impossible not to love the public gardens at Sydney,—because one could sit under the trees and look out upon the sea. There is a walk from the bottom of Macquarie Street,—not Mrs. Macquarie's Road, but the old governor's own street,—leading round by the fort, under the governor's house, to the public gardens. The whole distance round may be a mile and a half from the top of Hunter Street, which opens on to Macquarie Street. It runs close along the sea, with grassy slopes on which you may lie and see the moon glimmer on the water as it only glimmers on land-locked coves of the ocean. You may lie there prostrate on the grass, with the ripple close at your feet within a quarter-of-an-hour of your club.

Your after-dinner cigar will last you there and back if you will walk fairly and smoke slowly. Nobody ever is there at that hour, the young men of Sydney preferring to smoke their cigars in their arm-chairs. Then there is the little trip by steam ferry over to the north shore, where lives that prince of professors and greatest of Grecians, Doctor Badham, of the university. I should like to be the ferryman over that ferry to Lavender Bay on condition that the Doctor met me with some refreshment on each journey. Sydney is one of those places which, when a man leaves it knowing that he will never return, he cannot leave without a pang and a tear. Such is its loveliness.

The town itself, as a town, independently of its sea and its suburbs, was, to me, pleasant and interesting. In the first place, though it is the capital of an Australian colony, and therefore not yet a hundred years old, it has none of those worst signs of novelty which make the cities of the New World unpicturesque and distasteful. It is not parallelogrammic and rectangular. One may walk about it and lose the direction in which one is going. Streets running side by side occasionally converge—and they bend and go in and out, and wind themselves about, and are intricate. Philadelphia, which has not a want in the world, and is supplied with every luxury which institutions can confer upon human nature, is of all towns the most unattractive because it is so managed that every house in it has its proper place, which can be found out at once, so long as the mind of the seeker be given to ordinary arithmetic. No arithmetic will set the wanderer right in Sydney;—and this, I think, is a great advantage. I lived at 213½ in a certain street, and the interesting number chosen seemed to have no reference to any smaller numbers. There was no 1, or 5, or 20 in that street. If you live at 213 in Philadelphia, you know that you are three doors from Two Hundred and Ten Street on one side, and seven from Two Hundred and Twenty Street on the other. Information conveyed in that manner is always to me useless. I forget the numbers which I should remember, and have no aid to memory in the peculiarity either of the position or of the name.

The public gardens at Sydney deserve more than the passing mention just made of them. The people of Australia personally are laudably addicted to public gardens,—as they are to other public institutions with which they are enabled to inaugurate the foundation of their towns, by the experience taught to them by our deficiencies. Parks for the people were not among the requirements of humanity when our cities were first built; and the grounds necessary for such purposes had become so valuable when the necessity was recognised, that it has been only with great difficulty, and occasionally by the munificence of individuals, that we have been able to create these artificial lungs for our artisans. In many of our large towns we have not created them at all. The Australian cities have had the advantage of our deficiencies. The land has been public property, and space for recreation has been taken without the payment of any cost price. In this way a taste for gardens, and, indeed, to some extent, a knowledge of flowers and shrubs, has been generated, and a humanizing influence in that direction has been produced. There are, in all the large towns,—either in the very centre of them or adjacent to them,—gardens rather than parks, which are used and apparently never abused. Those at Melbourne in Victoria are the most pretentious, and, in a scientific point of view, no doubt the most valuable. I am told that, in the rarity and multiplicity of the plants collected there, they are hardly surpassed by any in Europe. But for loveliness, and that beauty which can be appreciated by the ignorant as well as by the learned, the Sydney Gardens are unrivalled by any that I have seen. The nature of the land, with its green slopes down to its own bright little sea bay, has done much for them, and art and taste combined have made them perfect. It may be said that of all drawbacks to public parks distance is the greatest. We know that, in London, Hyde Park is but of little service to those who live at Mile End. The great park at New York, though it is connected by omnibuses with the whole city, requires an expedition to reach it. The gardens of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham are so far off from the multitude that the distance rather

than the cost of entrance deters the crowd which might take delight in them. Even the Bois de Boulogne are too remote for daily purposes. But the gardens of Sydney are within easy reach of every street of the combined towns of Sydney and Woolloomooloo. A little beyond the gardens, almost equally near to the town, are the sea baths,—not small, dark, sequestered spots in which, for want of a better place, men and women may wash themselves, but open sea spaces, guarded by palisades from the sharks which make bathing in the harbour impracticable, large enough for swimming, and fitted up with all requisites. It is a great thing for a city to be so provided; and it is a luxury which, as far as I am aware, no other city possesses to the same degree. There is no place for bathing in England like it, or at all equal to it. That at Kingstown in Ireland is perhaps as good; but Kingstown is six or seven miles from Dublin, and has to be reached by railroad. A man or a woman may walk to the bathing-place at Sydney in a quarter of an hour.

I was much surprised at the fortifications of Sydney harbour. Fortifications, unless specially inspected, escape even a vigilant seer of sights, but I, luckily for myself, was enabled specially to inspect them. I had previously no idea that the people of New South Wales were either so suspicious of enemies, or so pugnacious in their nature. I found five separate fortresses, armed, or to be armed, to the teeth with numerous guns,—four, five, or six at each point;—Armstrong guns, rifled guns, guns of eighteen tons weight, with loop-holed walls and pits for riflemen, as though Sydney were to become another Sebastopol. I was shown how the whole harbour and city were commanded by these guns. There were open batteries and casemated batteries, shell rooms and gunpowder magazines, barracks rising here and trenches dug there. There was a boom to be placed across the harbour, and a whole world of torpedoes ready to be sunk beneath the water, all of which were prepared and ready for use in an hour or two. It was explained to me that “they” could not possibly get across the trenches, or break the boom, or escape the torpedoes, or live for an hour beneath

the blaze of the guns. "They" would not have a chance to get at Sydney. There was much martial ardour, and a very general opinion that "they" would have the worst of it. For a time I could not gather who "they" were to be. But "indirect damages" were on men's tongues, and so I knew who were the "they" at that moment uppermost in the thoughts of my companions. It would be the same in regard to any other enemies of England, either in esse or in posse. I hope that New South Wales may never have to fight for England, and certainly that she may not have to fight America. But the feeling of loyalty in the colony is so strong that, were there a fight on hand, she would be unhappy not to be allowed to take some share in it. But, in viewing these fortifications, I was most specially struck by the loveliness of the sites chosen. One would almost wish to be a gunner for the sake of being at one of those forts.

Three different localities are combined to make Sydney. There is the old city,—old as the age of cities is as yet counted in Australia,—in which are George Street and Pitt Street, so called from George III. and his minister, running parallel to each other, from the centre. The other chief streets are all named after the old governors,—Macquarie Street, King Street, Bligh Street, Hunter Street, and Phillip Street. Among these, Macquarie Street takes a proud pre-eminence, containing the Houses of Parliament, the Treasury buildings, the entrance to Government House, and the old hospital. During a portion of its length it is built up but on one side, and looks on to the public domain—for there is a public domain or park, as well as public gardens. Indeed, according to the maps of the city, there are an inner domain and an outer domain, and a Hyde Park. To the south of these rises the important town of Woolloomooloo,—as to the remarkable spelling of which name the reader may take my assurance that I am right. Woolloomooloo has become almost as big as Sydney, and much more fashionable; and beyond Woolloomooloo, on and over various little coves of the sea,—Elizabeth Bay, and Rose Bay, and Double Bay, and Rushcutter's Bay,—cluster the various villa residences of the wealthy families. It is here that the rising

generation of Sydney desires to dwell, and there is much to justify its choice. Then there is the "North Shore," less fashionable, but almost as beautiful as the hills round the southern coves. The North Shore has to be reached by steam ferry from Sydney Cove, which now is better known as the Circular Quay, where is congregated the shipping of the port. When the wool ships from England are here, lying in a circle all round the margin, no port has a pleasanter appearance. This is during the summer months, from October perhaps up to March. I was at Sydney both in summer and winter; but during the winter the port seemed to be deserted. Crossing the main harbour from the Circular Quay, the inhabitants of the North Shore reach their side of the town in ten minutes. Here are St. Leonard's, which is fairly fashionable; Balmuir, which is less so; and up higher, the township of Pyrmont, which will perhaps hardly excuse me if I say that it is not fashionable at all. But then, on the other hand, Pyrmont is reached by a bridge, while the inhabitants of St. Leonard's are driven to use the ferry. I can hardly complete this attempted description of the city, without explaining that the Government House stands between the Circular Quay and the public gardens, with grounds sloping down to the sea. The position is one of great beauty, and the house has an air of magnificence about it, such as should belong to the residence of a viceroy. I have been told, however, that as a house it is not as good as it should be. Looking at it with the eyes of a humble private individual, I thought that it was all that a house need be.

The antiquity of Sydney,—perhaps I should say the comparative antiquity,—strikes an Englishman as being almost absurd, as he remembers that in his father's lifetime the place was covered by gum-trees and peopled by savages. There are houses so old that they are in almost ruinous condition—seeming to be as low, as comfortless, and almost as picturesque, as do some dilapidated tenements in the old streets of our old towns. These are chiefly of wood; but the eyes become so used to wooden houses that this speciality is not observed. Two or three were pointed out to me, each

as being the oldest in the town, and which certainly were built when the hearts of the young colonists were heavy with many troubles. Little was thought then of beauty of position, of gardens down to the water's edge, and of views over the land-locked sea. How were the inhabitants to make themselves safe against black savages, against convicts who were still more savage, and against fire? It seems that the first comers into any land have rarely thought much about scenery. Trouble as to food and security is too heavy on the minds of pioneers to allow them to indulge in the luxury of landscapes, and the taste for scenery is one of latter-day growth. In the last century Englishmen travelled to see cities, and to see men, and to study the world,—but in those days mountains were troublesome, and dark valleys were savage, and glaciers were horrible. Much is said by those who first landed at Botany Bay and Port Jackson on the trees and plants and herbs of the new country,—what I believe is now called “the Flora;” but I do not remember a word in praise of its loveliness.

Among other old buildings at Sydney there is an old church and a very old hospital. The hospital, I was assured, is quite antiquated. It seemed to be airy, easy, and as pleasant as is compatible with the nature of such an institution. St. James's Church is pewed round with high dark panels, and is as much like an English comfortless church of the last century, as though it stood in a second-rate town in an Eastern county. I went there once, and found it impossible to hear a word, either from the gentleman who read the lessons, or from him who preached. But it is a fashionable church, and is supposed to be that at which the governor and his family should say their prayers. The cathedral, on the other hand, is new, and very well arranged. I heard an excellent sermon there, in which I was told that it was the practice of St. Paul to teach his own religion rather than to abuse that of others,—a lesson which is much needed at home, and by no means unnecessary in the Australian colonies.



## CHAPTER III.

### RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

IT is natural that a visitor to any country should think most, and therefore speak with greatest fulness, of that sect in religion to which he himself belongs. He will be most prone to meet the pastors of that Church ; and, unless he keeps his mind alert on the subject, he will,—if he be an Englishman of the Church of England,—fall into the error of thinking that the Church of England is the only important Church. The feeling is very common at home,—but even there it is a mistake. In the colonies the blunder would be much more egregious. As long as the colonies were Crown colonies, governed directly from home, a certain amount of Church of England ascendancy was established. Bishops were appointed by the Crown, who still have, by virtue of their patents, some social precedence. They are recognised as titular lords,—having some stronger claim to the appellation than their Roman Catholic brother prelates. But in all these colonies every branch of the Christian religion is now supposed to stand on an equal footing,—and to have an equal title to whatever support the State may be able and willing to give. In each of the colonies the energy of the various pastors and of their flocks, and the munificence of individuals, have added something to the clerical incomes, which are for the most part provided by the voluntary payments of the people. I should only trouble my readers with unnecessary particulars were I to attempt to explain in detail the sources from which such funds have arisen, and the manner in which they have been expended ; but it may perhaps interest some to know

that there are five bishops of the Church of England in New South Wales, the Bishop of Sydney being the metropolitan for the Australian colonies, with a salary of £2,000 per annum. The total income of the clergy of the Church of England in New South Wales is £13,963 per annum,—of which £12,386 is the amount paid voluntarily by the people, and £1,576 that coming from the General Church Fund. The usual stipend of an incumbent is £200 per annum. There are 229,243 members of the Church of England in the colony.

One Roman Catholic archbishop has the Romish Church under his government, with a salary of £800 per annum. The total income of the Roman Catholic Church is £7,607 per annum, of which £6,583 is the sum derived from the subscriptions of the faithful, and £1,024 that from the Church Fund. The incomes of the parish priests are £200 or £150 per annum. There are 145,932 Roman Catholics in the colony.

The Presbyterians and Wesleyans have of course no bishops, but they also pay their ministers at the rate of about £150 each; the Presbyterians drawing altogether £326, and the Wesleyans £180, from the General Church Fund. The large remainder of the necessary sum is made up by the voluntary subscriptions of the flocks,—the Presbyterians paying £2,179 per annum, and the Wesleyans £1,572. The number of Presbyterians in the colony is 49,122, and that of Wesleyans 36,275. There are nine other Christian sects who have parish ministers and places of worship of their own, and who together number 26,447 souls. There were also two Jewish synagogues,—and there is a congregation of Christian Israelites, as to whose religious doctrines I must own myself to be altogether ignorant.

Very much praiseworthy energy has been used throughout the colonies to bring religious teaching within the reach of the people under very disadvantageous circumstances. No doubt the fact of an endowed Church at home, and the theory of endowments which was brought from home to the colonies, has given rise there as well as here to an idea that religion and religious teaching and rites should be adminis-

tered to a people without any demand upon them for direct payment. People in Australia will commonly make it a matter of complaint that no clergyman has ever been near them, that no religious aid has ever been sent to them,—although they themselves have taken no measures and paid no money towards bringing a clergyman into their districts. For the doctor and the lawyer they know they must pay,—as the Roman Catholic knows also that he must for his priest. But the normal English Protestant,—even when dissenting from the Church of England,—thinks that his spiritual pastor should be sent to him by some unknown authority which is supposed to have such matters in keeping. If the spiritual pastor be not sent, the Protestant goes on without clerical assistance, perhaps complaining,—more probably troubling himself very little on the matter. He would go to church if there were a church near him ; but if there be none within reach the fault does not rest with him, and thus his conscience is at ease. And again, the sparseness of the population and the great distances which lie between the small towns, add greatly to the difficulty. Clergymen of all denominations are, when employed in the pastoral districts, obliged to take charge of wide areas of country rather than of parishes,—of areas so wide that services can be held by each perhaps only once a fortnight, and perhaps only once a month. The travelling also is expensive, laborious, and very disagreeable. It necessarily follows that in many places there is no religious worship set on foot with clerical aid, and that squatters with their families, and their attendant shepherds, stockriders, shearers, and the like, recognise Sunday only as a day of rest.

I should, however, be wrong not to add that in New South Wales, and in the other colonies, a system has grown up under the direct sanction of the bishops of the Church of England for the performance of the Church Service by laymen. The morning prayers, with the lessons and litany, are read,—and often also a sermon. I believe that Episcopal injunctions against original sermons by laymen are very strong ; but I imagine they are sometimes disobeyed. Whether the Presbyterians and Wesleyans employ lay

readers I am unable to say. As a matter of course the Roman Catholics do not do so,—and on this account I think that the Roman Catholics as a sect are more neglected than their Protestant brethren, although they are doubtless under stricter coercion in regard to the payment of clerical dues.

I feel myself bound to record my opinion that religious teaching and the exercise of religious worship are held as being essential to civilisation and general well-being by the people of Australia. Taking the inhabitants of the colonies all through, I think the feeling is stronger there than it is at home, first and chiefly because the mass of the population is better educated,—secondly, because they who are foremost in education, rank, and society are less highly educated.

That the first should be the case will surprise no one, and will generally be admitted as a consequence, if it be allowed that the colonial education is superior to that which we have as yet achieved at home. The tendencies and influences which send children to school, send them and their parents to church also,—even though the schools be in all respect secular. Teaching produces prosperity; prosperity achieves decent garments;—and decent garments are highly conducive to church-going. Among us in England that portion of our rural population which never goes to church, and which is utterly ignorant of all religious observances, consists of the unfortunates upon whom the kindly dew of instruction has never fallen, and who have been left in almost brute-like ignorance. Among all communities in the colonies the children are taught. Wherever there is any community, however small it may be, there is a school; and where there is a school the children attend it. And almost as universally, wherever there is a community there arises a church, or more commonly churches. Though there be only two or three hundred persons within a twelve-mile circle, affording perhaps an average church attendance of less than a hundred, there will be a Presbyterian and a Roman Catholic church alongside of each other, or a Church of England and a Wesleyan church. Sometimes in a small township, containing osten-

sibly little in the way of buildings beyond the four public-houses, the blacksmith's shop, and the bank, there will be three places of worship. The people are fond of building churches, and are proud of having them in their villages,—though they are unfortunately less addicted to pay annually for their clergyman than to defray the cost of their churches. You can, too, go in debt for a church,—but hardly for a clergyman. There is, I think, undoubtedly a general desire that the comfort and decency of religious teaching should be recognised in the colony, and this I attribute mainly to the healthy state of education.

It would be more difficult to show that a lower condition of education among the better educated classes in the colony than that which has been reached at home, should have a similar tendency, but I think that such is the case. There can be but little doubt that education among the most favoured classes at home does range higher than in the colonies. It would indeed be most disgraceful to England, with her wealth and her endowed colleges and schools, if it were not so. And it has come about as one result of such advanced teaching,—not in England only but in every country in which erudition has been valued,—that the erudite have learned to disregard and in part to dispense with the services of a priesthood. I do not say that infidelity has been thus produced,—but rather a tendency in the man's mind to think that he can best suffice to himself as his own priest. This feeling, operating from men to their wives, from fathers to sons, and from mothers to daughters,—but ever more strongly among men than women,—has in all highly intellectual communities had a certain tendency to weaken confidence in the administrations of church services. In the colonies this condition of society has hardly been yet reached. That it will come,—whether it be for good or evil,—is certain. In the meantime the absence of the condition has the tendency which I have alleged, of making the feeling in favour of religious teaching stronger among the higher classes in the colonies than it is among our higher classes at home.

I find by the statistical register of New South Wales that

the average Sunday attendance at various places of worship amounts to something over one-third of the whole population. On 31st December, 1870, the population was 502,861, and during that year the average Sunday attendance had been 172,320.

It must be admitted on behalf of the colony, that New South Wales has supplied itself with schools on the most liberal footing; but it must be admitted also by the colony that too large a proportion of the expense of these schools has been thrust on the general taxation of the country. There are 796 public or common schools,—open to all classes, though not open without payment except under special circumstances,—of which 267 are denominational and 529 are secular. The total cost of these is £150,866 per annum, of which only £39,583 is paid by the subscriptions of the scholars, leaving the large sum of £111,283 as a burden on the revenue of the country. And it must be remembered that this is the case in a country in which the wages of artisans average 7s. 6d. and those of rural labourers 4s. a day. These schools are all subject to the Council of Education, and in 1870 they taught 59,814 scholars. Including those at private schools, the cost of which cannot of course be given, there were, in 1870, 74,503 scholars under tuition in the colony—a number which I think will be regarded as high for a population of half a million, which is continually being increased by the immigration of adults.

The glory of Sydney in the way of education is its University, and certainly a great deal of spirit has been shown by the colony in the creation of the institution and in the erection of the building. As regards the building, I think no one will dispute the assertion when I say that the college-hall,—or public room, for it is put to none of the comfortable festive uses for which college-halls have been built at our universities,—is the finest chamber in the colonies. If I were to say that no college either at Oxford or Cambridge possesses so fine a one, I might probably be contradicted. I certainly remember none of which the proportions are so good. In regard to the Sydney University itself, it must be

remembered that it has been instituted simply for education, and not as a place of residence either for fellows, scholars, or commoners. It consists, therefore, of the hall, library, lecture-rooms, museum, and a residence for one of the professors. It knows nothing of gaudy days, of high tables, of sweet Latin graces, or of audit ale. It lacks the social charms to which the frequenters of Oxford and Cambridge have been accustomed; but perhaps the education on that account is not the worse, and certainly it is very much less expensive.

In a fiscal point of view, I cannot say that the university has been as yet a success. In 1870,—and I can give the figures for no later year,—the total cost of the university, consisting chiefly of the salaries of the professors, was £5,938, of which no less than £5,000 was paid from the taxes of the colony. There were but 41 scholars, whose friends contributed a trifle over £22 per annum each for their education, amounting in all to £938. But there are three professors attached to the college, each of whom enjoys an income in excess of the sum so subscribed, besides other professors less liberally remunerated.

There are also affiliated colleges, in which it is proposed that students from a distance shall live,—as they do at our English colleges,—under the charge of a Warden or Rector. Two of these have been already built, and are inhabited, by the Warden of St. Paul's, which is a Protestant establishment, and by the Rector of St. John's, which is intended for the Roman Catholics. These gentlemen's salaries, of £500 each, are paid out of the taxes; but the affiliated students have not yet come in large numbers. When I visited the university, the happy Rector of St. John's was troubled with, I think, but one inmate, whereas the Warden of St. Paul's had three or four.

I am very far, however, from intending to sneer at the Sydney University. Amidst a population so sparse, it was of course necessary that the beginning, if made at all, should be made by the government, and be paid for with government money. It has not yet had time for success. Every effort has been made to lead to success, especially in procur-

ing first-class teachers for its service. The reputation for scholarship of Dr. Badham, the classical professor, is as high in England as it is in Sydney,—or nearly so; for in Sydney he is now regarded as the one living incontrovertible authority in all questions of Greek literature. Mr. Pell, the professor of mathematics, stands equally high in his own line. There is no institution in the colonies which excites and deserves the sympathies of an English traveller more completely than does the Sydney University.



## CHAPTER IV.

### LEGISLATURE AND GOVERNMENT.

THE first parliament under which responsible government was inaugurated in New South Wales commenced its action on the 22nd of May, 1856, and the first responsible ministry came into office on the 6th of June, 1856. Sir William Denison was then governor. When he was sent to the colony, the governor really governed, having a policy of his own, in the execution of which there was not much to disturb him as long as he carried the English Secretary of State with him in his measures. But from May, 1856, all this was changed; and from that date parliamentary rule has prevailed in New South Wales. The sixth parliament is now sitting, and the fourteenth ministry was formed in 1872. Australian ministries are not long lived, and it may well be that before these pages are published Mr. Parkes, who was premier and colonial secretary when they were written, will have given way, and a fifteenth ministry,—possibly under the presidency of Sir James Martin,—will be sitting on the treasury benches. Sir James Martin and Mr. John Robertson seem to be two statesmen whose services are most generally in request by the colony. Sir James Martin has been five times attorney-general, and has three times, while holding that office, been also premier. Mr. Robertson has been in six cabinets, and has twice been premier. There can be but little doubt that a turn in the political wheel of fortune will restore them to the seats on that bench to which they are so well accustomed. The only question is as to the duration of their exclusion.

There are many other gentlemen who are well known in the colony as parliamentary politicians—men who come into office for a time and go out, perhaps, for eternity. But as to the two whom I have mentioned, there is a feeling that they are normal ministers—gentlemen who have almost a right to be in parliament, and, being in parliament, almost a right to be in the cabinet. It is very hard to define parties in the colonial parliamentary contests, as they are defined with us. Of these two colonial statesmen, I should say that Mr. Robertson was a strong Liberal, and Sir James Martin a very strong Conservative. Mr. Robertson's name and fame are connected especially with the administration of the crown lands, in regard to which he has been regarded as the friend of the free-selectors, and therefore as the enemy of the squatters. Sir James is, I fear, a protectionist at heart. He is a proclaimed foe to separation, strong in loyalty to the Crown, very English, very confident in his own colony, perhaps a little jealous of others, very pugnacious, a consistent and thorough-going politician, and almost a Tory. He is, I think, certainly the best Australian speaker that I heard. Mr. Robertson, who was lately Sir James's colleague, but for many years his opponent, is entitled to the singular merit of having won for himself high parliamentary reputation in spite of organic impediments to speech which would have made a less energetic man dumb for life as regards all public assemblies.

When I was first in Sydney, the parliamentary question which was then exciting the minds of men in New South Wales,—and the minds of men also in Victoria,—was that of the border duties. I do not feel quite sure that these border duties would interest my readers as keenly as they interested me, or that I could in any way make the subject palatable to them. In the colonies they are of vital interest, not only from the effect they have had and must have on the intercourse between the two leading colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, but because the discussion which they are producing may probably assist in bringing about that one great measure, which is of all measures most essential to the future welfare of the colonies, a customs union which shall

bind them together as one country in regard to duties on imported goods.

These border duties were so much in the ascendant, both when I first visited Sydney and when I returned thither, that I hardly heard other matters of much importance discussed in the New South Wales parliament. There was a divorce bill brought forward, and I then was surprised to learn that the people of New South Wales, alone among English-speaking races, are without any legalised means of separating a wife from her husband, or a husband from his wife. On this occasion the divorce bill was thrown out, and the peculiarity still remains. The practice of the British parliament as to counting out and observing the presence of strangers has been adopted, and is of course much more frequently used than it is at home. I was surprised to find how very large a proportion of the time of the House was occupied in personal discussions and appeals to the Speaker ;—as to some of which I could not but feel that the gentleman had by no means a bed of roses. A Speaker in an Australian House of Assembly should be a stout man, not thin-skinned, prone rather to content himself with a low level of conduct in his House than to attempt the maintenance of high dignified decorum,—but capable of speaking a very strong word if a member should occasionally fall into a bathos lower than that low level. With some trains a driver feels that it is much to get along at all. The House at Sydney does certainly succeed in making its journeys. When there, I often felt that an exercise of some great act of authority would be useful,—that an order to the serjeant-at-arms to carry away an offending member and lock him up in some parliamentary black-hole would be beneficial. I longed for the moment to be the Speaker, that I might be authoritative. But I perceived gradually that the work did get itself done, and that the gentleman in the chair knew what he was about. I was not so sure that he was right, when on an occasion,—a new bill respecting the border duties being then in committee,—he spoke from the benches as a member of the House, not simply on the clause under discussion, but with considerable party violence

on the subject of the bill at large. I could not but think that his authority as Speaker would be injured by his descending into the political arena.

That a very commonplace man may make a fair debater was a lesson I had learned before I ever entered an Australian legislature. Such a one will not become a great orator. He will not overcome his hearers by reasons, or carry them away by passionate eloquence. But he may be very serviceable,—as flour is serviceable in the fabrication of a pudding. Indeed, a pudding with much flour and but few plums will answer its purpose better than one in which the plums have nothing to hold them together. In the House of Assembly at Sydney there was a sufficiency of farinaceous matter to prevent the plums from cloying the appetite and injuring the digestion.

The Lower House, or House of Assembly, at Sydney consists of seventy-two members. They are elected members for four years, the house being, of course, subject to dissolution by the governor,—as is our House of Commons at home. Manhood suffrage prevails, and votes are given by ballot. There is no power of scrutiny after the ballot, and I was told by many that personation of votes is common. I am inclined to think that the ballot has acted well in the colony,—serving, as it certainly has done, to preserve tranquillity at elections. I do not think that any conclusion should be drawn from this as to the expedience of the ballot in England. In New South Wales no voter is desirous of concealing his vote. It is not for secrecy,—to protect the voter from intimidation, or from bribery,—that the ballot is needed, but as a measure of police precaution for the day.

The Upper House, or Legislative Council, in Sydney is dignified and conservative. As in Queensland, the members are elected by the Crown, and are elected for life. Practically the nomination is made by the premier of the day. The great majority of the present members have sat in the Lower House, and have thus learned the use of a debating chamber before entering the Council.

The Executive Council consists of the Governor and

seven ministers,—one of whom must be in the Legislative Council. The following are the officers who generally compose the Cabinet :—the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Colonial Treasurer, the Secretary for Lands, the Secretary for Public Works, and the Postmaster-General. Any one of these officers may be premier, though the premier generally chooses to be Colonial Secretary. Sir James Martin, when premier, has always been Attorney-General. Mr. Robertson was at one time premier and Secretary for Lands. The conduct of public business is almost the same as with us in England, the one exception being that the Governors have the power of reserving bills passed by the two Houses for the sanction of the home government ; and that the home government, even when bills have not been so reserved, may put its veto on a bill, even when it has been passed by the two Houses and the Governor, at any time within two years of the date of its receipt by the Secretary of State.

By the last census, taken in 1871, the population of New South Wales was 503,981. At the beginning of 1872, the revenue was £2,218,699. Of this sum, £1,729,722 was made up by taxation, and £497,977 was revenue derived from the sale and lease of crown lands. The public debt was £10,614,330, and the interest of the debt was £530,514 per annum ;—thus requiring every individual in the colony to bear a burden of about £1 per annum on its account. It must, however, be explained that nearly all the money so borrowed has been expended on public works,—such as roads and railways, and that the sum expended on railways, amounting to £6,500,000, returns an interest of nearly 2½ per cent. in the shape of profit. It can hardly be boasted on behalf of the colony that this outlay of money has been directly remunerative, as we know that 7½ per cent. is nearer to the mark of normal interest in New South Wales ; but when we consider the general good that is done by an easy means of transit to a community in which the ordinary means are difficult, slow, and expensive, we can hardly look upon the debt in the light of a national incubus, as we should do had the money been laid out on the current

expenses of the year, or in defraying the charges of past extravagance.

The total payment demanded from every inhabitant is higher than it is at home. With us it is less than £2 10s. a head. In New South Wales it is very nearly £3 10s. a head,—after giving the colony the advantage of the sum derived from the lease and sale of crown lands; but £3 10s. a head is not nearly so heavy a burden in the colonies as is £2 10s. in England. The rate of rural wages throughout Great Britain is not above 14s. a week, whereas in New South Wales it averages about 24s.

## CHAPTER V.

### COUNTRY TOWNS, RAILWAYS, AND ROADS.

THE country towns of Australia, generally, are not attractive, and it is hardly to be expected that they should as yet be so. There are, of course, exceptional instances,—Ballarat, Geelong, and Beechworth in Victoria are exceptions, as are also Launceston in Tasmania, and Strathalbyn and Mount Gambier in South Australia, which, from peculiarity of situation or the energy of individuals, have become either well-built cities or pleasant little towns. No doubt there are others which I was not able to visit. But, generally, there is a raw newness about these congregations of houses, an initiation of streets which as yet are no more than initiated, a deficiency in pavement and macadamisation which leads either to dust or mud, an apparent mixture of pretension and failure which is indeed indispensable to towns founded with hopes of future greatness, but which creates a feeling of melancholy sadness in the mind of a stranger. It could hardly have been otherwise, and yet it grieves us to see that they who have diligently made their plans, intending to produce comfort, social neatness, and sometimes even urban magnificence, should as yet have succeeded in producing only discomfort, untidiness, and insignificance. In old countries, such as our own, towns have grown up almost without an intention on the part of any founder. Cities have formed themselves out of villages, because it has first suited first this man and then that to earn his bread in this or that locality. Consequently our

streets have been narrow and crooked, our spaces confined and often ill arranged, and our supplies of water and air insufficient for an increasing population. We are daily compelled to pull down that we may rebuild,—and are almost angry with ourselves or with those who went before us, in that there has been so little foresight among us as to the wants of mankind. But it has resulted from all this that we are not, as a rule, incomplete, pretentious, or unicturesque. The new countries, however, have taken a lesson from the deficiencies of the old countries, and have commenced their towns on a certain plan, with wide streets, and large spaces, and straight long lines, so that coming generations of thronging men may be able to build their houses in spots properly prepared, and to move about without knotting themselves into inconvenient crowds as men have to do in the old cities. When the generations shall have come, this will be very well, and the wisdom of the founders will be acknowledged ;—but in the meantime the new towns are ugly, and generally dirty.

They who have travelled in the United States beyond the big cities,—who have seen something besides New York, Boston, and Chicago,—must have felt this ugliness very strongly. It was the appreciation of this deformity, excited to its greatest intensity by the unfortunate youthfulness of the place then under inspection, and by the imagination of the artist, which produced that picture of a town in the wilderness which Dickens painted and called Eden. The founders of his Eden had sought the confluence of two great navigable rivers, and had planned long quays and broad streets ;—but, up to Dickens's day, had produced nothing but mud and ague. I have seen no Australian town so bad as Eden, which certainly when I visited it still deserved all the evil things which have been said of it. Such a picture of any Australian town, even if I could draw it, would be untrue. But I cannot say that as yet these communities possess many beauties to recommend them to the eye, or have much to please a stranger.

And yet in these towns there is ample evidence of energy. The population of such places may be said to vary from



7,000 to 500, the great majority having less than 2,000 inhabitants. Exclusive of Sydney there are but six towns in the whole colony of New South Wales which have a population over 2,000, and of these four, Newcastle, Maitland, Parramatta, and Bathurst, have a population varying from 5,000 to 7,500. In all these towns,—even in places with less than 500 souls,—there is a bank. In most of them there are two or three banks. In all these there is a church;—in most of them there are churches. The hotels are more numerous even than the banks and churches, and,—though I heard them abused as inns are always abused in all countries,—I found them fairly comfortable, and very much better than I had expected from the sparseness of the population over so wide a district. Almost all inns in Australia, however small, have a bath-room, though it may be of rude construction. I wish I could convey this information to hotel-keepers in England. I found, too, that the shops were better than they looked, and that the means of comfortable life were to be found in towns which were not attractive in their appearance.

In New South Wales many of the towns have been absolutely created by the gold-fields, and are still being created. Some of the gold-field towns are already in a state of decay, and are almost passing away. Still something of life remains, but of all the sad places I ever saw they are the most melancholy. They are “bush” towns. Readers who desire to understand anything of Australian life should become acquainted with the technical meaning of the word “bush.” The bush is the gum-tree forest, with which so great a part of Australia is covered, that folk who follow a country life are invariably said to live in the bush. Squatters who look after their own runs always live in the bush, even though their sheep are pastured on plains. Instead of a town mouse and a country mouse in Australia, there would be a town mouse and a bush mouse,—but mice living in the small country towns would still be bush mice. A young lady when she becomes engaged to a gentleman whose avocations call upon him to live far inland always declares she prefers “bush life.”

The mining towns are composed of the sudden erections which sprang from the finding of gold in the neighbourhood, and are generally surrounded by thick forest. But in their immediate vicinity the trees have been cut down either for firewood or for use under ground,—but have not been altogether cleared away, so that the hideous stumps remain above the surface. Around on all sides the ground has been stirred in the search for gold, and ugly bare heaps of clay are left. The road to and from such a place will meander causelessly between yawning holes, in each of which some desponding miner has probably buried his high hopes,—and which he has then abandoned. One wonders that every child in the neighbourhood does not perish by falling into them. At different points around the centre, which have once been supposed to be auriferous, there are the skeleton remains of wooden habitations, with here and there the tawdry sign-boards of deserted shops from which high profits were once expected. In some few of these skeleton habitations there are still inhabitants,—men and women who having a house have been unwilling to leave it, even when the dreadful fact that gold is not to be found in paying quantities has been acknowledged. In the centre there is still the town, though day by day its right to the name is passing from it. There are still the publicans, and still the churches,—though the services become rare and still more rare,—and there is the bank holding its position as long as an ounce of gold is to be extracted from the unwilling soil. Here congregate Chinese in gangs, who are content to rewash the ground which has already been perhaps twice washed by European or Australian Christians, and who, with the patient industry which is peculiar to them, will earn perhaps each 1s. 6d. a day by the process. I will name no such town, because by doing so I might offend the susceptibilities of some still-hopeful denizens of the place specified, but they are easy to find by those who travel in New South Wales. There are, however, other mining towns in the colony full of life. Men are still crowding to them; and at these habitations cannot be put up fast enough to cover the eager seekers after wealth, nor

shops opened quick enough to supply their wants. Of them I will say a few words in another chapter.

Other towns, and they probably the best and most enduring of the country towns of New South Wales, have been built in the wheat districts,—in those parts of the colony which have been found most fitted for cereal produce. Among these are Maitland, Bathurst, Goulbourn, Armidale, Albury,—and Wagga Wagga, celebrated for ever in the annals of the colony as having been once the residence of the great Tichborne claimant. Maitland and Goulbourn I did not visit,—of Bathurst I cannot speak otherwise than kindly, because of the kindness I received there. It stands in a fertile plain, just across that range of Blue Mountains which in the early days of the colony were so cruelly inaccessible to the first settlers. When at last their energies prevailed they got down upon the happy wheat-bearing land through which the Macquarie runs, where the town of Bathurst now stands with its broad streets and numerous churches. Bathurst has 5,030 inhabitants. There must surely be room there for treble the number,—so spacious is it, and so great are the distances. Truth compels me to state that the mud in their streets can be very deep in wet weather.

Newcastle, in population and importance, is second to Sydney. It is essentially a city of coal. As I must speak again of the coal of the colony, I need do no more here than mention the name. It remains that I should say a word in honour of Paramatta, the city of oranges, and the scene of some of the greatest efforts made by the early settlers to obtain subsistence from the ungrateful soil of the districts adjacent to Sydney. The Paramatta River,—called by the natives by that or by some similar name,—runs down into Sydney harbour, and on this river, about fifteen miles above the city, now stands the pleasant and almost old-fashioned little town. It is quite unlike any other colonial place of the same size, having been established before the new order of things had commenced,—when men were struggling for existence rather than thinking of sanitary arrangements and future grandeur. The early colonists tried to grow wheat

here and failed. Those who have come since have planted oranges and have made money. Now Paramatta is known far and wide for its fruit,—so that no man or woman is supposed to have seen Sydney aright who has not visited Mr. Pye's orange groves, and shaken hands with Mrs. Pye, who in the matter of conserved oranges stands far above all competitors in any country. Either the soil or the climate, or both together, contain the requisites, whatever they may be, for this peculiar growth, so that neither Jamaica nor the South of Spain, not Malta or the Havanna, can beat Paramatta in this especial article of produce. And as a consequence the consumption of oranges is very great throughout all the colonies. December and January are the months in which they culminate, but they are picked ripe throughout the entire year. On the 1st of July, in the very middle of winter, I ate fresh-picked oranges in Sydney which were ripe and perfectly sweet, and at the same period of the year they are exported in great numbers. At Paramatta I found an hotel so like an old English country inn,—that when there I could hardly believe that I was in the colony. But Paramatta, like Sydney, is not a mushroom, as are other colonial towns, but has an old history and savours of the last century. Steamers ply to it up the Paramatta River, and it lies also on the Sydney and Bathurst Railway,—so that it may almost be regarded as a suburb of the city.

In New South Wales there are three lines of railway nearly equal in length, comprising altogether 394 miles. The amount does not seem much for so great a country ;—but it must be remembered that the very distances create the difficulty. The population is scattered so far and wide that the towns to be connected are too small to pay for railway traffic. The Great Northern starts from Newcastle, and runs up through the coal district to Maitland, Singleton, and Musclebrook. The average cost per mile of this line was £13,000, and it is carried over 124 miles. The Great Western and the Great Southern,—it is of course necessary that the English pattern should be followed, and that all railways shall be Great,—are one and the same from Sydney as far as Paramatta. This morsel of railway, 14 miles in length,

the first opened in the colony, cost no less than £50,000 a mile to construct it, the total sum expended on it being six times the amount originally subscribed by a private company to make the entire railway to Goulbourn, a distance of 135 miles ! At Paramatta the lines diverge, the Southern branch going to Goulbourn, and the Western across the Blue Mountains to Bathurst. The latter crosses the Nepean River at Penrith, and immediately ascends the hills. It is taken up by a zigzag ascent, and after running 60 miles through the mountains, by the only passable track which they afford even for foot travellers, it is brought down again by another zigzag. On the ascent from the Nepean the steepest gradient is 1 in 30 ;—on the descent towards Bathurst it is 1 in 42. The whole work is said to be, and appears to be, a wonderful feat of engineering enterprise,—and is not the less so certainly because it cost £25,000 a mile ; whereas the portion of the line between Sydney and Paramatta, which cost double the money, runs through a perfectly flat country. The scenery through the Blue Mountain ranges is so grand, that the traveller should not content himself with looking at it from a railway carriage. There are three or four points on the line at which he should stay a few hours, and explore the defiles around him. The ranges which are so passed run all the length of the eastern side of Australia, dividing a narrow strip of land along the sea-shore from the huge plains of the interior. From Paramatta the Southern line branches to Goulbourn, also passing the ranges,—but doing so at a spot in which the ascent is comparatively insignificant. But in this work also the gradients for three consecutive miles are 1 in 30. The line to Goulbourn from Paramatta cost £13,000 a mile.

The total cost of the railways in New South Wales up to the end of 1871 had been £6,532,184, and in that year the receipts taken on the 394 miles open were £365,322. The working expenses were £197,065, and the net profit on the sum expended £158,257, giving an interest on the capital invested of 2·42 per cent. These railways are exclusively in the hands of the government, are made with public money, and are managed by a minister of state,—as are the post-

office and electric telegraph with us. The greater portion of the debt of the colony has been borrowed for the purpose, and has been so expended. As  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. may perhaps be named as the present normal rate of interest in the colony, it cannot be said that the business is directly remunerative as a speculation. The railways are still being extended, and it may probably be long before any material increase in the rate of direct profit will be realised ;—but that adequate profit of an indirect nature is realised, amply sufficient to justify the outlay, no one I think can doubt.

Nevertheless, these railways are open to an objection which strikes an Englishman very forcibly. With a few exceptions as to short lines for local traffic, all the Australian railways have been made by the Australian government, and have necessarily been made under the authority of centralized officials. When it is determined to spend a million on railways, some individual has to determine whether the money shall be expended for the advantage of this or that district. No doubt the proposition must be sanctioned by parliament, but we all know what is the power of a man “in power ;” and we know also how prone such men are to use their power, perhaps unconsciously, towards the promotion of their own parliamentary interest. They who do not know it would soon be taught the lesson by a visit to the Australian colonies. When a change of government is effected, and a new set of men obtains possession of the treasury bench, the happy localities by whom the new ministers are sent to parliament immediately become assured that roads and bridges will be showered upon them, and they become loudly expectant of railways. But these benefits are to be procured by money subscribed by the colony at large, which should therefore be expended on behalf of the colony at large. When the member for Wonga-jonga becomes the honourable Secretary for Public Works, it is a matter of course that the inhabitants of the Wonga-jonga district should expect great things ; and it is almost equally a matter of course that the Secretary for Public Works should do, if not great things, at least little things. He will do probably as little as may suffice to secure his popularity ; but he will hardly be able to forget alto-

gether his own interests in his public duty, and he certainly will not be encouraged to forget his own interests by the general feeling which prevails around him.

Nor would it be possible for any minister, let his sense of duty be ever so strong, to adjust the expenditure of public money on local objects so as to deal fairly with all by whom the money is subscribed. Consequently there is a continued outcry that money is unfairly spent. None of the railways of New South Wales confer any appreciable benefit on the inhabitants of the great Riverina district, or on the district of Illawarra, which lies south from Sydney along the coast ; but Riverina and Illawarra pay as much towards the Bathurst and Goulbourn railways as do the localities benefited. Consequently a certain amount of suspicion and distrust is the necessary consequence of the system adopted.

The ordinary roads of New South Wales would probably more thoroughly astonish an Englishman hitherto altogether ignorant of the condition of the colonies than any other phenomenon that he would meet. The extreme length of the colony along the seaboard is 900 miles, and its mean breadth about 500 miles. It is about three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and larger than any state in Europe except Russia. Throughout the whole of this enormous country there are but 604 miles of metalled roads, by far the majority of which are closely adjacent to the towns. In the island of Ceylon, which has not been in our possession longer than New South Wales, and which is smaller than Ireland, there are 2,606 miles of principal roads, all of which are metalled and completed. Ceylon is a Crown colony, in which everything is done by almost despotic rule, whereas New South Wales enjoys the privilege of representative government.

I trust it may not be thought that I make this comparison as tending to show that a Crown colony is in a more blessed state than one under representative government, or that the native races of Ceylon are in a happier condition generally than the people of New South Wales. In Ceylon the labourers on the roads receive, I am told, about 1s. 2d. a day, and they live upon rice. Roads may therefore be made cheaply.

In New South Wales the road-makers eat meat three times a day, and are paid certainly not less than 4s. a day. Roads, therefore, are costly. The contrast, however, will serve to show how very small a portion of the free colony has received an accommodation which we at home regard as one of the primary requisites of civilised life.

In addition to the 604 miles of completed road, there are 1,255 other miles in different states of incompleteness, of which the majority, in the summer of 1872 had been simply cleared. The lines had been surveyed, and the forest-trees had been cut down. As a consequence of this condition of things, journeys are made over forest-tracks, and are made so constantly, and with such a fair amount of average punctuality, that the traveller is at last driven to ask himself whether, after all that has been said on the subject, roads are a necessity.

This travelling through the endless forest of gum-trees is very peculiar, and at first attractive. After awhile it becomes monotonous in the extreme. There is a great absence of animal life. One may go all day through a pastoral country without seeing even a sheep. Now and again one hears the melancholy note of the magpie, or the unmelodious but cheerful gobble of the laughing jackass, and sometimes the scream of a cockatoo; but even birds are not common. Travellers one meets occasionally,—a man on horseback, with his swag before him on his saddle, or a line of drays drawn by bullocks, or perhaps a squatter in his buggy,—but they are few and far between. The road, such as it is, consists of various tracks, running hither and thither, and very puzzling at first to a “new chum”—till he learns that all these tracks in the bush are only deviations of one road. When the bullock-drays have so cut up a certain passage that the ruts are big enough and deep enough to swallow up a buggy or to upset the stage-coach, the buggies and the stage-coach make another passage, from which they move again when the inevitable bullock-drays have followed them. The government shows its first care on these roads in making bridges over the streams, but even bridges are not absolutely essential. With some rough contrivance, when any



contrivance is absolutely necessary, the vehicles descend and ascend the banks, though the wheels be down to the nave in mud. Over many of these bush roads, Cobb's coaches travel day and night, passing in and out through the trees, up and down across the creeks, sticking here and there in the mud, in a rough, uneasy, but apparently not very insecure fashion. Now and then one hears that a coach has been upset, and that the passengers have been out in the bush all night; but one very rarely hears that any one has been hurt, unless it be the coachman. The average pace of the travelling in New South Wales is about six miles an hour.

But more go in their own buggies than by coach, and perhaps more on horseback than in buggies. In Australia every one keeps horses;—every squatter keeps horses by the dozen; and a buggy is as necessary a part of his establishment as a dinner-table. These vehicles are either American or are built on the American plan, and are admirably adapted for bush work. They are very light, and go over huge logs and across unfathomable ruts almost without feeling them. To upset them seems to be an impossibility. They are constantly being broken,—hopelessly broken to the mind of an ignorant stranger; but they go on apparently as well without a pole as with one, and are indifferent to bent axles and injured wheels. There are always yards of rope at hand, and supplementary timber can be cut from the next tree. Many scores of miles through the bush I have travelled in these buggies,—and have sometimes felt the hours to pass by very slowly; but though there have been no roads,—nothing that in England would be called a road,—I have encountered no injury, nor have I been aware of any danger.

But the pleasantest mode of bush travelling is on horseback. It is open to this objection,—that you can carry nothing with you but what can be strapped on to your saddle before you. Two changes of linen, a night-shirt, a pair of trousers, with hair-brush, tooth-brush, and a pair of slippers, is about as much as can be taken. But, on the other hand, bush-life requires but little in the way of dress, and a man

travelling on horseback is held to be exempt from rules which he should observe if he travelled in a buggy. The squatter travelling alone through the country generally takes two horses, leading one and riding the other, and in this way makes very long journeys. The work which Australian horses will do when immediately taken off the grass is very surprising. I have ridden forty, fifty, and even as much as sixty-four miles a day,—the whole weight on the animal's back being over seventeen stone, and have come to the end of the day's work without tiring the horse. According to the distance to be done, and the number of consecutive days during which you require your steed to travel, will be your pace. The fastest which I ever did from morning to evening was eight miles an hour throughout, resting two hours and journeying eight; but six miles an hour will perhaps be the average rate. The stories, however, that we hear are very wonderful,—for, in matters of horseflesh, gentlemen in Australia do not hide their lights under bushels. I have heard men boast of doing ten miles an hour for ten hours running; and one very enterprising horseman assured me that he had ridden seventy-five miles in four hours. The bush horses are, generally, not shod,—though I would always recommend shoeing for a long journey,—and are very rarely stabled. They are expected,—to use a bush phrase,—to cut their own bread and butter, or, in other words, to feed themselves by foraging. The two paces which are commonly adopted by horsemen in the bush are walking and cantering. Men seldom trot, and consequently many horses altogether lose, or never acquire, the habit of trotting. I have been assured that Australian horses will get over the ground at a fast pace with greater ease to themselves by a continual canter than by changing that pace for a trot. That such a theory is altogether wrong, I have not the slightest doubt. I have found in Australia, as all horsemen know in England, that horses carrying heavy weights will make much longer journeys if made to trot than they can do if required to canter hour after hour. The canter is the easier pace to the man, and therefore it has been adopted. Not uncommonly a horse will knock up with his rider on the road. On

such occasions the rider turns into the nearest squatter's station, and borrows another. The fact that everybody's horses, and everybody's saddles and bridles, are always at somebody else's house and never at the owner's, is one of the most remarkable and perhaps not least pleasing phases of Australian life. Nevertheless it tends to some confusion.

## CHAPTER VI

### LAND.

It must be remembered that, at the commencement of colonization in Australia, all land was the property of the Crown,—and that on the transfer in each colony of the power of government from the Crown to representative institutions, the land became the property of that colony, except in regard to such comparatively small tracts as had been already alienated to individuals. In other words, the land from the beginning has been held in trust, to be administered for the benefit of those who have ventured to go to it and to look to it for their future means of subsistence. Great difference of opinion has existed among men as to the way in which this trust should be administered, and undoubtedly many mistakes have been made. Equally without doubt, I fear, the trust has been occasionally betrayed by grants of land which there has been nothing to justify. Sales, too, have been made with partiality,—so that land has been transferred to the favoured for sums much less than it is worth in the open market. And political influences have been brought to bear upon the disposition of land, concessions having been made to the supporters of one interest at the expense of those who have been regarded as opponents. These differences of opinion have been so wide, the mistakes made have been so serious, the breaches of trust have been felt to be so obvious by men who have not themselves been favoured, and the political jobbing has been a thorn so sharp in the side of those who have considered themselves to be injured, that

the matter in the colonies is discussed on all sides as though the only principle on which it was possible to act,—that of the land being in truth the property of colonists who would go and use it,—had been forgotten, thrown over, and abandoned. But the principle has never been forgotten and has never been abandoned. The adherence to it has perhaps been as close as has been compatible with the customary infirmities of human administrators. Under the old despotic governors, and under the government as since carried on by parliamentary ministers, there has ever been an attempt at a system founded on this principle. Mr. Wakefield's idea that the land should be sold for a price, and not given away, has been fully adopted. The idea of those who generally agreed with him, that the money so obtained should be expended on emigration, has been partially tried, but has fallen to the ground. The price paid for the land has become a part of the revenue of the colony, and has in this way been used for the benefit of those who paid it. It is now a fixed rule in all the Australian colonies that the public lands shall be sold to those who desire to buy them, in accordance with certain laws,—and that these laws shall settle the price, the area that may be bought, the way in which it shall be selected, the amount of credit that shall be given, and the terms as to residence and cultivation, by a compliance with which the purchase may at last be completed. These laws have been made with the expressed object of dealing fairly not only with the would-be purchasers of the land, but also with the interests of a set of men who, by their capital and energy, have gradually become the ascendant class or aristocracy of Australia. It must be remembered always that the would-be purchasers have rarely, if ever, proposed to settle themselves on lands altogether unoccupied. There have been settlers before them who have used the land, but who, while using it, were under no necessity to possess it. These were patriarch squatters,—owners of sheep who drove their flocks on the public pastures, and “squatted” on the land, conscious that it was not their own, but conscious also that by taking such temporary occupation they were making

themselves the pioneers of civilisation, and were legitimately carrying on the true purposes of colonisation. It is not too much to say, that all the early success of Australia was due to the squatters of New South Wales, who followed the steps of Captain Macarthur, the man who introduced merino sheep into Australia. At first the sheep of the squatters ran free,—but it was soon recognised as a fact that as the foraging of sheep was profitable, the graziers should pay some rent for the land,—the land so used being still the property of the colony and not the property of the graziers. Then it became necessary not only that a rental should be fixed, but also terms arranged as to the continuance of the lease. I have not heard that in New South Wales there has been much heart-burning as to the price demanded ;—but there has been much as to the continuance of the squatter's holding. The squatter's pastoral run has been made fairly his own, as against other squatters, but it has been opened by law to the choice of the free-selector. Any would-be farmer may take a bit here or a bit there, may choose the choice water-holes of the run without which the sheep cannot be pastured, may make his own of any portion of the squatter's holding. And ten, twenty, forty free-selectors may make their own of as many portions of it till they absolutely take his pastures from him. And perhaps this is not the worst aspect of the squatter's case. The man who comes and calls himself a free-selector may at heart, and in very deed, be no farmer at all,—but a professional thief intent on living on his neighbour's goods. Or he may be joint farmer and thief,—growing perhaps a little maize and a few pumpkins, but still having an eye to the squatter's sheep or the squatter's oxen. That there is very much of such theft in New South Wales is certain, and also that it is very difficult to punish the offender. The flocks are so numerous and the spaces so vast, that it is often long before the stolen animals are missed, and often impossible to bring evidence against the thief, although the squatter knows well where his beef and mutton have gone. And there is another evil-minded free-selector who is very odious to the squatter. This man purchases his tract of land, something

between 40 and 320 acres, simply in order that he may be brought out. He knows that he can be so disagreeable as a neighbour, that his neighbour will be fain to buy him out. He also succeeds, too often, to the great grief of the squatter. The squatters urge that they had leases or promises of leases which should have preserved them for a term of years, and that their rights were ignored by new laws. I found the question to be very intricate in New South Wales, and I do not know that I can do any service by expressing an opinion one way or the other. Land ministers in New South Wales have been confident in proving to me that no existing rights were ever infringed by the operation of a new land law. Squatters have been equally confident in proving to me that their rights were altogether ignored, and that the terms made with them were infringed. I have endeavoured to believe both when listening to them, and do not doubt that they all were proclaiming truths undoubted to themselves. In speaking of Victoria I shall be obliged to return to this subject,—for in Victoria I think that the squatter's rights, as confirmed by one law, were taken from them by a subsequent law. I mention the matter in regard to New South Wales in order that the reader may understand some of the difficulties with which the distribution of the public lands has been surrounded. The professed object of the land laws has been so to adjust the disposal of the public lands as to attract small purchasers without injustice to the great squatters, and I believe that this object has been truly sought by those who have framed these laws in New South Wales.

When I was first at Sydney, a new land law was in the hands of the government,—which had then come hot from the brain of the indefatigable Mr. Robertson. It contained eighty-four clauses, and each clause required study for its comprehension,—so complicated is the subject. I was told that I could not hope to understand the bill unless I mastered all the details of the existing land law. I did my best, believing that the new bill would become a good law. But when I returned to Sydney, Mr. Robertson and Sir James Martin had fallen, and the new land bill with its

eighty-four clauses had been shoved aside into pigeon-holes.

Under the existing law any would-be purchaser may select in New South Wales not less than 40, or more than 320 acres,—the price being 20s. an acre. Of this sum he pays down one-fourth,—£25 we will say for 100 acres. He then enters in upon possession, and no further claim for payment is made upon him for three years. At the end of that time he may pay the other three-fourths, as to which no interest is charged against him for those three years. If he does so, and can satisfy the officials of the land office by certain declarations that he has complied with expressed stipulations as to residence and expenditure of money on improvements, the fee-simple of the land is made over to him. But this the free-selector need not do,—and very rarely does. He may pay the outstanding 75 per cent. of his purchase-money and get his title-deeds, but he need not do so. Instead of that he may pay 5 per cent. interest on the debt for an indefinite term of years, having the while the undisturbed use of his land; and as his money is worth to him more than 5 per cent., this is what he does do. The farmer, therefore, in New South Wales with 100 acres of land will have paid £25 down, will have had the use of his land without further payment for three years, and will then pay a rental of £3 15s. a year,—which obligation he can terminate at any time by paying down a further sum of £75.

The terms seem to be very easy, but yet, as far as I could learn, the free-selectors in New South Wales are not so prosperous a class as one would wish to find them. It must be remembered in the first place that they enter in upon their land in its rough state, unfenced, and probably with heavy timber on it. They then become almost invariably subject to, I will not say ill-usage, but hostility from their richer neighbours. No doubt they can retaliate,—and can injure the squatter much more materially than the squatter can injure them. They can steal, and if provoked can set fire to fences. They can sell grog, either with or without a licence; and a grog-shop in the vicinity of his station is



regarded by the squatter as one of the most grievous injuries which can be inflicted on him. But the state of hostility which is thus engendered cannot tend to the man's comfort or to his material advantage. The climate, however, is the most severe enemy which the free-selector has to encounter in New South Wales. Land capable of producing cereals he can obtain, but through the uncertainty of the climate he cannot be secure of his crop. Once in three years his crop is good,—but twice in three years it will hardly pay the price of production. In the year ending 31st March, 1870, there were in New South Wales 189,452 acres under wheat, and the crop amounted to nearly 17 bushels an acre. That was a good year. Nevertheless the area under wheat sank in the next year to 147,997 acres, and the produce did not amount to 7 bushels an acre. That was a very bad year. Wages are so high,—averaging never less than 24s. a week, including the cost of board, when labour is hired only for a short time,—that unless a farmer can do his work with his own family, he will be worse off than his own labourer. And then his markets are probably far from home, and the roads to them are very bad. The condition in which the free-selector of New South Wales seemed to thrive the best was that in which the farmer, who is his own master and perhaps the employer of labour during a part of the year, condescends to be the paid servant of a master during another portion, and to take the squatter's wages for work done in the wool-shed or at the washpool. I should have added, when stating the terms on which the free-selector obtains his land, that he is entitled by his initiated purchase to certain grazing rights. He has such privilege under the existing law; but this arrangement has been found to work so prejudicially both to the selector and to the squatter,—adding a fresh ground of contention between the two,—that by the new bill to which I have alluded, that privilege would have been abandoned, under the conviction that it had done more harm than good.

I am far, however, from expressing an opinion that the cause of the free-selecters should be given up in New South Wales, or that efforts made to attract such a class should

not be continued. It is by the influx of such men that the labour market of the colony must be maintained, and the body and life of the colony be supported. The condition of the free-selector,—that of ownership of a piece of land to be tilled by the owner,—is the one which the best class of immigrants desire. It is the hope of attaining this condition which tempts men to come, such as all colonies are desirous of possessing. It is impossible not to sympathize with the efforts of colonial law-makers to assist the growth of such bone and blood in the body of the colony with which they have to deal. As time goes on the sheep-stealing and the cattle-stealing, which are less rife than they were ten years since, will become exceptional as they are with us. And as time goes on the gradual improvement of the climate which follows occupation, and the creation of roads, and increased skill in farming, will all tell in favour of the free-selector. In describing the present condition of this most interesting of all colonists I have endeavoured to paint the picture as I saw it.

When describing the manner in which the public lands are alienated by the colonist on behalf of the colony, I should also state the terms under which the runs of the squatters are let to them. Leases are now granted for terms of five years, which are renewable. The tenure under these leases is in fact so good that a squatter buys or sells the right to pasture on a run without fear of interference or loss of his grazing ground at the expiration of the term. But the lease affords no protection to the squatter against free-selectors. The rent demanded from him is calculated after a complicated and no doubt most sagacious fashion which I cannot explain, as I have failed to understand it. Practically he pays about 2*d.* a sheep. In the assessment of his rent 200 head of cattle are supposed to be equal to 1,000 sheep. The payment demanded by the government from the squatter in New South Wales is not above a fourth of that exacted in Victoria.

The squatter himself is almost invariably a free-selector, as he buys the ground on which his homestead stands, and his water frontage, and horse paddock, and wool-shed, to

save them from other free-selecters. Not unfrequently he goes much further than this, and by calling in the aid of friends and dependants, makes large purchases, which are entirely opposed to the spirit of the act. For the land laws here, as in all these colonies, have been framed with the view of preventing,—though they have never succeeded in preventing,—the accumulation of large domains in the hands of territorial magnates. I must add here that there are large landowners in the colony whose title-deeds are more ancient than any of the laws which now regulate the sale of lands. In the early days of New South Wales vast grants of land were made to early colonists who undertook the charge of convicts,—were made, too, sometimes under other circumstances not always with strict impartiality. These grantees, or more frequently their descendants, still own the estates thus conferred, and are exempt from rent, and exempt also from selecters. There are others, too, who have purchased large properties. But the bulk of the land of the colony is still the property of the colony. At the close of 1870, 8,437,638 acres had been alienated in the colony,—but there were still left 104,618,436 acres unsold.

In 1872 there were no fewer than 3,495 pastoral holdings, or runs held under the Crown in New South Wales. It should, however, be explained that one squatter generally holds two or three of these runs, and not unfrequently one squatter or one firm of squatters will hold eight or ten. In Queensland there were in the same year 2,310. In Victoria only 973,—the comparative smallness of the number being due to the fact that the greater part of the pastoral land in that colony has been already purchased. In South Australia there are 778 runs. The small number is there due, as far as I could learn, to the fact that the land has been taken up in larger tracts than in the other colonies.

At the end of this volume will be found a digest of the present land laws of New South Wales, as far as they refer to free-selection. This is taken from MacPhaile's Australian Squatting Directory, published at Melbourne.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MEAT.

By the latest returns which I could get before leaving the colonies, I found that there were in Australia 4,340,638 horned cattle and 41,366,263 sheep. In these numbers the cattle and sheep of New Zealand are not included. In Great Britain and Ireland, at the beginning of 1872, there were 9,346,216 horned cattle and 31,403,500 sheep. The population of Australia then amounted, in round numbers, to 1,700,000. That of Great Britain and Ireland to 32,000,000. There was therefore for every 100 of the population in Australia over 250 cattle and over 2,400 sheep; and for every 100 at home less than 30 head of cattle, and less than 100 sheep. In other words, every Australian has  $2\frac{1}{2}$  head of horned cattle and 24 sheep to his or her own share, whereas every Briton staying at home has but a third of a bullock and one sheep. The price of meat ranges from *2d.* to *4d.* a pound in Australia, ranging perhaps from *8d.* to *1s.* in England. At the same time the wages of a labouring man in Australia are about double the wages of his brother at home. Consequently the labouring man, let his labour be what it may, eats meat three times a day in the colonies, and very generally goes without it altogether at home. That is a plain and, I think, a true statement of the case. In regard to almost all other necessities of life such great inequality of price and consumption is prevented by the easy transport of the article produced. The price of wheat nearly equalises itself in all the great cities of the world. Tea, sugar, cloth-

ing, spirits, and tobacco are carried about so readily, that any difference in their prices is due rather to the fiscal necessities of the country importing them, than to the cost or difficulty of carrying them. But meat has hitherto been an exception to this rule,—from a cause that is manifest to every one. It becomes decomposed, and is destroyed by contact with the air. Hence has arisen the very important question,—important equally to the countries which have too much meat, and to those which have not enough,—whether the skill of man cannot devise some plan by which meat can be carried as securely, and at the same time as cheaply, as other commodities.

The glut of meat, or rather of meat-giving animals, in the colonies, has been so great, that for many years past flocks and herds have been boiled down to produce simply tallow,—because tallow can be easily exported. In 1870 there were, in the one colony of New South Wales, 48 boiling-down establishments, at which in the previous year 290,550 sheep and 246 bullocks were converted into 67,175 cwt. of tallow. The carcasses of all these animals, for any other purpose than that of giving tallow, were absolutely wasted, while we at home were paying 11s. or 12s. for a leg of mutton, or going without the mutton because we could not afford to pay for it.

In circumstances such as these, the wit of man has, of course, been set to work to devise plans by which the meat might be taken to the market. Hence have arisen various meat-preserving companies, some of which I visited in Queensland, and have spoken of them in my account of that colony. The difficulty of sending meat home that shall be eatable has been easily overcome. The sheep and oxen are slaughtered. The meat is cut roughly from the bones, and is cooked in closed tins. During the cooking the tins have a vent, which is closed when the cooking is done, and the meat comes out of the tins in England in a condition fit for use. But it does not come out in a condition pleasant to the eye,—nor, as regard flavour and nutrition, can it be said to be equal to fresh meat. The prices in England have latterly ranged from 4½*d.* to 6*d.* a pound,—and the pound

of meat so bought is without bone. There can, I think, be no doubt that these preserved meats, even as they have hitherto reached the English markets, have been of great value to both countries. They have caused a marked rise in the price of sheep, for which, in regard to meat, there was almost no market at all in many parts of the colonies previous to the opening of these establishments; and they have added, at any rate, something to the very limited diet of the poorer classes at home. All the meat which could be exported from Australia, even were it as easy to export meat as flour, would not, at present, go far towards feeding the people of England. But the pastures of Australia are unlimited, and if the trade were fully established, the Australian flocks and herds would be multiplied for the supply of the markets across the water. Australia is not a corn-producing country. Her capabilities, at any rate, do not lie especially in that direction. But she is especially a grazing country. European animals have not only been acclimatized in the colonies with the greatest ease, but have proved themselves to be much more quickly procreative there than in the countries from which they or their ancestors lately came. Horses have bred so freely, that in many places they roam wild through the bush, and are a scourge to the squatters, whose grass they eat, and whose fences they destroy. Oxen also, whose sires and dams have escaped from the herds of the grazier, roam wild and unowned through the distant bush. Sheep are more valuable than horses and oxen, because wool is the staple produce of the country, but sheep have multiplied so quickly, that there are at present in the colonies about twenty-four sheep for every man, woman, and child inhabiting them. In Great Britain and Ireland there is not much above a sheep apiece for each individual. If meat can be brought home in a condition to meet the requirements of the British purchasers, the Australian pastures will go as far towards supplying England with meat as do the prairies of the United States with corn;—and they will do so with the advantage of being a part of the empire which they supply.

The one great fault found with the meats hitherto sent to

England is that they are over-cooked. Those which I saw and ate before I left England were almost tasteless on account of this fault. They come out, too, from these tins in a guise which creates a prejudice against them, which I have found to be very strong in the minds of poor people. I have heard them say that, if they can't have English meat, they will do without Australian meat. Servants are averse to it, thinking that they are ill-used if asked to eat it. I have found the managers of meat-preserving companies in the colonies quite aware of this, and have thought that they were disposed rather to think that these prejudices should be made to sink before the undoubted superiority of over-cooked meat to no meat at all, than to express a hope that they could remedy the evil by sending the meat to England at the same time secure and with the ordinary juices in it. If the evil be inseparable from the enterprise, of course they are right. The meats, ugly as they are, unappetising, and either dry or greasy, are wholesome, nutritious, and cheap. But if anything better can be done, of course that better will be very welcome.

When I was at Sydney, I was asked to lunch on preserved meats by a gentleman who was managing a Queensland meat-preserving company, of which that distinguished and well-known old colonist, Sir Charles Nicholson, is chairman. My attention was especially called to some roast beef which had been preserved by "Jones' Patent." What may be the specialities of Jones' patent I did not learn, but as to that special joint, I protest that I never ate better cold roast beef in my life. It was not over-cooked, and judging from its colour, appearance, and flavour, it might have been cooked and put into the larder on the previous day. Whether it can be made to travel to England, in the same condition, I cannot say. Our host assured me that it would do so,—but he told us at the same time that it could not be sold for less than 8*d.* a pound. Let the meat be as good as it may, any meat that finds its way ready cooked to England will encounter a certain amount of prejudice, and I fear that the price of 8*d.* a pound will be too high to stand against this dislike.

But the enterprise which promises most in regard to the exportation of meats from Australia is that at which Mr. Thomas Mort of Sydney has been at work now for many years. No man is better known in New South Wales,—perhaps no one is so highly regarded,—for commercial enterprise, joined to science and ingenuity, as the gentleman I have named. In Sydney Mr. Mort is as well known as are the most familiar objects of the streets, and all who know New South Wales well are ready to declare that no inhabitant of the colony deserves better from her than Mr. Mort. He has set on foot a scheme for sending meat home in ice,—or, to speak more correctly, a scheme for sending meat home in a chamber the temperature of which shall be always kept below the freezing point by the use of ice. As the quantity to be sent home must be very great, in order that the meat may be sold cheap, and still at a remunerative price, the ice for the purpose cannot be carried with the meat, but must be daily fabricated on the journey by chemical appliances. The difficulty is not in regard to the meat, but in regard to the ice. That ice can be made in any quantity by a process which I will not attempt to describe, but in which ammonia is the principal ingredient, admits of no doubt; but unless it can be made at a low expense, the speculation will not be remunerative. For years Mr. Mort has been working at this matter, and has spent very large sums of money on the work. We know that the first attempt made at sending frozen Australian meat to England,—in 1873,—was unsuccessful. But great commercial feats are always heralded by failures.

Should this be done, the meat will reach England, not cooked, nor cut into junks,—but in the shape of joints, as we at home are accustomed to buy them in the butchers' shops. I ate at Mr. Mort's house a portion of a leg of mutton,—which had been frozen I know not for how long,—as to which it would have been impossible for any one to know that it had been treated otherwise than in the ordinary way. Mr. Mort imagines that meat thus prepared may be sold in England for 6*d.* per pound. The meat when received will simply want thawing before it is cooked,—as is



often necessary with home-grown meat in winter. If this plan can be carried out, there is no reason why all the carcasses in Australia, not required for the food of the people there, should not make their way to the English market, and that in a form which will not render them unfit even for the most fastidious.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### METALS.

I WAS in New South Wales in October, November, and December, 1871, and again in June and July, 1872. During my former visit very little was said in Sydney about gold or other metals. The tone of the public mind on the subject of mining was very different from that prevailing in Melbourne and Victoria generally. Indeed there seemed to be a feeling, in which I sympathized, that though gold-fields when found should of course be worked, the finding and working them could hardly be regarded as an unmixed good to a community. Such operations led to gambling, disturbed the ways of legitimate commerce, excited men's minds unduly, and were dangerous. Victoria was very keen about gold, believed in gold, was willing to trust to gold for her greatness and population. Victoria prided herself on being a gold colony. Let it be so. New South Wales was conscious of a pride in better things. That perhaps may be taken as an expression of the general mind as I read it. When I returned after an interval of six months all this was changed. No one in Sydney would talk about anything but mining shares. It was not only gold, nor, as I think, chiefly gold, that was in men's mouths. Copper had been found in the west,—in the district between Bathurst and Orange,—and tin in the north,—in New England. It seemed that all they who had been so sober before were now as mad after mining shares as the gentlemen who congregate under the verandah in Melbourne. Everybody had shares in copper, and almost everybody shares in tin. Gentlemen went about

with specimens in their pockets, and seemed to think that any conversation diverging from the one important subject was frivolous and unneeded. "You find us a little changed; don't you?" one old friend of the last year said to me. When I acknowledged that I had recognised an altered tone, he assured me that Sydney had now shaken herself and had ceased to be dull. Copper and tin were at the moment in the ascendant; but gold, too, was very "lively." The glories of Hill End, and of Hawkin's Hill in the Tambaroora district, had culminated since I had before been in the colony, and Tambaroora itself had come to be talked about as perhaps the future greatest gold-field of Australia. I was asked whether "I had visited Tambaroora"? I replied that I had not, and now could not do so. Then I was told that I had then missed the one place in all that eastern world which more than any other would make Australia wealthy, happy, and great.

Though I did not visit Tambaroora or Hill End, I did go to other gold-fields in the colony. Gold, as I have said, was very "quiet" when I was first in New South Wales;—but it is not therefore to be inferred that there were no gold-seekers in the colony, or that the business was not being carried on with individual enterprise at this or that happy, or less happy, "rush." The quiescence described was that of the colony at large, as evinced by the feeling in the metropolis,—as was also subsequently the reverse of quiescence. Since the days of Hargreaves, the reputed discoverer of gold in New South Wales, there has never been a time when the search for gold has been abandoned in New South Wales, or in which large quantities have not been extracted from the earth. Whether the gold-seekers have or have not prospered as a body, it is impossible for any one now to say with accuracy. A statement sufficiently true of the value which has been got from the soil can no doubt be made. Such statements are published from year to year with all the correctness usual to statistical records. We know that in 1862 New South Wales produced gold to the value of £2,212,534, which amount in 1870 had gradually fallen down to £763,655. But we do not know, and never can know, all the money

expended, and the value of the time expended, not only in extracting the gold when the site of it was found, but in seeking for the sites in which it might perchance be hidden. The search has ever been going on, and there has usually been some new "rush" to which miners could hurry themselves with renewed energy and hopes still green.

To the stranger personally uninterested in the search, it seems that the known presence of gold beneath the earth begets a fury in the minds of men compelling them to search for it, let the risk, the danger, the misery, the probable losses, be what they may. That a thing in itself so rich, so capable of immediately producing all that men most desire, should lie buried in the dirt beneath their feet, loose among the worthless pebbles of the rivers, mixed at haphazard with the deep clumsy lumbering rocks, overcomes the imagination of the unconscious thinker, and takes possession of his heart and brain. For a while he makes no estimate as to the cost of his labours as contrasted with the value of his chance of success. It is gold that is there,—gold that is customarily treasured, gold that is kept within bars and dealt out in tiny morsels as the recognised reward of the sweat of many hours, gold that is thought about, talked about, dreamed about, gold that is longed for, worked for, gambled for, and sinned for; and this gold may be got by the handful, if only the lucky sod of earth be turned. There is a feeling almost impersonal in the would-be miner's breast, as he feels it to be a shame that the dirty earth should hold, and hold without in any way using, the treasure of all treasures that is sweetest to the heart of man. "Cogere humanos in usus," should certainly be the motto of the gold-seeker.

When I was leaving Sydney in October, 1871, with the intention of travelling westward into the colony, the rush to Gullgong was the rush of the day, and to Gullgong I went in company with the gold commissioners of the district. I have already given some description of Gympie, in Queensland, but Gympie when I was there was an old-established place, and the rush thither was a thing quite of the past. The rush to Gullgong was recent. The great attraction proposed to one visiting a rush seemed to consist in the

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sight of a congregating together of a great many men, without any of the ordinary comforts of life, and with but few of those appliances which are generally regarded as necessities. I was told there were 12,000 people at Gullgong, all of whom had collected themselves thither within a few months. The place had begun to be a place about a month since,—but the real rush had only lately commenced. I confess that I felt an interest in seeing a town without streets, and people collected together with houses made of canvas and rough boards,—an interest akin to that which induces others to see a criminal hung. Our journey thither was one of three days from Bathurst, and was performed in the commissioner's buggy. As we went we saw parties of men, generally ten or twelve in number, either leisurely tramping along the road with their swags on their back, or taking their mid-day siesta under the gum-trees. The man who travels on foot in Australia, whether he be miner, shepherd, shearer, or simply beggar, always carries his "swag" with him,—which consists of his personal properties rolled up in a blanket. The blanket is an essential necessity, because the man sleeps out in the bush beside a fire. And he carries also a pannikin and a "billy." The latter is an open pot in which he boils his water and makes his tea,—for the bushman will always have a bag of tea within his swag. The billy is as essential as the blankets. A bushman of any refinement has the pannikin for drinking; but the rough old chum will dispense with it as a useless luxury, and will drink his tea out of his billy.

And these men were making a rush! They seemed to me to rush very leisurely. I hardly know what I had expected,—whether to see each miner galloping on his steed, or running continually towards his gold-field at the rate of eight miles an hour. Though the influx of men to such a place as Gullgong is a "rush," and when very numerous may be described as a stampede, the men themselves are orderly and slow. They have probably done it before, and know, if not the tale of the hare and the tortoise, at any rate the moral of the tale. But the men I saw were journeying some one way and some the other. Backs were turned upon

Gullgong as well as faces towards it. Then I learned that such was the case with almost all rushes. Men would try their luck for a month, or perhaps for a fortnight, and if they failed, or did not meet success to satisfy them, would pack up their swags and would betake themselves elsewhere. In this way the population at a rush is very precarious, falling as quickly as it rises, receiving or losing a thousand in a few days, as the place gives or refuses to give its treasures. And, as a matter of course, the trade by which the place is supplied with meat and bread, with tea, sugar and sweet-meats,—the articles of food on which miners chiefly live,—must be equally precarious.

On our route we passed the little town of Sofala, which was in point of time the second established gold-field in New South Wales, Ophir having been the first. Sofala is now a poor little town, containing 644 inhabitants, of whom a considerable portion are Chinese. It is built on a river, the channel of which contained the gold which created the town. The hills rise abruptly on each side of the stream, and give to the place a quaint picturesque appearance,—as though it were altogether out of the world. Here we found about a dozen Chinamen “fossicking” after gold amidst the dirt of the river, which had already been washed by the first gold-seekers. These men “washed up” while we were looking on, and we saw them reduce the dirt collected during the day to a few dim specks of the precious metal. They then told us that they estimated their earnings for that day at 1s. each. They seemed to think that this was bad, but were not at all demonstrative in their disappointment.

Two days’ travelling from Sofala took us to Gullgong; we stayed a night on the way at Mudgee, a clean little town, celebrated for the special breed of sheep produced in its neighbourhood. At Mudgee I was taken to visit the Mechanics’ Institute, at which place I found a great number of well-thumbed novels. There were other books certainly; but the Mudgee shepherds certainly prefer novels. All these small towns have public libraries by one name or another. Mudgee boasts no more than 1,786 inhabitants,

but seemed to be very much better off in the way of churches, hotels, institutes, and schools than towns of more than double the size in England.

Gullgong was certainly a rough place when I visited it, but not quite so rough as I had expected. There was an hotel there, at which I got a bedroom to myself, though but a small one, and made only of slabs. But a gorgeously grand edifice was being built over our heads at the time, the old inn being still kept on while the new inn was being built on the same site. The inhabited part of the town consisted of two streets at right angles to each other, in each of which every habitation and shop had probably required but a few days for its erection. The fronts of the shops were covered with large advertisements,—the names and praises of the traders,—as is customary now with all new-fangled marts; but the place looked more like a fair than a town,—perhaps like one of those fairs which used to be temporary towns and to be continued for weeks,—such as some of us have seen at Amsterdam and at Leipsic. But with this difference,—that in the cities named the old houses are seen at the back of the new booths, whereas at a gold-rush there is nothing behind. Everything needful, however, seemed to be at hand. There were bakers, butchers, grocers, and dealers in soft goods. There were public-houses and banks in abundance. There was an auctioneer's establishment, at which I attended the sale of horses and carts. There was a photographer, and there was a theatre, at which I saw the "Colleen Bawn" acted with a great deal of spirit, and a considerable amount of histrionic talent. After the theatre a munificent banker of the town gave us an oyster supper, at a supper-room. It may be inferred, therefore, that the comforts of life have not been altogether neglected at Gullgong. In the middle of the day there had been a public dinner or lunch, at which there was much speaking. I cannot say that the Gullgong oratory was as good as the Gullgong acting or the Gullgong oysters.

I think that the town of Gullgong, including its general inhabitants and mode of life, was more interesting to me even than the mines. I was charmed to hear that a few nights before there had been a most successful public ball.

But I was distressed to find that there had been some heart-burning. Where was the line to be drawn in reference to the ladies? The postmistress would not attend the ball unless barmaids were excluded. The barmaids,—I think very properly,—were admitted, and the postmistress, who enjoyed the reputation of being the beauty of Gullgong, remained at home.

Of course, having come to Gullgong, I had to see the mines. I went down the shaft of one, 150 feet deep, with my foot in the noose of a rope. Having offered to descend, I did not like to go back from my word when the moment came; but as the light of the day faded from my descending eyes, and as I remembered that I was being lowered by the operations of a horse who might take it into his brutish head to lower me at any rate he pleased,—or not to lower me at all, but to keep me suspended in that dark abyss,—I own that my heart gave way, and that I wished I had been less courageous. But I went down, and I came up again;—and I found six or seven men working at the bottom of the hole. I afterwards saw the alluvial dirt brought up from some other hole, puddled and washed, and the gold extracted. When extracted it was carried away in a tin pannikin,—which I thought detracted much from the splendour of the result.

Of the men around me some were miners working for wages, and some were shareholders, each probably with a large stake in the concern. I could not in the least tell which was which. They were all dressed alike, and there was nothing of the master and the man in the tone of their conversation. Among those present at the washing up, there were two Italians, an American, a German, and a Scotchman, who I learned were partners in the property. The important task of conducting the last wash, of throwing away for ever the stones and dirt from which the gold had sunk, was on this occasion confided to the hands of the American. The gold was carried away in a pannikin by the German. Why should he not have put in his fingers and appropriated an ounce of the fragments to his own use? I know it is mean to suspect; but among us in England checks are necessary. No doubt the German to whom the



pannikin was confided was respected far and wide for his honesty. Of the courtesy of all these men it is impossible to speak too highly, or of the civility of the miners generally; and in saying this I do not allude to the demeanour of the men to myself or to other chance visitors, but to their ordinary mode of conducting themselves. The Australian miner when he is in work never drinks,—and seems to feel a pride in his courtesy. It must be understood that his is not a submissive deportment, prone to the touching of hats and a silent reverence of his betters,—but a manly bearing, which enables him to express himself freely, but which never verges on distasteful familiarity.

I found that miners working for wages at Gullgong were earning from £2 10s. to £3 a week;—but I found also that many were there who could not get such work to do. No doubt a glut of labour would soon tend to lower the wages,—but the population did not seem to be fixed enough to have produced that result. Men came, and tried their fortune on little speculations of their own, and failed. Then, if they could not at once get wages to their mind, they took up their swags and departed to some other rush. I found also that many men were employed on the most singular and easiest task that I ever met in my travels. When a mining speculator had taken out his claim to a piece of land, the law required him to occupy it. If he did not at once work it, he must hold it by his own bodily presence or by that of some deputy for at least two hours a day. I think I was told that this minimum of occupation for two hours must be before noon, either from nine to eleven or from ten to twelve. This duty was called “shepherding,”—and the wages of a man to shepherd a claim were 25s. a week. But these mining shepherds are not miners. I asked a miner whether it would not suit him to earn 25s. a week by shepherding, and then to take a day's work, or a part of a day's work, at his own enterprise. But he gave me to understand that shepherding a claim was dishonourable for a miner.

It seemed to me, when I was at Gullgong, that the rush was not regarded as a success. The population was decreasing; and though much gold had been extracted, much

useless labour had been expended on "duffers." A shaft sunk without any produce from it is a duffer. Looking around, an inexperienced stranger would think that gold about Gullgong was ubiquitous. There were holes everywhere, and the ugly masses of upturned clay which always mark the gold-seeker's presence. But of these excavations the majority were duffers. It is the duffering part of the business which makes it all so sad. So much work is done from which there is positively no return!

I came away from Gullgong with a feeling that I had hardly seen the rush in its most characteristic phase. The rush had been rushed before I reached it. The place had become to a degree settled,—and people were going out at any rate as fast as they were coming in. But there was another rush to a place about 150 miles from Gullgong,—a place called Currajong, which was described to me as being quite new, and I went there also. It was new, and a more wretched spot I never saw in my life. I was told by one inhabitant that there were over 2,000 people;—by another that there were not above 500. Of the number I could not at all judge myself, either by the concourse of people or of habitations. There were a few public-houses roughly constructed of timber, and a shop or two for the sale of general articles. The miners and their followers were living in tents scattered here and there among the holes they were digging. When gold was "struck" at any of these holes,—when enough had been found to be regarded as a probable forerunner of commercial success,—a red flag was hoisted. Here and there I saw the red flag,—but the holes and adjacent heaps at which there were no red flags were as legion to the distinguished few.

At Gullgong I had found satisfied miners,—men who said that they were doing well; at Currajong everybody seemed to be disappointed, unhappy, and hopeless. The rush, it was found, was going to turn out a "duffer" altogether. The street of the place, if it can be said to have had a street, consisted of a bush road, wider and more trodden than usual, with the trees standing close around, though the undergrowth and shrubs have been burned or other-

wise used, and the trees themselves mutilated. Everywhere through the bush there were little tents, and holes and heaps. I visited one spot at which three men were working, one below filling a bucket, and two above drawing the bucket up. This they had been doing for a fortnight, and had found nothing. They did it for three weeks longer, and still finding no gold, had then gone away. One of them was the son of an English gentleman, who had thought that Australian gold-mining might probably be a road to easy wealth. He got his experience at Currajong, but he got nothing else. I can fancy no more heart-breaking occupation than the work of trundling up dirt out of a hole eight hours a day without results. There were drunken people about Currajong,—which I had not seen elsewhere,—and a rowdy aspect which made me think ill of the prospects of the place. I was told subsequently that for a while it was not a success, and that many left it in disgust; but that afterwards gold-bearing quartz was found in large quantities, and that they who stuck to the place through its early misfortunes did well there. Currajong, when I saw it, seemed to be the most hopelessly disappointing place I had visited in the colonies.

New South Wales contains coal as well as gold, and has coal-mines which are worked successfully. In this respect she is blessed above any other of these colonies. Coal is heard of and talked about in, I think, every province of Australia,—and specimens are shown in proof of its existence; but coal is worked successfully in New South Wales, and as yet in New South Wales only. Newcastle, as the head-quarters of Australian coal is properly called, has become the second city of the colony. Coal is the mineral product of New South Wales next in value to gold, but is so at a very great distance. The value of the gold raised in 1862 and 1870 was for the former year £2,212,534, and for the latter £763,655. That of the coal produced in the same years was, in 1862, £476,522, and for 1870 £316,385. As regards both there had been a falling off in value,—that of the gold being by about two-thirds. That in the coal is small, and does not at all indicate the amount produced,

but only the price of the article. In 1862 thirty-three coal-mines in New South Wales produced 342,067 tons of coals,—and in 1870 thirty-two mines produced 868,564 tons. It seems that the increase in produce has gone on almost steadily, whereas the price has fluctuated considerably. In 1862 the coals at the pit's mouth were worth very nearly 13s. a ton, whereas in 1870 they were not worth 8s. At the end of 1871, when I visited Newcastle, they were still somewhat lower. The shareholders of coal-mines doubtless regard this falling-off in price as a great calamity, but the consumers of coal in Sydney and Melbourne and the owners of steam-ships plying to and from the colonies probably regard the matter in a different light.

In England we are accustomed to think that the possession of coal is the greatest blessing which Providence has bestowed upon us, and to believe that we owe to it our wealth, our population, and our greatness. I doubt whether there is a man of business in Great Britain who would wish to exchange our coal-mines for gold-fields. When the idea is presented to our minds we at once feel that the really productive powers of coal must be much more fertile in producing actual wealth than any amount of a metal, the value of which is in truth little more than nominal. No increase in the production of coal would at all diminish the real value of the article ; but were the production to be increased suddenly, violently, and to a great extent, the value of the metal would fall away in a quickly increasing ratio in accordance with the increase of production. Its value depends on its comparative rarity ;—and, therefore, when we are told of some probable future development of Australian gold-fields at a hitherto unprecedented rate ; when we are assured that Australian gold is as yet in its infancy,—as I have been assured very often ;—we feel that even should it be so, the expected wealth will not follow the new discoveries. Should it come very quickly, the dislocation of prices, which is now being effected slowly by the gradual increase in the amount, and therefore gradual decline in the value of gold, would become rapid, and therefore ruinous to many. In such a

case the wealth of the world would be increased only as far as gold is required,—not as wealth,—but as a symbol of wealth. Whereas every additional ton of coal that we get will contain as much power as every ton of coal that was got before it. Therefore, although the coal of Newcastle and Wollongong, in the present price paid for it, falls very far behind the gold of New South Wales, I regard coal as being the more important produce of the two. Had there been no coal found in New South Wales almost every source of wealth in Australia would have been stunted. Steamers could not have plied, nor railways have been worked, unless at prices which would have made them inaccessible to the community. All machinery for mines and other works must have been procured from Europe. The copper must have been sent home unsmelted, and therefore at treble the freight now paid for it. It is useless to expatiate on this,—as who is there that does not know that a country without coal is poor and miserable, and that a country with coal ought to be rich and blessed?

The most extensive coal region of Australia is that in the valley of the Hunter River, which empties itself into the sea at Newcastle, about 75 miles north of Sydney. The collieries are found for many miles up the river,—indeed along its whole length up to the base of the mountain ranges,—and are worked within three or four miles of Newcastle. They rejoice in the old well-known North of England colliers' names,—such as Wallsend, Lampton, Hexham, Alnwick, and the like. I should probably be thought guilty of exaggeration if I were to say that they are inexhaustible. After the disputes which have latterly taken place at home as to the growth, production, and consumption of coal, a plain man hardly dares to have an opinion on the matter. But there is a world of coal around Newcastle,—which looks as though it would suffice for the wants of the South-eastern people to the end of time.

About 40 miles south of Sydney there is another coal-field, in the Illawarra district, for which Wollongong is the seaport. I did not visit Wollongong, but I learned that that there were five different mines worked there, from which

about 90,000 tons of coal were extracted in 1870. To the west of Sydney, there have also lately been opened coal-mines at Hartley,—which are as yet young, but which in 1870 produced 2,600 tons of coal. The Hartley coal is, I believe, used only for the production of gas; but shale is found there, and also at American creek, near Wollongong, from which kerosene is made. It is boasted on behalf of the shale oil of New South Wales that it is better than the American,—the advantage in favour of the Australian oil being that it will not ignite at a temperature ten degrees higher than that at which the purest American oil breaks into fire. I give this statement merely as I got it from the pages of the Report of the International Exhibition at Sydney, to which I have before referred,—and not as the result of any experiments made by myself into the qualities of kerosene.

I have said above that when I returned to Sydney I found all my formerly quiet-going friends in that city very much disturbed, and many of them considerably elated in regard to copper and tin. I can say nothing, from my own observation, on the resources of the colony as far as these metals were concerned. Copper-mines had previously been worked in the Orange district, and also near Lake George in the Goulbourn district, but not to such an extent as to have become a source of great public interest. Iron also has been found and worked at Nattai, in the south, but never as yet with any profit to the proprietors. That there is iron in New South Wales is a matter beyond doubt. Silver also has been found at Bronlee and Murrurundi, and cinnabar at Rylstone. There were also diamond-mines on the Cudgegong River, near to Rylstone, which some time since were worked by an Australian Diamond Mining Company; but the expenses exceeded the returns, and the work has been abandoned.

It was believed of Australia, when Great Britain first planted her colonies there, that she would prove to be a country almost blank and barren in regard to minerals. It seems, however, now, that few countries on the earth are

richer in ores than she is. If iron can be found on her hills, and worked, she will probably become as populous and as rich as the United States.

In the meantime the lately awakened but now energetic speculators of New South Wales are all making fortunes out of tin and copper.

## CHAPTER IX.

### COUNTRY LIFE IN THE BUSH.

WHEN in New South Wales I spent a month at a small squatter's station in the distant bush, and as the difference between bush life in Australia and country life in England is more marked than I think any other difference between the two countries, I propose to describe the thing as I found it. I had already stayed at various sheep-stations in Queensland, but only for a few days at each ; and these had been generally large places, where perhaps from one to two hundred thousand sheep were shorn,—and into which consequently the comforts and luxuries of civilised life had been imported. These were hardly typical bush residences. At that to which I now went, a young squatter beginning life owned not much more than ten thousand sheep, and was living quite “in the rough.” The number of sheep at these stations will generally indicate with fair accuracy the mode of life at the head station. A hundred thousand sheep and upwards require a professed man-cook and a butler to look after them ; forty thousand sheep cannot be shorn without a piano ; twenty thousand is the lowest number that renders napkins at dinner imperative. Ten thousand require absolute plenty, meat in plenty, tea in plenty, brandy and water and colonial wine in plenty, but do not expect champagne, sherry, or made dishes, and are supposed to be content with continued mutton or continued beef,—as the squatter may at the time be in the way of killing sheep or oxen. During this month we killed mutton. After six months I returned to the same station, and beef was the provision of the day.



Wool had gone up, and sheep had become valuable, and the squatter could not be persuaded to kill a sheep for love or money. He bought cattle as he wanted them, and found that his beef cost him  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  a pound.

The station I visited, and which I will call M——, was about 250 miles west of Sydney, and was decidedly in the bush. I have already endeavoured to explain that nearly every place beyond the influences of big towns is called "bush,"—even though there should not be a tree to be seen around ;—but in reaching this place I journeyed for three days after leaving the railway through continuous woodland, doing about forty miles a day in a buggy. The house stood on a small creek,—hardly to be called a rivulet, because the water does not continually run, and in dry weather lies only in a succession of water-holes,—and was surrounded by interminable forest. Close around it was the home-paddock, railed in, and containing about 50 acres. Such an enclosure about a gentleman's house in England is an appendage of great value, and constitutes with some who are ambitious almost a little park. In the bush it is little more thought of than as so much waste ground round the house. Two or three cows may run in it, or a horse or two for immediate use. It is generally found convenient to have a horse near the house for the sake of "running in" other horses. One horse in the stable to catch two horses in the home-paddock wherewith four horses when wanted may be run in from the horse-paddock, make together a combination which in the bush is considered to be economical and convenient. At M—— the home-paddock was partially cleared of timber, and was pretty enough. Outside it, meeting the creek both before and behind, was the horse-paddock, containing about 250 acres. This was supposed to be the domain appropriated to the horses of the establishment needed for the working of it. At that time there were about twenty, and I believe that there was not one too many. My young friend also had his rams here during a portion of the year, but hardly expected more from so small an enclosure than food for the animals required for use. A public road, such as bush roads are, ran through the horse-paddock,—very in-

convenient in that it caused the gates to be left open, and brought travellers that way whose presence was hardly desirable, but not without compensation, as a postman with the mails passed each way twice a week. The postman was a great blessing. If he wanted food for himself or his horse, he got it ; and in return he complied with all requests made to him, conveying letters, telegrams, and messages with wondrous accuracy. A mailman coming by,—they are mailmen and not postmen in the bush,—is a great addition to the comforts of bush life. At the back of the horse-paddock was the wool-shed paddock, containing about 1,200 acres, with the wool-shed at one corner of it, distant about a mile from the house. For many reasons the wool-shed should not be close. The squatter does not want to have his shearers always in his kitchen, nor to hear their voices close to his verandah. But as it is well for his superintendent to be there constantly during the shearing, and for himself to be there often, any great distance is inconvenient. As my young friend sorted his own wool himself, he was generally in the wool-shed before the shearers, and did not leave it till long after they had “knocked off” work. The wool-shed was a wooden edifice, made of rough timber, roofed with bark, divided into pens, with room for eleven men to shear, and with outside pens for the shorn sheep as they leave the men’s hands,—a pen for each shearer. It was constructed to hold about 300 sheep,—and that number would be put into it over-night, so that, even should rain come, there might be so many ready for the shearers in the morning,—for sheep cannot be shorn when wet. The form of the shed was that of the letter L, the base, however, being considerably larger than the upstroke. Along the base the shearers worked. At the corner were the sorting-table, and divided cribs for the different fleeces. In the upper part of the letter the wool was packed, and pressed, and stored, till the drays should come and take it away. My friend acknowledged that he did not think much of his own house, though he had built it himself,—but he was proud of his wool-shed, which was also the creation of his own ingenuity. About a quarter of a mile from the wool-shed was the shearers’ hut,

in which the men slept, and ate, and smoked their pipes. They had their own cook, who on this occasion was a Chinaman,—and, as is always the case with shearers, they gave their cook enough to do. He was generally to be seen outside the door of the hut chopping up onions. The cook had 25s. a week and his rations,—the shearers were earning on an average about 7s. 6d. a day, which was considered bad work. There was rain, and the weather was against the men. The shearers bought their own food from the head station, paying at the rate of 7s. 6d. a week each for it.

There were three other paddocks on the run,—one containing 12,000 acres, and the others 7,000 acres each. The greater part of the fencing necessary for these domains had been put up by my friend since his occupation at an average cost of £25 a mile. There were over forty miles of fencing on the run, made either with logs laid at length on short round blocks,—called in the bush chock and log,—or of bushes laid lengthways and staked down with forked timber. This fencing suffices for sheep, but would be of no use at all on a run intended for cattle. When a run is not fenced, each flock of sheep requires a shepherd, and the sheep are brought up at night to an enclosure close to the shepherd's hut. When a run is "paddocked," shepherds are not required;—but boundary-riders are employed, each of whom is supplied with two horses, and these men are responsible not only for the sheep but for the fences. They should see every portion of their fences at any rate three times a week, and repair the breaches. A bush fence is easily broken down, but is as easily put up again.

The natural grasses of the bush in the locality of which I am speaking would carry in ordinary weather a sheep to three acres. When the weather was damp and warm it would do much more; when there was either frost or drought, it would not do so much. At M—— there was back ground outside the paddocks as extensive as the fenced area, and it was computed that the run might carry safely about 16,000 sheep.

The house was built at right angles to the creek, to the edge of which the little garden ran. It was of course only

of one story. A squatter rarely builds a two-storied house till he be a very large squatter indeed, and then his habitation loses most of the characteristics of the bush. It was of one story, and contained but three rooms,—a sitting-room in the middle and a bedroom on each side ;—but along the front there ran a verandah twelve feet wide, in which everybody lived,—using the sitting-room simply for meals. Life in the bush would be nothing without a verandah. The men of course spend their days mostly out of doors,—but in the evenings the verandahs are delightful. Here are congregated lounging chairs, generally very rough, but always comfortable,—with tables, sofas, and feminine nicknacks, if there be ladies, till the place has the appearance of a room open to the heavens. A verandah to be perfect should be curtained against the sun, and should be sheltered also from the heat by creepers. Behind the house, about thirty yards distant from it, was the kitchen, with a servants' room attached to it,—and behind that again another edifice called the cottage, consisting of two rooms, in which slept the young men who were about the place ;—for it must be remembered that there always are young men about a squatter's station. Then there were other buildings,—forming a quadrangle, which however was never as neat as such homestead quadrangle should be. There was a rough stable, and a rougher coach-house,—and that indispensable accessory the store-room. The place was altogether rough, and certainly not well kept ; but it was comfortable and picturesque, and easily susceptible of improvement when increasing flocks and high prices for wool would justify the expenditure.

Almost all these pastoral homesteads are thus made up of various cottages,—till sometimes the place assumes the appearance of a village. When the station is large there will often be a church and a school,—and a separate house for strangers, and a shop for the stores, and an office. At M—— no such grandeur had as yet displayed itself. But there was a garden,—in which the opossums would eat the vegetables,—and an orchard had been commenced.

There was one house at a distance of only three miles,

which was a great drawback to my friend's happiness,—for it was inhabited by a free-selector and a publican. I rather liked the publican, as he got up a kangaroo hunt for me,—but the vicinity of grog was looked upon as a serious evil by the squatter. And yet the men never drank when they were at work,—would work for weeks without anything stronger than tea. But if, on an occasion, any one of the station hands did take to drink, he would stay and drink till he was turned out of the house on the plea that he had consumed all his money. This public-house was a blistering thorn in the side of my friend. A gold-field town, whence the letters came, was twelve miles distant; but this was visited as rarely as possible, and was regarded as almost obtrusive in having caused itself to be built in a pastoral district. The nearest neighbours for any social purpose was another squatter, twenty-five miles off.

Of social gatherings, such as we know them, there are none in the bush. Squatters do not go out to dine, or ask each other to dinner. As a rule, I think, they rarely invite each other for country visiting. But they make the freest use of each other's houses,—so that society of a certain kind is created. They do not make visits exclusively of pleasure,—but when business calls them from home they make no scruple of riding up to each other's doors, and demanding hospitality. A bush house is never considered to be full. If there be not rooms apiece for the guests, the men are put together and the women together. If there be not bedsteads, beds are made up on the floors. If room be still lacking, the young men wrap themselves in blankets and stretch themselves in the verandah. It is a point of honour that the house shall never be full,—unless some one very odious comes the way. But even for those who are odious shelter and food are provided in some outside hut or barrack.

I was at M—— during washing and shearing. I speak of course of the washing of sheep. It was the busiest time of the year, and the squatter himself was always out soon after five, and rarely back at the house in time for dinner at eight. He had two assistants, one of whom was his perma-

nent first lieutenant on the run, and the other was borrowed for the occasion. The three, who were all young, certainly worked much harder than any other men about the place, and seemed to have more on hand than a British prime minister in June. I rode about at my ease,—from the washpool to the wool-shed, and from the wool-shed to the kangaroos,—giving now and then a fantastic opinion as to the doing of the work, criticising the roughness of the mode in which the poor brutes were hauled into the water, or the cruelty with which they were wounded by the shearers. But my friends were terribly in earnest. Now and again a man would misbehave, and squatters' law had to be exercised with prompt decision. If a man would not work, or worked amiss, he was sent away with very curt warning,—for the deed of agreement which is always drawn up, gives the squatter the power of judging as to the man's deficiency, and of punishing him for being deficient. The sheep were always being washed, and always being shorn,—but if the rain should come between the two operations all would be spoilt. Rain did come,—but not thorough rain, and all was not spoilt. And then the "yarding" of sheep by hundreds at a time,—getting them through one set of pens before washing, and through another set before shearing,—having them ready for the morning's work, and finished off before the dark night came,—weighing out tea and sugar and flour for the men, killing and preparing meat for them, sorting and packing the wool, pressing and labelling the bales,—all seemed to demand more than Herculean energy. At large stations all this is done easily, because the greater number admit of divided labour. It seemed to me that the care of ten thousand sheep was the most difficult task that a man could have imposed upon him.

Those rides through the forest, either when I was alone or when I could get my host to go with me,—which was rarely, unless on a Sunday afternoon,—were very pleasant. The melancholy note of the magpie was almost the only sound that was heard. Occasionally kangaroos would be seen,—two or three staring about them after a half-tame fashion, as though they had not as yet made up their mind

whether it would be necessary for them to run. When approached they would move,—always in a line, and with apparent leisure till pursued. Then they would bound away, one here and one there, at a pace which made it impossible for a single horseman to get near them in a thickly timbered country. It was all wood. There arose at last a feeling that go where one might through the forest, one was never going anywhere. It was all picturesque,—for there was rocky ground here and there, and hills in the distance, and the trees were not too close for the making of pretty vistas through them ;—but it was all the same. One might ride on, to the right or to the left, or might turn back, and there was ever the same view. And there were no objects to reach, unless it was the paddock fence. And when the paddock fence was jumped, then it was the same thing again. Looking around, one could tell by no outward sign whether one was inside or outside the boundary, —whether one was two miles or ten miles from the station.

Perhaps the most astonishing phenomenon on these runs is the apparent paucity of sheep. As a fact, there are thousands all around ;—but unless looked for they are never seen ; and even when looked for by inexperienced eyes are often missed. If the reader will bear in mind that an enclosure of 12,000 acres contains more than eighteen square miles, he will understand how unlike to anything in England must be even the enclosed country in Australia. One seems to ride for ever and to come to nothing, and to relinquish at last the very idea of an object. Nevertheless, it was very pleasant. Of all places that I was ever in this place seemed to be the fittest for contemplation. There was no record of the hours but by the light. When it was night work would be over. The men would cease as the sun was setting,—but the masters would continue till the darkness had come upon them.

There were four or five meals in the day. There was an early breakfast in the cottage for the young men,—there was another breakfast at nine for those who were idle,—for the ladies who were there and for myself. There was lunch at about two, to which one or two from the wood-shed

might or might not rush in as things were going with them,—and there was dinner at about eight o'clock. My wife had brought a cook with her from England who was invaluable,—or would have been had she not found a husband for herself when she had been about a month in the bush. But in spite of her love, and her engagement to a man who was considerably above her in position, she was true to us while she remained at M——, and did her best to make us all comfortable. She was a good-looking, strong woman, of excellent temper, who could do anything she put her hand to, from hairdressing and confectionery up to making butter and brewing beer. I saw her six months afterwards,—“quite the lady,” but ready for any kind of work that might come in her way. When I think of her, I feel that no woman of that kind ought, as regards herself, to stay in England if she can take herself or get herself taken to the colonies. I mention our cook, because her assistance certainly tended very greatly to our increased comfort. The viands provided were mutton, bread, vegetables, and tea. Potatoes were purchased as an ordinary part of the station stores, and the opossums had left us lettuce, tomatoes, and a few cabbages. Dinner was always dignified with soup and salad,—which must not, however, be regarded as being within the ordinary bush dietary. In other respects the meals were all alike. There was mutton in every shape, and there was always tea. Tea at a squatter's table,—at the table of a squatter who has not yet advanced himself to a man-cook or butler, and a two-storied house,—is absolutely indispensable. At this squatter's table there was colonial wine and there was brandy,—produced chiefly to supply my wants; but there was always tea. The young men when they came in, hot and fagged with their day's work, would take a glass of brandy and water standing, as a working man with us takes his glass of beer at a bar. But when they sat down with their dinners before them, the tea-cup did for them what the wine-glass does for us. The practice is so invariable that any shepherd whose hut you may visit will show his courtesy by asking you to take a pannikin of tea. In supplying stores to men, tea and sugar,



flour and meat, are the four things which are included as matters of course. The tea is always bought by the chest, and was sold by the merchant at the rate of 1s. 6d. a pound. There was but one class of tea at the station, which I found to be preferable to very much that I am called upon to drink in England.

The recreations of the evening consisted chiefly of tobacco in the verandah. I did endeavour to institute a whist table, but I found that my friends, who were wonderfully good in regard to the age and points of a sheep, and who could tell to the fraction of a penny what the wool of each was worth by the pound, never could be got to remember the highest card of the suit. I should not have minded that had they not so manifestly despised me for regarding such knowledge as important. They were right, no doubt, as the points of a sheep are of more importance than the pips of a card, and the human mind will hardly admit of the two together. Whist is a jealous mistress ;—and so is a sheep-station.

I have been at very many bush houses,—at over thirty different stations in the different colonies,—but at not one, as I think, in which I have not found a fair provision of books. It is universally recognised among squatters that a man who settles down in the bush without books is preparing for himself a miserable future life. That the books are always used when they are there I will not say. That they are used less frequently than they should be used I do not doubt. When men come in from physical work, hungry, tired,—with the feeling that they have earned an hour or two of ease by many hours of labour,—they are apt to claim the right to allow their minds to rest as well as their limbs. Who does not know how very much this is the case at home, even among young men and women in our towns, who cannot plead the same excuse of real bodily fatigue? That it should be so is a pity of pities,—not on the score chiefly of information lost or of ignorance perpetuated ; but because the power of doing that which should be the one recreation and great solace of our declining years perishes from desuetude, and cannot be renewed when age has come upon us. But I think that this folly is hardly more general in

the Australian bush than in English cities. There are books to be read,—and the young squatter, when the evening comes upon him, has no other recreation to entice him. He has no club, no billiard table, no public-house which he can frequent. Balls and festivities are very rare. He probably marries early, and lives the life of a young patriarch, lord of everything around him, and master of every man he meets on his day's ride. Of course there are many who have risen to this from lower things,—who have become squatters without any early education, who have been butchers, drovers, or perhaps shepherds themselves. That they should not be acquainted with books is a matter of course. They have lacked the practice in youth of which I have just spoken. But among those who have had the advantage of early nurture, and have been taught to handle books familiarly when young, I think that reading is at least as customary as it is with young men in London. The authors I found most popular were certainly Shakespeare, Dickens, and Macaulay. I would back the chance of finding Macaulay's Essays at a station against that of any book in the language except Shakespeare. To have a Shakespeare is a point of honour with every man who owns a book at all,—whether he reads it or leaves it unread.

I have said that squatters marry early. The reasons for doing so are very strong ; and those reasons for not doing so, which are terribly familiar to us at home, hardly exist in the bush. The man is alone, and can have at any rate no female companionship unless he marry. In ordinary life, as we know it, the unmarried man enjoys as many comforts,—unfortunately, perhaps, more luxuries,—than do they who take to themselves wives. But in the bush the unmarried man is very desolate, and will probably soon become forlorn and wretched in his mode of life. He will hardly get a woman who will cook for him decently, or will sew a button on his shirt when it is wanted. And he will soon care nothing how his dinner is cooked, and whether his shirt be with or without a button. On the other hand, the cost of his household when he is married will hardly be more than when he is single. If his wife know how to keep

a bush house, her presence will almost be a saving to him. At home, in England, the young man when he marries has to migrate from his lodgings to a house; he must make up an establishment, buy furniture, hire servants, and enter altogether upon a new phase of life. He must have ready money in his pocket to begin with, and a future income probably very much in advance of that he has hitherto been expected to expend. But on a station there is nothing of the kind. There is the house, in which it may be necessary to put a few additional comforts. There is the establishment,—already on so large a scale in consequence of the necessity of supplying men with rations that no recognised increase is created. When children come, and education is needed, expenses of course will grow; but at first the thing is so easy that the young squatter simply goes out in his buggy and brings home the daughter of some other squatter,—after a little ceremony performed in the nearest church.

As a consequence of this, life in the bush is decent and moral. The bulk of the labour is performed by a nomad tribe, who wander in quest of their work, and are hired only for a time. This is of course the case in regard to washing sheep and shearing them. It is equally so when fences are to be made, or ground to be cleared, or trees to be “rung.” The ringing of trees consists of cutting the bark through all round, so that the tree cease to suck up the strength of the earth for its nutrition, and shall die. For all these operations temporary work is of course required, and the squatter seldom knows whether the men he employs be married or single. They come and go, and are known by queer nicknames or are known by no names at all. They probably have their wives elsewhere, and return to them for a season. They are rough to look at, dirty in appearance, shaggy, with long hair, men who, when they are in the bush, live in huts, and hardly know what a bed is. But they work hard, and are both honest and civil. Theft among them is almost unknown. Men are constantly hired without any character but that which they give themselves; and the squatters find from experience that the men are able to do that which they

declare themselves capable of performing. There will be exceptions, but such is the rule. Their one great fault is drunkenness,—and yet they are sober to a marvel. As I have said before, they will work for months without touching spirits,—but their very abstinence creates a craving desire which, when it is satisfied, will satisfy itself with nothing short of brutal excess. Among the masters of these men,—among squatters with their superintendents and overseers,—drinking is not a common fault. I have seen a squatter drunk. I have seen a squatter very drunk. But he was a jovial exception.

Squatters, I think, do not as a rule go very frequently to church. Churches are not near to them, and as they are always either driving in buggies or riding on horseback in pursuance of their ordinary occupations, on Sundays they are not ready to add perhaps thirty miles, perhaps forty, to their week's work in quest of a sermon. I have spoken of stations which possessed churches of their own. When that is the case, the squatter is generally the parson for three Sundays,—being relieved by a real, but itinerant, clergyman on the fourth. I am, however, bound to acknowledge that Sabbath-day observances are laxly kept in the bush.

The resident squatter is generally a young man,—one at least not past the prime of life. For this state of things there are sundry causes. The squatter who succeeds in life, as he grows old does not cease to be a squatter. He sticks to his wool as closely as the lawyer does to his wig, or the banker to his ledger. He knows well every shilling that is spent and made. But he becomes an absentee squatter,—having a son, or a junior partner, or perhaps a manager, to manage the run and to send him the accounts. The money comes into his hand readily, as the produce of a sheep-station is never sold on the spot. London is almost always the rich squatter's market. Then again the work to be done is hardly fitted for an old man. All that an old man can do, he can do away from the station. He has become tired of buggies and bucking horses, perhaps tired of tea and mutton; and he makes himself comfortable in a town.

And many no doubt are ruined before they grow to be

old ;—for, to tell the truth of it, the growing of wool is at the best a precarious trade. Thousands have made their fortunes at it,—but thousands also with small capitals have gone to the wall in their struggles, and have been no more heard of among the stations. What becomes of them I cannot say. Who knows the fate of the ruined man? The business is always on a large scale,—and being large and also precarious cannot but be dangerous. With wool ranging from 1s. to 2s. a pound, a squatter with 20,000 sheep, and a small capital, may be made by high prices, or marred by low prices, in one year. The year of favourable circumstances in regard to weather and climate may put him at his ease for life,—and a year's drought may beggar him. This also tends to weed out the old men, and leave the young men in possession. At fifty the squatter can afford either to live in town or in England,—or else he can no longer afford to live on his station.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE RIVERINA.

As in the old European countries so in the colonies, different districts have acquired different names, which have much significance in men's minds and are understood with sufficient clearness, though they have no recognised municipal or political standing. In New South Wales a northern part of the colony is called New England; a district lying on the seaboard south of Sydney is called Illawarra; and to the west, in the midst of the great rivers of the continent, is the Riverina, or Mesopotamia of New South Wales. The Riverina has characteristics of its own so marked and so important that they demand recognition from any one who desires to understand the position of the Australian colonies generally. It is bounded throughout on the south by the river Murray,—having in that direction a certain limit, as the Murray is the northern frontier of Victoria. But it has no other certain boundary,—unless it be the one hundred and forty-first line of east longitude on its western frontier, which line is the proclaimed division of South Australia and New South Wales. To the north it runs away into undefined space. To the east there is no recognised limitation by which it is divided from the remainder of the colony. The one hundred and forty-eighth line of longitude may perhaps be taken as the best demarcation that can be expressed; though this would be by no means correct throughout, as the squatters on the Boyne and the Macquarie rivers to the north, who are to the west of that line, certainly do not consider themselves as belonging to the

Riverina. But in fact the Riverina consists of that part of the colony of New South Wales which finds that Melbourne or Adelaide are markets easier of approach than Sydney, the capital of their own colony. The geographical facts which have brought about this result, give to the people of the Riverina their distinctive interests, and force upon them a feeling opposed in politics to that which is general through the more thickly populated eastern half of the colony.

The Riverina, in area, comprises perhaps a full moiety of New South Wales, though in population it contains but little more than a twentieth part of the whole. The population of the colony in round numbers is half a million; that of the Riverina about 28,000. As the limits of the district cannot be defined with certainty, neither, of course, can the population be stated with accuracy. It lies, as the name implies, among the rivers,—among the only well-known great rivers of the continent. These rivers, with many tributaries, are the Murray, the Murrumbidgee running into the Murray, the Lachlan running into the Murrumbidgee, and the Darling running into the Murray below the Murrumbidgee. The Murray, carrying down the waters of an immense portion of the great Australian plains, finds its way into the sea at last by so poor an aperture as to forbid internal navigation on a scale greater than that which in other countries is achieved by canals. And the navigation afforded by these natural waters is only spasmodic. During a portion of the year it is interrupted by drought. At uncertain seasons in some years it is stopped by floods. Consequently large towns have not arisen on the river banks. And again nearly the whole of this country is unfit for agriculture. Though the soil in many parts of it is rich, the climate will not allow the soil to produce wheat. The average rainfall is not above fourteen inches in the year,—and the summer heats are very intense. Nevertheless, in the southern parts of the district, and on the frontages of the rivers, free-selectors are numerous,—to the great and, as I think, irrational displeasure of the squatters, for the free-selector, if he cannot live on his land, must work for the squatter's wages. To the south-east, around Albury and

Wagga Wagga,—if on behalf of the Riverina we may venture to say that those towns are within its limits—wheat is grown. The rainfall here is greater and the heat less intense. But even in the localities named it seems to be a question whether cereals can be produced with sufficient constancy to repay the farmer. Nor is the Riverina a gold-producing district,—nor has it coal or copper. Gold has, I believe, been found within the limits above named, but not in sufficient quantities to attract a mining population. The Riverina is essentially a pastoral district, in which the squatters are patriarchs owning many flocks. But of all strictly pastoral districts of the world it is perhaps the best. As a wool-growing district I have no doubt as to its being the best in Australia. It consists of vast plains, a great part of which is completely without trees, and the whole of which is without hills or even rising ground. Where there is timber, the timber is light. And there is no stone,—not a particle of what the road-makers call metal,—in the country among the rivers. The houses are made of wood or brick. The roads are altogether unmade, and consist of tracks through the mud or dust. When anything is done towards the making of a road in or near the towns, clay is burned for the purpose into brickbats, or wooden blocks are used. The dust of Riverina I have never seen, but its mud is the most tenacious I ever encountered.

The secret of the wealth of the country for pastoral purposes lies in the salt which the soil possesses. A great proportion of the Riverina did, till lately, produce salt-bush,—a shrub about three feet high, pale in colour, and ugly to look at when it covers a whole plain, on which the sheep feed willingly, and which can stand great heat and great drought. I was told that the salt-bush was disappearing on runs which had carried sheep for many years, and that it certainly receded as the squatters advanced. But, though the salt-bush may go, the salt remains. Australian squatters who differ so widely among themselves on many pastoral questions,—who will dispute as to what breed of sheep is best, whether wool should be washed or shorn in the grease, whether, if washed, warm water should be used, whether



sheep should be shorn early or late, whether wool should be sold in London or in the colonies,—are all agreed that a salt country is the best for sheep. In a salt country, though it seems to be as bare as a board, sheep will keep their condition,—and on a fat sheep wool will grow long and thick, while on a thin sheep the wool also will be thin. And on a plain country, sheep can be managed with very much less expense than among hills and valleys, and rock and thick timber. The knowledge that it is so comes upon the observer by degrees amidst infinite regrets. The plains of the Riverina are not lovely to look at. The observing stranger, placing himself for a while, as every observing stranger will do, in the shoes of the observed, declares to himself at first that he will squat and lead his sheep afield amidst the rocks and gullies and widely spreading forest trees. He will know nothing at that time of the difficulty of mustering sheep in the midst of such picturesque impediments; he will not as yet understand how dingoes, or wild dogs, are harboured by them; he will hardly calculate how much farther afield sheep must travel for their food where trees are plentiful and grass is scarce, than on the open prairies where the whole strength of the soil is devoted to the production of the herbage; nor will he probably know that the unromantic animals find the food sweeter on which the sun shines openly, than that which they find beneath the forest foliage. But the squatter who has been at work for a year or two amidst timber and hills, sighs for the salt plains, and dismisses his aptitudes for the picturesque to the winds.

Such is the Riverina;—a wide, open, ugly pastoral district, on which squatters prosper and grow rich. Of its settled towns it cannot boast much. The two largest in the area which I have attempted to define as belonging to the Riverina are, Albury and Wagga-Wagga, nearly equal in size, and containing each something under 2,000 inhabitants. But Albury and Wagga-Wagga are all but outside the district, and do not especially partake of its idiosyncrasies. Deniliquin is the capital of the Riverina, and Deniliquin, according to the census of 1871, only boasts of 1,118 inhabitants. And I was told in its neighbourhood that the boast

was hardly true of the town,—as, in the making up of that number, a large adjacent section of country had been included for municipal purposes. Nevertheless, were Riverina a separate colony, divided off from the parent province as has been done with Victoria and Queensland, Deniliquin would probably be the chosen capital.

I should hardly have ventured to write a separate chapter on the Riverina district had not such a project of separation been entertained. I may as well say that as far as my own opinion goes,—which necessarily must be crude,—I think that the project will be renewed and consummated. I think also that this consummation, if effected, will be for the advantage of the district itself, and for that of the adjacent colonies,—including New South Wales, of which it at present forms a part. In order to explain the question as well as I may be able to do, and in giving a reason for my opinion, I must say a few more words on the terribly complicated and, I fear, rather tedious subject of the border-duties;—for the Riverina district, and almost that alone, is affected by them.

The government of Victoria have made a railway running north from Melbourne across the colony to Echuca, a little town on the Murray. They have, also, completed a second line running north-east from Melbourne to Woodonga, another small town higher up on the Murray, on the direct road to Sydney, and just opposite to Albury,—one of the towns I have mentioned as belonging to the Riverina. By the former of these railways, the wool and the sheep of the district,—in which the wealth of the district altogether consists,—are sent to Melbourne, and the stores required for the use of the squatters are brought back from that city. The second railway when completed will of course make the intercourse more close,—though the line to Echuca must always be the one on which the material prosperity of the Riverina must depend. The communication between this district and Sydney is by a succession of coaches till the New South Wales railway is reached at Goulbourn. Deniliquin is nearly 500 miles distant from Sydney, of which distance all but 130 miles must be travelled by coach. The

roads are not made, and the average pace is about six miles an hour. But Deniliquin is reached by coach in six hours from Echuca. The cost and labour of passenger traffic are by no means the chief obstacles to close connection between the western and eastern parts of the colony; but they indicate the difficulty of other traffic. If a four-horse coach cannot get from Deniliquin to Goulbourn in less than eighty hours, a dray laden with wool, dragged throughout by the one team of horses or bullocks, will be nearly ten times as long. Hence has arisen the fact, that for all commercial purposes the Riverina depends on Melbourne and not on Sydney. In Melbourne it is often said that the money which has populated the plains of the Riverina with sheep is Victorian money, and that the squatting interests of the district have all been created by Victorian energy. The boast seems to me to be absurd. It might as well be said, on the other hand, that Victorian prosperity has arisen from Tasmanian energy, because many of the most prosperous graziers and wool-growers of Victoria found their way over to Port Phillip from Tasmania. The cluster of colonies is not only too small in population to admit of such divisions, but is too closely united by language, by nationality, by mutual dependence and loyalty to Great Britain, to allow of any real diversity of interests. Individual men may foster petty jealousies in their hearts, and politicians may fancy that they see an opening for their ambition in short-lived ascendancy of this or the other colony; but the interest of one of these colonies is in truth the interest of them all; and to all Australia Melbourne and Sydney are as Manchester and Liverpool, or as Nottingham and Norwich, are to England. It should matter nothing whether the Riverina send her wool to Port Jackson or to Port Phillip,—whether she buy her tea at Sydney or at Melbourne,—except to the individual tradesmen and merchants concerned. What does matter is this,—that the Riverina itself should be allowed to prosper if she have the means of prosperity within her borders; that she should at any rate be hindered by no quarrelling among outside parties.

But she is terribly hindered. At the present moment, as

I write, every article carried across the Murray is subject to the interference of the custom-house,—as things used to be subject, and perhaps will again become subject, between Dover and Calais. The Riverina and Victoria, instead of being to each other as are Lancashire and Yorkshire, or as are New York and New Jersey, are in reference to their custom-house laws as are France and Germany. That a real cordon of custom-house officers should be maintained along a line over 500 miles in length, on each side, by two provinces whose joint population is a million and a quarter, is, of course, out of the question. But the hostile arrangement is carried on at the points which permit of the greatest amount of injury and inconvenience, at Albury and at Echuca. Elsewhere also along the line,—but especially at those places,—duties are collected. Passengers, as far as I am aware, are allowed to take their luggage over unexamined. No custom-house officer troubled himself with mine either at the one place or at the other. Nor do the custom-house officers do so at many of the European barriers. The trouble would find no results to pay for itself, and the nuisance would be intolerable. But articles brought down for purposes of commerce are treated as though they were going from one country into another.

This folly will probably be soon abandoned.\* A bill having this object may probably be passed. But in that case one folly will have been abandoned by means of another folly, by no means so irritating as the first, but as irrational. The one colony will again pay to the other a lump sum as the balance of exchange on behalf of these border duties. Victoria will pocket the duties collected on goods sent to the Riverina, and will pay £60,000 per annum to New South Wales. Goods will then be allowed to pass each way free,—in direct contravention of the terms of the constitution, which constitution in each colony gives to it its legal status, and is, in fact, so much British law equally binding

\* Since this was written resort has been again had to the temporary expedient of a fixed sum settled between the colonies in lieu of border duties; but this is only an expedient, and the absurdity remains of custom duties chargeable between the colonies.

on the colonies and on the mother country. By these terms Great Britain forbids her colonies to send their produce from one to another, except on payment of such duties as are levied on the same articles when imported from foreign countries. On the New South Wales side of the Murray wine is grown which finds its market in Melbourne. On the Hunter River also, in the northern portion of New South Wales, wine is grown which would find its market in Melbourne,—but that it is subjected to duty on entering Victoria by sea, as it must do if it enter Victoria at all. Under the arrangement, by which a lump sum is paid as balance by Victoria to New South Wales, the Murray wine will go free, in opposition to the British law ; but the Hunter wine will be taxed, in obedience to the British law. The custom-house cordon will be maintained by sea, because it will not be absolutely unbearable ;—but it will be abandoned by land, as constituting an infliction too irritating for men to endure.

I have endeavoured to make the matter plain,—not chiefly on account of these Murray border duties, which will probably be made to vanish, and which can hardly be of much interest to ordinary readers,—but because I would endeavour to make clear the fatal injury which the colonies endure by the collection of any custom duties between themselves. The greatest present want of Australia generally is unity with itself. That the colonies should have been divided for purposes of local government was indispensable to their success. The different interests of the different parts were too divergent to allow of their being duly considered at one centre ; and the distances were far too great for parliamentary legislation to embrace the whole from one capital. Further separation will probably take place, and will take place to the advantage of the colonies. But the divisions already made, and any new divisions which may be made, are not incompatible with national unity, and certainly need not be accompanied by the all but hostile feeling, by the unloving and unbrotherly condition, which is inseparable from custom-houses between the one and the other. The Australians are surely as closely

knit together as are the Swiss in their several cantons, or as were the Germans of different kingdoms, who, in spite of various nationalities and dynastic jealousies, consented to trade with each other under the Zollverein. But the strongest example of their position, or that which is in every respect the most like to them, is to be found in the United States. They speak the one language, are subject, in regard to their foreign relations, to one central head, are the home of a spreading people determined to rule themselves, and have each their separate legislature for the purpose of doing so ;—but they do not declare war against each other by border tariffs and internal custom duties.

Downing Street will answer to this, that the war is not perpetuated there. Downing Street is very fond of free trade,—as indeed are all English streets and English people,—and does not at all prohibit the colonies from the free interchange of commodities among themselves, if only they will take them free from other countries. Downing Street also goes much farther than this, and will admit of a customs union between the colonies or between any two of them,—although such customs union would, in the opinion of Downing Street, inflict a grievous blow on free trade in the colonies by allowing them to import each other's goods while charging duties on foreign goods. And Downing Street now has gone still farther, and has said, under pressure, that if the colonies be imperious in their demands, she will permit them to import this or that article free, at their discretion,—adding, however, that any use of this permission in a direction hostile to free trade will have a tendency to loosen the bonds between the colonies and the mother country. Downing Street has all but given way in this matter,—and would give way altogether but that she fears to compromise herself by an apparent defalcation in regard to free trade. But there is no fairer ground for question of free trade in the matter than there would be between Middlesex and Surrey if the English parliament were to put a customs duty on some article of French produce, but which was produced also in one of those counties and

carried thence into the other. The nationality between the Australian colonies is too close to admit of the doctrine of free trade having any bearing upon intercolonial commerce.

As the matter stands at present, Downing Street has simply notified her assent to a customs union between the colonies, should the colonies desire it. Two or three of them have agreed in principle to the arrangement, Tasmania having gallantly taken the lead. But the question has become so complicated among them by small diverse interests,—the jam-makers of Victoria, for instance, objecting to the free introduction of Tasmanian jam,—that no efforts made by some among themselves can, I fear, be successful. But if it were initiated from Downing Street,—if Downing Street would arrange the measure, and fashion the clauses, and give her earnest influence towards carrying it out,—it would be done. Victoria might not at first agree to it,—or Queensland,—or possibly New South Wales. But it would not require the agreement of all. Tasmania, South Australia, and New Zealand would agree. It is probable that the others would do so also, if the proposal were fairly made to them by the imperial government. But if three were combined,—if only two were combined,—not only with sanction from home, but also with British encouragement,—the union would soon grow till it included the whole.

In returning to the Riverina, I am bound to acknowledge that there has been proposed by many who are interested in her fate a remedy for the evil of border duties and for other evils, which is declared by them to be altogether effectual. But there must first be said a word as to those other evils. It has been explained that the Riverina is very far distant from Sydney; and it is thought by the people of the district that on this account she is greatly neglected by the Sydney parliament. She returns four members to a House of Assembly consisting of seventy-two members, having indeed her fair proportion according to her population. But what are four among so many? She cannot even “log-roll.” If there be a proposition for spending public money in the north, or in the south, she is not strong enough to do aught by making her assent conditional on

the spending of money also in the south-west. It must be remembered that very much is done in the colonies by public money which is with us accomplished either by private enterprise or by local contributions. Railways, bridges, and in a great measure roads also, are made out of taxes appropriated to that purpose by vote of the Assembly,—and are made under the superintendence, and are subject to the patronage, of a cabinet minister. How can any assembly be moved by four members ; or what influence on a cabinet minister can be brought to bear by those forlorn ones ? Consequently there are no roads, and no bridges, and not a mile of railway in the Riverina. But the Riverina pays taxes as do the other districts. When I was at Deniliquin an election was in progress for a member for the Murray district, and I heard the speeches. There were three candidates, and the man for the Murray,—which is the most centrally Riverinan of the constituencies of the Riverina,—was he who would give the loudest promise as to a certain bridge. The bridge ought to have been made years ago, connecting Victoria with New South Wales,—and the money had actually been borrowed for the Riverinan half of it. But not a pile had been driven, and now it was shrewdly guessed that an economical chancellor of the exchequer,—or treasurer as he is called in the colonies,—was going to swallow the money. I had not the slightest doubt in my own mind but that the money would be swallowed. But this or that gentleman, if returned, would hurry up to Sydney,—probably to arrive too late because of the mud and the distance,—and would take that treasurer by the throat, if only he could get so far before the process of swallowing was completed. But it was manifest that not one man in the room expected the bridge, although the money had been voted,—and borrowed for the express purpose. What did Sydney want of a bridge over the Murray ? Did not every one know that Sydney was more anxious to increase than to curtail the distance between herself and Melbourne ? Candidates must say something, and it was as easy to promise a bridge as anything else. The feeling was general that nothing was to be expected from a



Sydney parliament. Why should not the Riverina be annexed to Victoria?

The question was not asked at that meeting, as with the majority of those there assembled it would have been unpopular, but I heard it asked very often outside. In Victoria I have heard it put as though there could be but one answer to it. The genuine Victorian thinks that annexation to Victoria would be a road to fame and fortune for any colony or any nation. The inhabitants of Port Phillip, having separated themselves from New South Wales, would annex their parent to-morrow without compunction. But they will first annex Tasmania and Riverina. The Riverinans, however,—as also the Tasmanians,—do not seem to be in love with Victorian practices. Their deputies would be lost in the Victorian Assembly,—quite as much as those from the Riverina are now lost at Sydney; and, after a while, lawyers from Melbourne would represent them, receiving £300 per annum for their labour in doing so. And the Victorian land laws,—which have made themselves peculiarly odious to Victorian squatters,—are not at all to the liking of the Riverinan squatters. The Victorian Assembly might no doubt make promises as to pastoral leases, might declare that the sauce with which the goose to the south of the Murray had been cooked and eaten, should never be warmed up again on behalf of the gander in the Riverina;—but it is hard to bind a parliament by a promise, or to obtain obligations from a nation. There is a class of spiritual beings among whom, if you must be troubled by such an attendant, it is generally thought better to have an old friend than a stranger. The Riverinans do not much regard Sydney,—but they prefer Sydney to Melbourne.

It is well that it should be so, as it cannot be for the interests of Australia at large that the colony which is at present the most populous and the most important should be made greater and more important by annexing her sisters. It is for the advantage of England and of Englishmen,—for England will continue to feed Australia with Englishmen,—and of Australia and Australians, not that Victoria should be ascendant, but that Australia should

be well governed and prosperous. That good government and prosperity would be promoted by a federation of the colonies, no one, I think, denies,—though there are various opinions as to the period at which such federation should, or can, be accomplished. Among the measures which will tend to produce federation, none will probably be so efficacious as the division of those colonies which are now too large in area for government from a central parliament in itself too weak in its elements to spread its arms afar; and among those which might retard federation none certainly would be so fatally strong as the increased preponderance of any one colony over the others. The preponderance of Victoria is at present the drawback most to be dreaded;—and to that a most injurious addition would be made,—not only as regards population, but in pride also,—were another colony or a section of one to add itself to the Victorian borders.

The only other remedy for the Riverina is Separation;—or, in other words, a setting up for herself among the colonies. That argument which I have attempted to use against customs duties would undoubtedly be a strong argument against further separation, if the continuance of such a barrier between cognate colonies were a necessity. Who would willingly multiply such barriers, and accumulate the sure means of intercolonial irritation? But if we look forward to a grouping of these Australian colonies under some form of government which may be combined in regard to external matters, but be separate as to local matters,—such as is the form of government adopted in the United States,—then the arguments against a small colony, or a poor colony, or a colony sparsely inhabited, fall to the ground. In saying this I trust that I may not be considered as specially advocating what we at home call “American institutions.” Of those institutions this is not the place to speak. But the institutions necessary for the combined colonies would be no inch nearer to American institutions, and would be no inch farther removed from British institutions, than those which are at present used. Indeed I know not that any institution would be changed,—that any single “Palladium of British liberty” would be altered by the clipping of a hair. But I name the union of

the American States as giving the best example which modern history affords us of a secure federation of self-governing communities.

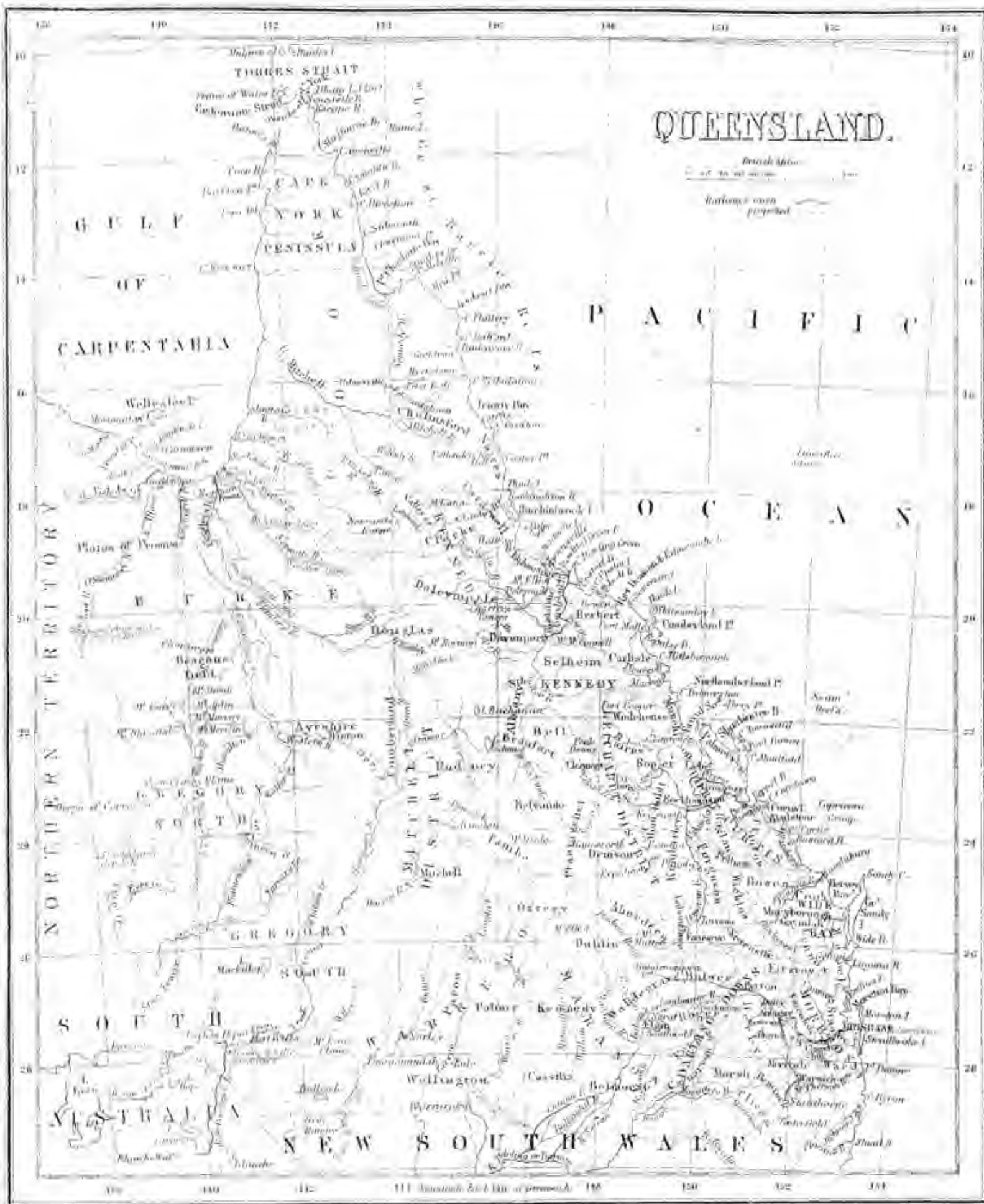
There are, no doubt, objections which can be urged against such separation as that proposed, not only plausibly, but rationally;—objections which would perhaps be fatal, if the system of government in the Australian colonies, as at present administered, admitted of no change. The population of the Riverina is but 28,000, and it would seem to be absurd to saddle so small a body of people with all the expenses of a government house and a parliament, on the scale now adopted in the Australian colonies. It might be alleged, in answer to this, that when the separation of Queensland from New South Wales was sanctioned, the population of Queensland was under 18,000, and that in 1861, two years after its separation, it had only reached 30,000;—but it must be acknowledged, in behalf of Queensland, that her external circumstances gave better promise of a quickly increasing population than do those of the Riverina. The population of Queensland is now 125,000, and she supports what, for the sake of distinction, I will call a full-fledged government and a full-fledged parliamentary establishment. She is a bold, pushing colony, and will herself, probably, soon endure further separation. The progress of the Riverina will necessarily be slower,—but it may perhaps be well to accept such an opportunity as she would offer for ascertaining whether a separate colonial state may not be set on foot, with advantage to herself and to the group to which she belongs, on a more moderate footing.

If it be allowed that a federation of the colonies would be for the advantage of the colonies, it will also, I think, be allowed that a federation of small states and of many states will be more easily constructed than one consisting of few and large states. That there should be equality of size between them is out of the question,—and with inequality of size there will of course be inequality of influence. Rhode Island and Delaware do not loom so large among the United States as New York and Pennsylvania. But Rhode Island and Delaware hold their own, govern themselves, and assist in forming a great nationality. Victoria

and New South Wales may probably feel a mitigated jealousy in giving some co-ordinate power in a confederation to so small a people as that of the Riverina, when they remember that Virginia, New York, and Pennsylvania united themselves with Rhode Island and Delaware, on a basis which gave two senators each to small and to great states alike.

It is urged also, as a reason against such a measure, that the Riverina has no seaboard. Nor has Bohemia, as all readers of Shakespeare are taught to remember; nor have any of the Swiss cantons; nor had a dozen German nationalities; nor have half the states of the American Union. If a separate nationality, with custom duties and the like, be required for each political division of Australia, then seaboard may be essential. But if any unity be desired for Australia,—if the Australians of next century are to be one great people, instead of being denizens of a dozen little provinces,—then we may allow this question of seaboard to be passed as answered. It is not to be expected that another Melbourne will grow up in the Riverina;—nor that a Liverpool will establish itself in Oxfordshire. But Oxfordshire can hold its own among the counties by other influences than those to be derived from a great seaport.

In all these colonies the government is entirely centralized, and it is perhaps necessary that it should be so in new countries. When a small community is first established on some shore far distant from its parent country, the power of ruling must for a time rest in the hands of a few. Without such rule, there would be turmoil, anarchy, and destruction. But the effect of such centralized power is not, after awhile, beneficial to those who have wandered to a distance from the centre. They are not only disregarded, but they are taxed for the benefit of those who by their greater numbers are enabled to help themselves. It was the feeling of this unavoidable injustice which produced the various separations which have already taken place among the Australian colonies, and which will produce further separation. The Riverina would soon have roads and bridges,—would soon have a railway from Deniliquin to Echuca, if she stood so far alone as to have the management of her own internal finances for her own internal purposes.





QUEENSLAND.





# QUEENSLAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY HISTORY AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COLONY.

QUEENSLAND calls itself the biggest of the English colonies. South Australia, however, may dispute the question with her, as her territories run through from the southern to the northern coast. The Queenslanders boast that Queensland is larger than England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, added together. There is room enough therefore for all the energies of all its possible future inhabitants for many years to come. It now contains 120,000 inhabitants,—and is therefore, in point of population, inferior to many a second-rate English or American city. But it owes a public debt of four million pounds, and spends a public revenue of about £800,000 a year, or nearly £7 a head. Justice is administered and property protected at the rate of £1 per head for every inhabitant of the colony. At the same rate in the British Isles the administration of justice would cost over thirty millions! To a poor Englishman who has all his life heard English taxation complained of as an incubus which no nation can long bear, these amounts seem to threaten instant ruin; but in a young colony they are not much feared, and at least a moiety of the politicians of Queensland seem to think that the welfare of the community is chiefly impeded by a niggardly parsimony which is afraid of a good lively debt, and is not sufficiently awake to the advantages which accrue

from a plentiful scattering of public money. In speaking of the taxation of the colony, it must be remembered that a portion of the public revenue arises from the sale of public lands, and is not therefore felt as a direct impost by the people. But the amount so brought annually to the public credit is not nearly as large as I had expected. The average for the last ten years has been £170,000 per annum. This leaves the amount to be collected from taxes £630,000 per annum, or about £5 5s. per head.

Queensland was separated from New South Wales in 1859, as had been Victoria in 1850, and the name was given to the new colony by her Majesty. The question of separation had been mooted for the last nine or ten years, and with it the other question,—hardly less important than separation itself,—whether the new colony should or should not receive convicts. All the world knows that Queensland as a separate colony has never taken convicts, nor were convicts sent to its districts since 1850. In that year the last ship-load of English ruffians was landed on her shores. But the question was one open to much discussion. In the old days, Moreton Bay,—as the district was called in which Brisbane, the present capital of Queensland, is situated,—was a penal settlement dependent on the Government of New South Wales. It was so named by Captain Cook in 1770. Though it kept its name, it seems to have attracted no notice till 1823—24 and '25. A penal settlement for doubly dyed ruffians was then founded at Moreton Bay, where Brisbane now stands, and many of the public works, and not a little of the cultivation of the lands round Brisbane, are due to the forced labour of these unfortunates. When the great question was being mooted within the would-be new colony, its whole population did not exceed 15,000 souls. Among the pastoral aspirants,—squatters as my readers must learn to call them,—the want of labour was the one great difficulty of these days. The squatter, alone, was not afraid of the convict. The freeman, whose lot it would be to work alongside of him should he come, and the shopkeepers, and the small nascent agriculturists, did not wish for him. It was therefore decided that the

colony should never take convicts, and it has never taken them. What became of those who had been sent thither up to that date, it is hard to say. They have been so thoroughly absorbed, that one hears little or nothing about them in Queensland,—much less than is heard in New South Wales. It may occasionally happen that a gentleman who has been unfortunate in his youth forces his way up to some place of note, in the legislature or elsewhere, and then a whisper is heard abroad that the gentleman came to the colony in the old-fashioned way. Otherwise, one hears but little of convicts in Queensland.

Before Queensland became a separate colony, the only great commercial interest of the country was pastoral,—including the breeding, rearing, and shearing of sheep, and the care of cattle. The country had been taken up by squatters in large masses up to the line of the tropics, and even within the line. In 1858, just before separation was effected, the first gold rush was made to Canoona, which is just on the line. Since that there have been gold rushes in various parts of the colony, and new rushes are still made from time to time. Having said so much, we will now take Queensland as an established colony, and make no further reference to its ancient history. I have already spoken of its dimensions. I trust to spare my readers many references to maps, as I wish to write of men and their manners and welfare, rather than of rivers and boundaries, and such references are always troublesome; but one slight glimpse at the maps furnished of each of the colonies may be beneficial. It will be seen that Queensland is bisected by the tropic of Capricorn; I have therefore called it semi-tropical. In the way of fruit it produces grapes, oranges, and pineapples, but not apples, gooseberries, or currants. Wheat has been produced, but not so as to pay the grower of it. Oats are grown, but are cut green or half ripe and made into hay. Cotton is grown in the southern parts of the settled districts, but only in small patches. It has not as yet become one of the staples of the country, nor do I think it ever will. Sugar is produced largely, and will probably become the great rival of the

wool trade. Cattle do well in most of the various districts, but the distance from the necessary markets makes the trade precarious. Gold-rushing is of all pursuits,—here as in all gold-producing countries,—the most alluring and the most precarious. There is a considerable trade in timber, especially from the rivers on which the town of Maryborough stands. And vineyards have been made, the owners of which make wine, and think that in a little time they will make good wine. I have drunk fairly good wine made in Australia, but none made in Queensland. If on this head any wine-growing Queensland squatter should accuse me of falsehood,—remembering the assenting smile with which I have seemed to acknowledge that his vintage was excellent,—let him reflect how impossible it is for the guest to repudiate the praises with which the host speaks of his own cellar. All the world over it is allowed to the giver to praise his own wine,—a privilege of which Australians avail themselves; but it is not allowed to the receiver to deny the justness of such encomium, except under circumstances of peculiar intimacy. Here, in these pages, truth must prevail; and I am bound to say that Queensland wine was not to my taste. I am delighted to acknowledge that their pineapples were perfect.

By the last land act of the colony—that of 1868—to which I must often refer, Queensland was divided into settled and unsettled districts. The former consists of the whole seacoast line, varying in breadth from about two hundred to about twenty miles. The unsettled districts stretch back over vast distances, from the 152nd to the 138th meridian of longitude. Within the narrow line of the settled districts are all the towns which can be called towns, the best of the sheep stations, most of the gold mines, all the navigable rivers,—which, as is the case throughout Australia, are few and but poorly gifted,—and, as a matter of course, the great bulk of the population. In the unsettled districts pastoral pursuits,—that is the wool trade and the cattle trade,—progress, but do so slowly. That great difficulty of immigration,—which in Queensland has been especially great,—prevents that speedy filling up of the back

country which has been the making of the American Western States.

It may be as well to say a few words here about Queensland immigration. The colony, from the first, has been quite alive to the expediency,—it may almost be said the necessity,—of bidding high for Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, and has been tempted to bid too high. There have been various acts passed by the legislature of the colony with the object of inducing persons to come out and occupy land in Queensland on terms profitable to themselves; passages have been paid for them and land allotted on certain terms; and to those who would pay for their own passages, lands have been allotted on other terms, more seductive of course. Endeavour has been to make the “land orders,”—the orders under which the land was to be given up to the immigrants,—not transferable; so that the man with his family whose passage had been paid out of the colony’s revenue, or the other comer who had paid for his own passage with the object of obtaining the fuller grant of land, should be a bonâ-fide beneficent Queensland immigrant, and not simply a traveller passing through the colony, availing himself of the liberality of the colony with the view of going on elsewhere,—and, in fact, robbing the colony by selling his land orders. But these not transferable land orders granted under the Immigration Act of 1864 were sold, and the poorer class of immigrants who had come out with free passages did pass on to other lands. Emigrants from home did come to Queensland with the express view of leaving it, after they had used its liberality. In 1869, there came from the British Isles to Queensland 1,635 souls,—1,635 souls over and above the comparatively small number who had returned home. And in that year 2,272 souls left Queensland for the other Australian colonies,—2,272 souls over and above the number that came into Queensland from the other Australian colonies. So that not only did Queensland lose in that year all its immigrants from England, but sent also 637 emigrants to the other Australian colonies. Now this was by no means **what** Queensland meant when she made her liberal over-

tures to the would-be emigrant from our own islands; nor is it the way in which any young colony can prosper. It was simply a wasting of her funds. She therefore passed another immigration law in 1869,—which is now in force,—the express intention of which is to compel those who take land orders in Queensland to live on the land so bestowed, and also to compel those who accept assisted passages or free passages to work out within the colony the money which has been expended on them. Great dissatisfaction already prevails because they who have recently brought out themselves and families under the recent act cannot sell their land orders or avail themselves of the land without residence. They have thought that the old plan of transferring non-transferable orders would still be practicable. There is ground for hope therefore that the colony will no longer be defrauded in that direction. But I fear much success will not attend the giving of free or assisted passages. They who accept them bind themselves to repay to the government within a stated time £8 for assisted or £16 for free passages,—and when such payments have been made, orders for land are given to them. But there is nothing to prevent such persons from re-emigrating; and it seems clear that it is their practice to do so.

That such practice should be general must probably be taken as evidence that the colony among colonies is not popular. It implies that Queensland had found it necessary to offer higher bounties than have sufficed with the other colonies,—or these re-emigrating immigrants would not trouble themselves to come to Queensland in the first instance; and it implies also that when she has got her dearly purchased immigrants she cannot keep them. This no doubt is so at the present period of her career. One cause of this will probably not be permanent,—the greatly superior success namely of the New Zealand gold-diggings. What number of men go from Queensland to New Zealand cannot be told, as the route is viâ Sydney, and these gold-seekers are therefore counted among those who depart to the other Australian colonies; but that the number has been great there is no doubt. The next cause may probably be

found in the heat of the climate, and must be permanent. Setting aside for the present the allurements of gold, I think that wheat-growing countries offer the greatest inducements to the class of men who generally emigrate from our own islands. In Queensland the bounties offered to immigrants are bestowed chiefly with the view of creating a class of small farmers,—men who shall select small portions of the Crown lands, by means of land orders or by gradual purchase, and who shall become freeholders and thus permanently wedded to the colony. But a small farmer must have a convenient market for his produce before he can thrive, and must be able to produce what that market demands. The world wants wheat, but the Queensland farmer cannot produce it. Queensland produces wool and meat, and sugar, but these things as articles of trade are generally beyond the reach of the small farmer. Indian corn, or maize, is grown on these small farms, and oaten hay, and something is done in the manufacture of butter. But the markets for these things are bad. The farmer with his Indian corn is generally forced to take other goods for his produce—tea, or clothes, or perhaps rum. Wheat he could no doubt sell for money. Such being the case, the prospect to the small farmers is not good, and they who manage things in the colony not unnaturally find a difficulty in establishing permanent agriculturists on their soil.

The term “free-selecters” used above is one with which the traveller soon finds himself very intimately acquainted in the Australian colonies, and if he be fortunate enough to become hand and glove with the squatters, he always hears it as a term of reproach. The normal squatter hates the “free-selector” almost as thoroughly as the English country gentleman hates the poacher. In explaining the condition of the Queensland free-selector, it is necessary to state that a considerable portion of a squatter’s run within the settled districts is always open to be selected by any human being above twenty-one years of age. You, oh reader ignorant of your privilege, may go at once and select no less than 10,280 acres on the run of any Queensland squatter within the line of settled districts who has so much as yet un-

selected, and unprotected by the present laws from immediate selection. You may take not less than 210 nor more than 640 acres of agricultural land at 15s. an acre; also, if you please, not less than 80 or more than 2,560 of first-class pastoral land at 10s. an acre;—and also, if you are so minded, not less than 80 or more than 7,680 acres of second-class pastoral land at 10s. an acre; and for these purchases you need only pay a tenth of the price the first year, and so on for ten years, when the whole estate will be your own. Or, if you be more humble,—and are not a married woman,—you may free-select a nice little farm of 80 acres of agricultural land, or 160 of pastoral, on still easier terms. This you do under the homestead clause;—but as to this you are bound down to residence. This you have at 9*d.* an acre per annum for agricultural land, or 6*d.* for pastoral, and if at the end of five years you shall have lived on it continually, and have either fenced it in or cultivated the tenth of it, it is yours for ever with an undefeasible title-deed without further payment. Now 80 acres out of a squatter's run is nothing. Even 10,280 acres out of a large run is not much. But one squatter may be subject to many free-selecters; and when the free-selector makes his selection with the express object of stealing the squatter's cattle,—as the squatter often believes to be the case,—the squatter of course omits to love his neighbour as himself.

It must be understood that from this order of things arises a very different condition of feeling with regard to land from that to which we are subject at home. With us the owner of the land, the freeholder, is the big man, and he who holds by lease is the little man. In the Australian colonies the squatter who holds his run by lease from the Crown, and who only purchases in order to keep others from purchasing, and who is half ruined by being compelled thus to become the owner of the soil, is the big man; whereas the freeholder, who has free-selected his holding, is the little man. But he is in no degree dependent on the squatter, and their interests are altogether at variance.

There has, however, latterly arisen a point of junction between the classes which does to a certain degree bring



them together. The squatter when he washes and shears his sheep,—during the period, that is, of his harvest,—requires a great deal of temporary labour. Now the free-selecters cannot live on their farms, and are consequently glad to hire themselves out during three or four months of the year as washers and shearers. For this work they receive high wages,—and rations, which enable them to take their earnings home with them. It is always for the advantage both of the employed and of employers that they should think well of each other, and hence some kindly feeling does spring up tending to allay the irritation as to cattle-stealing on the one side, and the anger produced by contempt and perhaps by false accusation on the other. The squatter's money is necessary to the free-selecter, and the free-selecter's labour is necessary to the squatter, and in this way the two classes amalgamate.

In this great question between the squatter and the free-selecter of land,—for with its different ramifications in regard to immigration, agricultural produce, and pastoral success, it is the greatest of all questions in Australian life,—it is almost impossible for the normal traveller not to sympathize with the squatter. The normal traveller comes out with introductions to the gentlemen of the colony, and the gentlemen of the colony are squatters. The squatters' houses are open to him. They introduce the traveller to their clubs. They lend their horses and buggies. Their wives and daughters are pretty and agreeable. They exercise all the duties of hospitality with a free hand. They get up kangaroo hunts and make picnics. It is always pleasant to sympathize with an aristocracy when an aristocracy will open its arms to you. We remember republican Mrs. Beecher Stowe with her sunny memories of duchesses. But the traveller ought to sympathize with the free-selecter,—always premising that the man keeps his hands from picking and stealing his neighbour's cattle. He, we may say, is the man for whom colonial life and colonial prosperity is especially intended, and without whom no colony can rise to national importance. The pastoral squatter occupying tens of thousands of acres, and producing wool that has made Australia what she now

is, has done great things for the infancy of the country. But in all discussions on this question it must be remembered that he has no right to the permanent occupation of the land on which his flocks wander. Even though he may have purchased the use of his present run and purchased it for a high price, the land is not his. It belongs to the people of the colony; and should be sold or leased or retained as may be best for the public advantage. The squatter's run, in ordinary colonial language, has been taken up by some original squatter who has driven his sheep or his cattle on it when it knew no other occupant than the black man. In the very early days of squatting some attempts were made to connect this occupation with possession; but this was at once refused by the Crown, which peremptorily and most properly asserted its own rights. When independent government was conceded to the Australian colonies, these rights became the right of the people, and squatters held their runs and knew that they held their runs simply as tenants under the government which acted as agent for the people. Nor have these tenants been in possession of leases running over any long term of years. The rents which they pay are, at any rate in Queensland, hardly more than nominal, and no fixity of tenure has ever been accorded to them. In Queensland, by the land act of 1868, every squatter's run was divided into two moieties, of which one moiety was at once made open to free-selection, whereas the other moiety cannot be touched by free-selectors till 1878,—unless a further land act giving further power of free selection should be passed before that time. When the law of 1868 was passed it was perfectly understood that no tenure even for the ten years was given to the squatters of the moieties which were then left to them. The lands were public lands and not their lands. The area open to squatters in Queensland is so vast, and genuine free-selectors unfortunately are so few in number and so limited in means, that there need be no fear that the squatter will be banished from the face of the colony. Of his own condition I shall speak in a further chapter; but in the mean time it should be understood that the encourage-

ment of the free-selector,—of the genuine free-selector who intends to cultivate and reside upon the land,—is and should be the first aim of colonial government. A race of men, who will people the earth at the rate, say of a soul to fifty acres, must be more important to a young community than an aristocracy which hardly employs one man permanently for every ten thousand acres. Population is the thing required, and, above all, an agricultural population. But agriculturists, especially on a small scale, do not love a land that does not produce wheat. Hence the difficulty ;—but on this account our warmer sympathies should be given to those who make the attempt, and every possible effort should be made to induce such men to settle upon the land.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NORTHERN TERRITORY.

ON my first arrival at Brisbane I spent but a few days there, and then hurried up north to Rockhampton, again endeavouring to anticipate the heat. Brisbane is a commodious town, very prettily situated on the Brisbane River, with 12,000 inhabitants, with courts of justice, houses of parliament, a governor's residence, public gardens, and all the requirements of a capital for a fine and independent colony. It must be understood that the voyaging of Australia is chiefly done by steamboat, and on this occasion I went on by steamboat from Brisbane to Rockhampton. On our route we stopped at Maryborough and Gladstone. Of Maryborough I will speak in reference to the return journey. Of Gladstone I will say a few words now. It is a seaport in the so-called Port Curtis district, and a prettier spot or more melancholy town than Gladstone one could hardly find in any country, new or old. It received its name, of course, from our own statesman, and is said to have been peculiarly favoured by him. It has been spoken of as the future capital of Queensland, and there are many in Queensland,—including the present premier of the colony,—who think that it should be selected, as was Ottawa in Canada, because it has the double advantage of a somewhat central position,—on the coast,—and of possessing nothing to offend the jealousies either of Brisbane to the south, or Rockhampton to the north. Other apparent fitnesses for a capital it has none,—except that of a fine harbour. Though it has been essentially fostered by the affections of certain politicians,

that first primary necessity of a city, population, has refused to cleave to it. The busy part of the town, consisting of a little wharf, two or three stores, and a custom-house, stands about a quarter of a mile up a small creek just broad enough to allow the steamboats to be turned in it. The creek opens into a magnificent harbour,—magnificent in scenery certainly, and equally so, I should imagine, for the use of ships lying at anchor; but for vessels to lie against the shore, the little muddy creek at present affords the only useful spot. But a fine harbour and beautiful scenery will not make a city,—or even help to make one, unless people can find on its shores the means of earning their bread. Gladstone is land-locked by mountains, and has no back country to support it. There is nothing there to produce trade, or to induce people to choose the place as a domicile favourable to their hopes in life.

When at Rockhampton I was at once initiated into the great question of "Separation." Rockhampton is a town lying exactly on the line of the tropic of Capricorn, some miles up the Fitzroy River, with about seven thousand inhabitants, which considers itself to be the second town of the colony, and thinks a good deal of itself. It has been seized with the ambition to become a capital, and therefore hates Brisbane. It is so hot that people going from it to an evil place are said to send back to earth for their blankets, finding that evil place to be too chilly for them after the home they have left. But the Rockhamptonites are energetic, as become the aspirants to metropolitan honours. They do, in truth, do those things which are necessary for the well-being of a community. They have a hospital,—and an excellent hospital it is; also a jail, not so excellent; a good hotel,—or, as I was assured, one or two good hotels; wide streets; a grand post-office,—they ought to keep it open for the accommodation of the public after six o'clock in the evening, and no doubt would do so if they knew that here in England post-offices are not closed at the earliest before nine. They have excellent shops, a good quay, and they have a railway. Perhaps the railway is the crowning glory of Rockhampton.

I must say a word of the Rockhampton railway, and it certainly will not be a word in praise. I have my regrets, for I was carried over it free of charge, and was accompanied by the gentleman who manages it, and who made himself very pleasant on the occasion. Nevertheless I can say nothing good of the Rockhampton railway. It was made as a job, and now that it is made it is not only useless but infinitely worse than useless. It would be a great saving to the colony if it could be shut up and abandoned. I asked in my innocence whether, independent of the cost of making, it supported itself,—whether it paid for its own working. I was told that it about paid for the grease used upon it. Now the cause and meaning of the Rockhampton railway may be described as follows: Queensland, a colony vast in extent, as has been described, was at first populated in her southern districts, those which were contiguous to New South Wales, from which she had succeeded in separating herself. But even at the time of her separation, a small and scattered few had driven their cattle up to the hotter northern lands. Then there were gold rushes, and boiling-down establishments,—some explanation of which shall be given presently; and so the town of Rockhampton was formed, while the population and prosperity of Queensland was as yet in her southern borders,—round Brisbane, and the towns of Ipswich, Warwick, and Toowoomba, and on the Darling Downs. It was then deemed expedient that there should be a railway in the South,—not running out of Brisbane, which has easy water communication with Ipswich; but from Ipswich to the other towns above named, and so across the Darling Downs, where are the grand sheep-walks of that country. It must be understood that railways in Australia, with one or two exceptions, have been made by government,—as hitherto have all roads, river clearances, and the like. The government makes the railway and works it, taking and expending the money, and doing all by the hands of official servants. That it should be so is to me distressing. Whether or no the practice is necessary shall not be discussed now, but at any rate such is the fact. But the government can only make its railway when the legislature has sanctioned

the making of it, and the borrowing of the money for the purpose. When the making of the Darling Down railway was mooted,—by which undoubtedly the produce of a very fine district would be brought down to the sea, and the people of various towns would be brought within easy reach of the metropolis,—no very strong objection seems to have been raised to the scheme. It was not much debated whether or no the young colony could or could not bear the weight of the borrowed millions. But this was debated, and made very clear in debate,—that if the southern division of the colony had its railway, then also must the northern. The southern population were ten times greater than the northern no doubt. Well ;—then let the southern railway be ten times greater than the northern. But if the Darling Downs people were to have their railway, then should Rockhampton have its railway. On no other terms would any northern member dare to vote the appropriation of the money. Unless this were done, Rockhampton, which is not a meek place nor forbearing in its nature, would make such a row that the colony should split to pieces with it. It had to be done, and hence there are thirty miles of a railway that barely pays for its own grease. It goes out thirty miles to three public-houses in the forest which call themselves Westwood ; but it does not get the traffic incident to these thirty miles, because for so short a distance it is not worth the while of waggoners, who take down wool and bring back stores, to unload their burden. The squatters can communicate with Rockhampton cheaper by the old way than by using thirty miles of railroad.

And yet we can hardly blame Rockhampton. I fancy that had I been a Rockhamptonite I should have been eager for my railway. Why should Rockhampton submit to a debt, and pay taxes, in order that the wool of Darling Downs should get to market at a cheaper rate than the wool from their own districts ? That question of levying taxes and spending public money for other purposes than those of direct government, including the defence and protection of the nation, is very seducing and very dangerous. There has been a hankering among statesmen at home after govern-

ment railways, and an idea that a patriarchal government would do better for the country than competing companies. There is still, I believe, a desire with some politicians to buy up the railways at any rate in Ireland. When a government can make ever so much a year by monopolizing telegraphs, it may seem to be very well;—but when a government has to lose ever so much a year by distributing railways, it is surely very bad. The Rockhampton and Westwood railway is the very bathos of such attempts.

And this brings me to the great subject of Separation, which I found to be in every man's mouth at Rockhampton. Separation nowadays in Queensland means the division of that colony into two colonies, as in old days it meant the division of New South Wales into two or more colonies. Though Queensland is hardly in her teens, she is already held by the people of her northern districts to be ready for further division. Let there be Queensland and—Albertland some wish to call the would-be future colony. Why should taxes levied in the north go to make roads round Brisbane? Why should northern legislators travel four, five, six, and seven hundred miles to a southern town built on the very borders of New South Wales? Why should we northerners, with our unlimited area, our high ambition, with a great future looming upon us in gold and sugar, be sacrificed to Brisbane and the Darling Downs? Brisbane is hated at Rockhampton, but I think that the Darling Downs are more odious. It must be remembered always that the Darling Downs squatters are the aristocrats of Queensland, and are about as much in favour at Rockhampton as a marquis is at Manchester. We have, say these northern men, ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand inhabitants,—according as the line may be drawn. Let us have a governor of our own,—and, above all, the privileges of legislation. We are old enough to go alone, and go alone we will. The sweat of our brow shall no longer go to Brisbane.

But where shall the line be drawn? Just south of Rockhampton say the Rockhamptonites, so that the new colony, the finest that will bear the flag of England, may have this well-built, elegantly organized, and populous town for its



capital,—a town with real streets and hotels, with a grand post-office and a railroad. What more can a colony desire? But in that case Rockhampton also would be at the extremity, and the people north of that,—ay, five hundred miles to the north of it, as any man may see by looking at the map,—would have to send the sweat of their brows to that city. The coming golden era of sugar and northern gold is destined to bless a region nearer to the sun even than Rockhampton. Let Cape Palmerston be the point, and Bowen or Townsville the new capital. And so the matter is debated. With this question of course is mixed up that other question of moving the capital from Brisbane to Gladstone,—by which some southern politicians think that the difficulty may be tided over, and separation avoided for a time. Brisbane is certainly very much in a corner.

As to the intrinsic merits of the case, one is tempted to say,—on this as on almost all political questions connected with the colonies,—that the more men can divert their minds from such questions to their own individual interests, the better for them. There must be politicians among young colonists, and there must be houses of legislation, but the less there is of ambition in that direction, the quicker will fortunes be made and families established. The future sugar-grower of Port Mackay will not be so much injured by sending taxes to Brisbane as by having to devote his time to some nearer little parliament, whether in Rockhampton or Townsville. Parliaments, with their debates and all that volubility of words which Mr. Carlyle hates with such genuine vigour, are dear to my heart. Parliaments are to me the very salt of the earth. But, at the first glance, one is driven to doubt the expediency of a fresh parliament for ten thousand people,—the population of a one-membered borough at home,—when that ten thousand has so little of which to complain as have at present the inhabitants of Northern Queensland.

An Englishman cannot be a month in Australia without finding himself driven to speculate,—almost driven to come to some conclusion as to the future destinies of the colonies. At present they are loyal to England with an expressive and almost violent loyalty of which we hear and see little at

home. There may be causes of quarrel on this or that subject of custom duties and postal subsidies. One colony may expostulate with a Secretary of State at home in language a little less respectful than another, in accordance with the temperament of the minister of the moment. But the feeling of the people is one of affectionate adherence to England, with some slight anger caused by a growing idea that England is becoming indifferent. The withdrawal of our troops, especially from New Zealand, has probably done more than anything else to produce an apprehension which is certainly unnecessary and, to my thinking, irrational. But the love of the colonies for England, and the Queen, and English government,—what may best probably be described as the adherence of the colonies to the mother country,—cannot be doubted. An Australian of the present day does not like to be told of the future independence of Australia. I think that I met no instance in which the proposition on my part was met with an unqualified assent. And yet it can hardly be doubted that the independence of Australia will come in due time. But other things must come first. Before that day shall arrive the bone and sinews of the colonies must be of colonial produce. The leading men must not only have lived but have been born in Australia, so as to have grown up into life without the still-existing feeling that England is their veritable “home.” And I venture to express an opinion that another great change must have come first, as to the coming of which there is at present certainly no sign. The colonies will join themselves together in some Australian federation, as has been done with our North American provinces, and will learn the political strength and commercial advantage of combined action. But there are difficulties in the way of such a union, which existed indeed in reference to the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, but which make themselves felt with much greater violence in Australia. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were hardly strong enough to persist in their jealous fears of a stronger sister, and the two Canadas had already become one before the Dominion was framed. The Australian colonies are very jealous of each other, and in their present moods are by no means ready to unite. Victoria

claims supremacy, New South Wales disputes it, and Queensland looks to a future in which she shall become as large as either. South Queensland, thus ambitious, by no means desires internal separation ;—but in all probability separation not only in Queensland, but further separation in New South Wales and in South Australia, will come before the federal union which will precede absolute independence. As Maine and New Hampshire were allowed to become States in the early days of American independence, as Kentucky was separated from Virginia, and Tennessee from North Carolina, so will Albertland,—by that or another name,—be divided from Queensland, the Riverina districts from New South Wales, and some great northern province from South Australia. Whether Victoria will ever submit to division I will not venture to prophesy,—but even that may come. And thus a union of States will be formed infinitely stronger in its interests than can be any one of the colonies as they now exist.

On my way up to Rockhampton, at Maryborough, and again at Rockhampton, and at other places in the colonies, I went through the unsavoury duty of inspecting various meat-preserving establishments, to which is, as a matter of course, attached the still more distressing occupation of boiling down tallow. I should not like to meat-preserve or boil down myself, though I am assured that no more healthy employment can be found. The boiling down is an old trade in Australia, and has followed naturally on the growth of wool. Something has to be done with the dead sheep, and tallow can at any rate be exported. The sheep used to be boiled down without any reference to meat, and as they were of course bought at a proportionate price the boiling-down trade was not a bad one. That of preserving meat and sending it over to Europe is more speculative, and will be infinitely more important if it can be carried on successfully. With mutton at 10*d.* a pound in England and 2*d.* a pound in Australia there seems to be a large margin for expense and profit, if only the thing can be done so as to make the meat popular in England. If there be one thing that England wants and cannot get,—or at any rate has not yet gotten,—it is cheap animal food for her working classes.

Before I left England I bought some Australian preserved meat as an experiment, and for that I then paid 6*d.* a pound. It was sweet and by no means unpalatable, but was utterly tasteless as meat. Whether it did or did not contain the nutritive qualities of meat I am unable to say. Servants in my house would not eat it,—because, no doubt, they could get better. With such of the working classes as can afford themselves meat occasionally or in small quantities,—as to whom a saving in the cost of meat would be a matter of greatest consequence,—I could never find that it was in favour. As the preserved meats are without bone, they may, at the price above named, be regarded as being less than half the cost of first-class English meat. But I think that by most English workmen half a pound of English fresh meat would be regarded with more favour than the whole pound of Australian tinned meat. The tinned meats are cooked and only require to be reheated. That they may be sent in better condition in regard to flavour as experience is gained,—sent with less cooking, for at present they are always overcooked,—is probable. Whether they can be sent cheaper is more open to doubt.

But meat is not only preserved. There is another operation by which beef or mutton is converted into essence, and this trade seems to thrive well. The essence is sold at 5*s.* a pound, and I was assured that it was sold as quickly as made. By means of this operation the traveller may carry an entire sheep, or all the nutritive part of his sheep, done up in a small parcel, in his coat pocket. On board ship, in hospitals, and for commissariat purposes, this essence,—which I presume owes its origin to Liebig,—is invaluable. For purposes of soup I declare it to be most excellent. I was once induced by a liberal manufacturer to put as much into my mouth as I could extract by thrusting my thumb into a can of it, and I felt as though I were pervaded by meatiness for many hours. I believe in the tallow. I believe in the essence. But I shall not believe in the cooked preserved meats, till growing science and increased experience shall have lessened the expense and raised the merit of the article.

## CHAPTER III.

### GOLD.

**F**ROM Rockhampton I returned to Maryborough by steamboat, and from thence made my way back to Brisbane by coach, in order that I might see Gympie, famous for its gold. I found Maryborough to be an active little town with a good deal of business in the way of meat-preserving, timber-sawing, and sugar-making. Of Queensland sugar-growing I shall say a few words before I have done with the colony, as also of the Islanders, Polynesians, or Canakers, who are now much employed in Queensland, and whose services are specially needed among the sugar canes. At present I will pursue my journey on to Gympie.

I had been very much advised against the coach. I was told that the road, and the vehicle, and the horses, and the driving were so rough as to be unfit for a man of my age and antecedents. One anxious friend implored me not to undertake it with an anxiety which could hardly have been stronger had I been his grandfather. I was, however, obstinate, and can now declare that I enjoyed the drive most thoroughly. It lasted three days, and took me through some magnificent scenery. Woodland country in Australia,—and it must be remembered that the lands occupied are mostly woodland,—is either bush or scrub. Woods which are open, and passable,—passable at any rate for men on horseback,—are called bush. When the undergrowth becomes thick and matted so as to be impregnable without an axe, it is scrub. In Queensland the scrubs are filled with tropical plants,—long vine tendrils, palms, and the

parasite fig-tree,—and when a way has been cut through them the effect for a time is very lovely. The fault of all Australian scenery is its monotony. The eye after awhile becomes fatigued with a landscape which at first charmed with its park-like aspect. One never gets out of the trees, and then it rarely happens that water lends its aid to improve the view. As a rule it must be acknowledged that a land of forests is not a land of beauty. Some experience in travelling is needed before this can be acknowledged, as every lover of nature is an admirer of trees. But unceasing trees, trees which continue around you from six in the morning till six at night, become a bore, and the traveller begins to remember with regret the open charms of some cultivated plain. I had to acknowledge this monotony before I reached Brisbane ;—but I acknowledged also the great beauty of the scrubs, and found some breaks in the mountains which were very grand.

Now for Gympie and its gold. Gympie in its early days was a great rush ;—which means that when first the tidings were spread about through the colonies that gold was found at Gympie, the sudden flocking of miners to the place was very great. In those days, some ten years ago, when a new rush came out, the difficulty of supplying the men was excessive, and everything was consequently very dear. The rushes were made to spots in the middle of the forest, to which there were no roads, and to which carriage therefore was very difficult. In addition to this, men half intoxicated with the profusion of gold, which is both the cause and consequence of a new rush, are determined to have, not comforts, for they are unattainable, but luxuries which can be carried. A pair of sheets will be out of the question, but champagne may be had. In this way a singular mode of life seems to have established itself,—and the more singular in this, that the champagne element does not seem to have interfered with work. The miners when they are mining do not drink. Men drink at the gold-fields who are about to mine, or who have mined, or who are having a “spell,”—what we would call a short holiday. But they do not drink at their work,—will frequently work from Monday to

Saturday, drinking nothing but tea,—having a fixed and wholesome opinion that work and play should be kept separate. And it may be well to remark here that Australian miners are almost invariably courteous and civil. A drunken man is never agreeable; but even a drunken miner is rarely quarrelsome. They do not steal, and are rough rather than rowdy. It seemed to me that very little care was taken, or was necessary, in the preservation of gold, the men trusting each other with great freedom. There are quarrels about claims for land,—and a claim is sometimes unjustly “jumped.” The jumping of a claim consists in taking possession of the land and works of absent miners, who are presumed by their absence to have deserted their claims. But such bickerings rarely lead to personal violence. The miners do not fight and knock each other about. They make constant appeals to the government officer,—the police magistrate, or, above him, to the gold commissioner of the district,—and they not unfrequently go to law. They do not punch each other’s heads.

At the beginning of a rush the work consists, I think always, in alluvial washing. Some lucky man or set of men, —three or four together, probably,—“prospecting” about the country, come upon gold. This they are bound to declare to the government, and it is now thoroughly understood by miners that it is for their interest to declare it. The “prospector” is then rewarded by being allowed to take up two or three men’s ground, as the case may be. And every miner is allowed to take up a certain fixed share of ground on the sole condition that it has not already been taken up by any other miner, and that gold has been found in the neighbourhood. But the “prospector” has the double advantage of choosing his ground where gold has certainly been found, and of having more ground than any of his neighbours. And this prospecting may go on from one side of a hill to another, or from one patch of ground to another. The original “prospector” of Gympie had a large pecuniary reward besides his double claim; but at Gympie there have been many “prospectors,” whose shafts, as a rule, are placed in the middle of others bearing the same name, belonging

to men who have followed the prospector. Thus there will be Smithfield "prospecting claim," and the Smithfield Number One, north, and Number Two and Three, north; and on the other side the Smithfield Numbers One, Two, and Three, south.

But before there were any shafts Gympie was great with surface-washing. The auriferous earth was dug up out of gullies, creeks, and holes, and was then washed out by cradles. The gold cradle has been so often described as to make it hardly worth the reader's while to have the description repeated to him. Puddling for gold I will attempt to explain when I come to the New South Wales gold-fields. At Gympie, when I was there, the search for gold had taken the phase of regular mining in rock reefs. Shafts are sunk to the necessary depth,—say, perhaps, two hundred feet,—and the auriferous rock or quartz is drawn up in buckets by whins or wheels worked by horses. This rock is taken to a quartz-crushing machine—which consists of fifteen or twenty stampers, which are worked by steam. The stone is thrown under the stampers, and is crushed by them almost to powder in a stream of water. The water carries the atoms through wire gauges on to a sloping bed, which is covered with flannel spread with quicksilver. And there are troughs filled with quicksilver across the beds. The quicksilver collects the gold, which is afterwards separated from it in a retort. So the gold is got out of a quartz-reef; but I have been assured that as much as twenty-five per cent. of the gold escapes with the refuse or is carried down by the water in the shape of minutely thin, floating gold-leaf. That there is gold in the refuse, or tailing as it is called, is known; but the re-working of it had not as yet been found to be a paying business when I was at Gympie.

An ounce of gold to a ton of raised quartz will, as a rule, pay very well. Of course this calculation cannot be taken to be applicable to all reefs, as the expense will be very various in different mines. At the New Zealand prospect shaft, down which I was taken, they were then getting six ounces of gold to the ton of stone,—so that the shareholders were prospering greatly. These mines or shafts are gene-



rally held by small companies of perhaps four or five each. Very little capital is required for the commencement of the work ;—just enough to put up a little woodwork, buy a horse or two, and keep the men going,—who are the shareholders themselves,—till they find gold or give up the claim as worthless. A miner while at this work will live on 12s. a week, and the shareholding miner will probably be in partnership with another man who is earning miner's wages at some other claim. These wages run from £2 10s. to £3 a week. The two men therefore will live out of the sum earned by the one, and have a residue to throw into the expenses of their joint speculation.

I was astonished at the small amount of machinery used in comparison with the largeness of the proceeds. Indeed there was none except that applied to the perfectly distinct operation of crushing. The crushing is done by a distinct company, and the charge made at Gympie when I was there was 12s. 6d. for a ton of quartz. The water is pumped up by horses, and not pumped by steam. The quartz is dragged up by horses. No company of miners crushes for itself. All seemed to be in a little way, although in some few instances the profits were very large. Different reasons for this were given ; but the real reason was the precarious nature of the work, making it inexpedient for the miner to risk a large outlay on operations the productiveness of which may be brought to an end on any day. If it were not for this, the various little bands of men would no doubt club together, so as to acquire space for machinery,—for the claims as at present divided are not large enough to permit the erection of buildings for steam power ;—and the heavy work of lifting and pumping could be done with a very great decrease of expense. But the gold found in any shaft may come to an end any day,—and then the money invested would be lost.

I have spoken of a happy family of miners,—of men who were getting six ounces of gold to every ton of quartz, and were realising, perhaps, £10 a day per man. They were a rough, civil, sober, hardworking lot,—four or five as I think, who were employing some four or five others, experienced miners, at £3 a week each. Among such a company it is

impossible to recognise the social rank of each. There are what we call "gentlemen," and what we call "workmen." But they dress very much alike, work very much alike, and live very much alike. And, after awhile, they look very much alike. The ordinary miner who came perhaps from Cornwall or Northumberland, and whose father was a miner before him, gets a lift in the world,—as regards manners and habits as well as position. The "gentleman," even though in the matter of gold he be a lucky gentleman, gets a corresponding fall. He loses his gentility, his love of cleanliness, his ease of words, his grace of bearing, his preference for good company, and his social exigencies. There are some who will say that these things lost constitute a gain,—and that as long as the man is honest and diligent, earning his bread by high energy and running a chance of making a fortune, he is in every way doing better for himself than by thinking of his tub of cold water, his dress coat and trousers, his last new novel, and his next pretty girl. I cannot agree with these. Idle gentility doubtless is despicable. Idle, penniless, indebted gentility, gentility that will not work but is not ashamed to borrow, gentility that disports itself at clubs on the generosity of toiling fathers, widowed mothers, and good-natured uncles and aunts, is as low a phase of life as any that can be met. From that the rise to the position of a working miner is very great indeed. But gentility itself,—the combination of soft words, soft manners, and soft hands with manly bearing, and high courage, and intellectual pursuits,—is a possession in itself so valuable, and if once laid aside so difficult to be regained, that it should never be dropped without a struggle. I should be sorry to see a man I loved working in a gold-mine, sorry to see him successful in a gold-mine,—doubly sorry to see him unsuccessful, which has been the lot of by far the majority of enterprising gentlemen who have sought fortune on the Australian gold-fields.

I have spoken of a happy family,—but most of the mining families at Gympie were not so blessed. There were, perhaps, fifty or sixty reefing claims at Gympie, in which mining was actually in progress when I was there, but I did not hear

of above ten in which gold was being found to give more than average wages, and I heard of many from which no gold was forthcoming. This claim had been abandoned,—that other was about worked out,—a third had been a mere flash in the pan,—at a fourth they had not got deep enough, and did not know that they ever would or could go deep enough, though they were still working hard with no returns;—at a fifth the gold would not pay the expenses. The stranger is of course taken to see the more successful ventures, and the thick streaks of gold which are shown him among the pet lumps of rock, kept by the miners in huge boxes instead of being thrown out among the unguarded heaps of quartz, produce a strange fascination. Where is the man who would not like to have a chest three times as big as a coffin full of such noble stones? But the traveller who desires to understand Gympie or any other digging, should endeavour to see the failures also. It is by no means every little wooden shanty near the mouth of a shaft that has such a box so filled. The unfortunate ones are not far to seek,—and they are very unfortunate though almost invariably brave. It seems to be an understood thing among Australian gold-diggers that a man is not to be querulous or downhearted in his complaints. They are free enough in speaking either of their good or bad fortune,—will own either to the one fact of £10 a day, or to the other that they have not earned a brass farthing for the last three weeks;—but they neither whine nor exult. They are gamblers who know how to bear the fortunes of the table.

Probably the class of miners which as a class does best is that of experienced men who work for wages. A good man, who has either come out from England as a miner, or has learned his trade in California or the colonies, can generally earn £2 10s. or £3 a week. For this he must work underground nine or ten hours a day. But he can live very cheaply,—for 12s. or 15s. a week,—and yet, as far as bread and meat and tea are concerned, can live plentifully. To such a man two or three hundred pounds is a fortune, and he may earn his fortune very quickly. In ten years' time a man intent upon his object, and able to resist tempta-

tion, might return with £1,000. But unfortunately this is not the object on which they are intent, and they do not resist temptation. They all want to work for themselves, and generally, as I have said before, put their savings into other mines,—or rather live on their 12s. a week, in order that they may speculate with the money they save. The miner who works for himself and runs the hazard of the work is regarded as a higher being than he who contents himself with wages. Men will tell you that the real miner always “goes on his own hook.” This feeling and the remote chance of great wealth stand in the way of that permanent success which the working miner might otherwise enjoy.

And probably the class of miners which as a class does worst is that composed of young gentlemen who go to the diggings, led away, as they fancy, by a spirit of adventure, but more generally, perhaps, by a dislike of homely work at home. An office-stool for six or eight hours a day is disagreeable to them, or the profession of the law requires too constant a strain, or they are sick of attending lectures, or they have neglected the hospitals;—and so they go away to the diggings. They soon become as dirty as genuine diggers, but they do not quickly learn anything but the dirt. They strive to work, but they cannot work alongside of experienced miners, and consequently they go to the wall. They are treated with no contempt, for all men at the diggings are free and equal. As there is no gentility, such men are not subject to any reproach or ill-usage on that score. The miner does not expect that any airs will be assumed, and takes it for granted that the young man will not sin in that direction. Our “gentleman,” therefore, is kindly treated; but, nevertheless, he goes to the wall, and becomes little better than the servant, or mining hodsman, of some miner who knows his work. Perhaps he has a little money, and makes things equal with a partner in this way; but they will not long be equal,—for his money will go quicker than his experience will come. On one gold-field I found a young man whom I had known at home, who had been at school with my sons, and had frequented

my house. I saw him in front of his little tent, which he occupied in partnership with an experienced working miner, eating a beefsteak out of his frying-pan with his clasp-knife. The occupation was not an alluring one, but it was the one happy moment of his day. He was occupied with his companion on a claim, and his work consisted in trundling a rough windlass, by which dirt was drawn up out of a hole. They had found no gold as yet, and did not seem to expect to find it. He had no friend near him but his mining friend,—or mate, as he called him. I could not but think what would happen to him if illness came, or if his mate should find him too far removed from mining capability. He had been softly nurtured, well educated, and was a handsome fellow to boot; and there he was eating a nauseous lump of beef out of a greasy frying-pan with his pocket-knife, just in front of the contiguous blankets stretched on the ground, which constituted the beds of himself and his companion. It may be that he will strike gold and make a fortune. I hope so with all my heart. But my strong and repeated advice to all young English gentlemen is to resort to any homely mode of earning their bread in preference to that of seeking gold in Australia.

I do not believe that gold-seeking in Australia has been remunerative to any class of men as a class. The gold found is sold to the mint or to the banks at prices varying from £3 10s. to £4 2s. the ounce. £3 15s. the ounce may perhaps be taken as an average price. I have been assured by those whose profession it has been to look into the matter that all the gold in Australia has been raised at an expense of not less than £5 the ounce. For myself, I can only say that I fully believe the statement. The calculation is one which cannot be made with such accuracy as to afford statistics in the matter. It is impossible to say at what price gold has been raised. If all the capital expended could be known, expended not only in work, but in bringing gold-seekers into the country,—still it would be impossible to estimate the value in wages of the time and work which have been consumed. This, however, is clear, that if a man could have earned £5 whilst he has been getting an

ounce of gold to be sold for £3 15s., he has raised that gold at £5 the ounce, and has thus lost £1 5s. by the venture. And if, as was the case in the early days of gold-digging, his living during his gold work cost him 10s. more than would have done his living at other employment, then he raised his gold at £5 10s. the ounce, and lost £1 15s. by the venture. All rates of wages and cost of living were so thrown out of gear throughout the colonies by the early gold rushes, that no exact calculation can be made. Shearers demanded and got £10 a hundred for shearing sheep, whereas the present price may be about 17s. 6d. a hundred. £1 a day was by no means extravagant wages for a groom. Everything for a while was on the same footing, because every man was taught to believe that he had only to rush to the gold-fields to pick up a fortune. But the men who picked up fortunes are very rare. One never meets them. But the men who just failed during this time to pick up fortunes one meets at every corner. "Ah," says one, "if I had gone away from such and such a rush when I had that £7,000." "I might have walked off with £12,000 after the first three months at Ballarat," says a second. "I had £15,000 at one time out of Ophir," says a third. "Gympie was Gympie when I was rolling up £2,000 a month," says a fourth. Of course a question is asked as to what has become of these grand sums. The answer is always the same, though probably not always strictly true. The fortunes already made have been lost in pursuit of greater fortunes. It is not admitted that the money has been spent in useless, new-fangled luxuries; but that much has been so spent is certain. The Phoenix who has made his fortune at the diggings, and kept it, is a bird hardly to be found on Australian ground.

Gympie as a town was a marvellous place, and to my eyes very interesting, though at the same time very ugly. Its population was said to consist of about six thousand souls, but I found throughout the country that no statement of the population of a gold-field could be taken as accurate. The men go and come so quickly that the changes cannot be computed. It consists of a long street stretching more than

a mile,—up and down hill,—without a single house in it that looked as though it had been built to last ten years. And probably no house had been built with any such ambition, although Gympie is now more than ten years old. The main street contains stores, banks, public-houses, a place of worship or two, and a few eating-houses. They are framed of wood, one storey high, generally built in the first place as sheds with a gable end to the street, on to which, for the sake of importance, a rickety wooden façade has been attached. The houses of the miners, which are seldom more than huts, are scattered over the surrounding little hills, here and there, as the convenience of the men in regard to the different mining places has prompted the builders. All around are to be seen the holes and shallow excavations made by the original diggers, and scattered among them the bigger heaps which have been made by the sinking of deep shafts. When a mine is being worked there is a rough wooden windlass over it, and at a short distance the circular track of the unfortunate horse who, by his rotatory motion, pulls the buckets up with the quartz, and lets them down with the miners. Throughout all there stands the stunted stumps of decapitated trees, giving the place a look of almost unearthly desolation. At a distance beyond the mine-shafts are to be seen the great forests which stretch away on every side over almost unlimited distance. If at any place one is tempted to quote the “*aurum irreperitum et sic melius situm*,” it is at such a place as Gympie.

There is a hospital, and there are schools, which are well attended, and, as I have before said, various places of worship. I put up at an inn kept by a captain, which I found to be fairly comfortable, and by no means expensive. There were a crowd of men there, all more or less concerned in the search of gold, with whom I found myself to be quite intimate before the second night was over ; and from whom, —as from everybody at Gympie,—I received much civility, and many invitations to drink brandy and water.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SQUATTERS AND THEIR TROUBLES.

UNDOUBTEDLY the staple of Australian wealth is wool, and the growers and buyers and sellers of Australian wool are the chief men of the colonies. In Queensland, when I was there, six out of the seven ministers of the Crown were squatters, men owning runs for sheep or cattle. The cattle are reared chiefly for home consumption. The wool is all exported. As wool goes up or down in the London markets, so does the prosperity of Australia vacillate. Any panic in commercial matters of Europe which brings down the price of wool,—as panics have done most cruelly,—half ruins the colonies. Sheep sink in value from 10s. and 7s. 6d. a head to 4s. or 2s. Squatters' runs become valueless and unsaleable, and the smaller squatters, who are almost invariably in debt to the merchants, have to vanish. Then, when trade becomes steady again and wool rises, sheep again resume their former value, and the rich men who during the panic have taken up almost deserted sheep-walks become richer and richer.

The great drawback to the squatter's prosperity is to be found in the fact that a large proportion of them commence a great business with very insufficient capital. A man with £5,000 undertakes to pay £30,000 for a run, and finds himself enabled to enter in upon the possession of perhaps forty thousand sheep and the head station or house which has been built. To all outward appearance he is the owner. He manages everything. He employs and pays the various hands. He puts up fences and erects washpools. He buys



and sells flocks. He makes great bales of wool, which he sends to Sydney, to Melbourne, or to London, as he pleases. Any rise in the price of wool is his good fortune, any fall is his calamity. But still he is little more than the manager for others. He has probably bought his run from a bank or from a merchant's house which has held a mortgage on it before, and the mortgage is continued. He has simply paid away the £5,000 to make the security of the mortgage commercially safe. At home when we speak of mortgaged property we allude as a rule to some real estate in land or houses. The squatter's real estate is generally very small,—and, as I shall explain presently, the smaller the better. The property mortgaged consists of the squatter's sheep,—and of his precarious right to feed his flocks on certain large tracts of land, which are the property of the public, and which are for the most part open to purchase. He is not therefore in reality left to himself in the management of his business, as would be a landowner in England who had mortgaged the land which he either farmed himself or let to a tenant. In such case the security of the mortgage would rest on the land, and the farmer would conduct his farming operations without let or hindrance. It is far otherwise with the squatter. The security he has given rests on his wool, and the price of his wool therefore must pass through the hands of the merchant to whom the debt is due. Nor can he lessen his stock of sheep without accounting to the merchant for the price of the sheep sold. The merchant is of course bound to see that the security on which his money has been advanced is not impaired. Consequently the whole produce of the run goes into the merchant's hands. When the wool is sent off,—say direct to London,—an estimated sum on account of its value is placed to the squatter's credit. When the wool has been sold the balance is also placed to his credit. But the money does not come into his hands. The same rule prevails very generally in regard to sheep sold. Consequently the squatter's produce all goes from him, and he is driven to draw upon the merchant for the money necessary to maintain his station, to pay his wages, and to live. It would appear at first sight as

though the squatter could lose nothing by such an arrangement. As soon as the merchant receives the money for the wool, the squatter ceases to be charged with interest for so much. And when a sum is advanced to him, he again pays interest for so much,—according to the terms which may exist between him and the merchant. The rate of interest may be eight, nine, or ten per cent., according to the value of the original security. But in addition to this the merchant adds a commission of two and a half per cent. on every new advance,—so that the squatter in giving up his produce pays off a debt bearing say eight per cent. interest, and in drawing money to defray his expenses incurs fresh debt at say ten and a half per cent. interest. If things go well with him, he may no doubt free himself even at this rate. If he can sell his wool and sheep every year for £6,000, and carry on his station for £3,000, he will gradually,—but very slowly,—lessen his debt in spite of the interest which he pays. And he will live and the merchant will probably not disturb him. If everything should go well with him,—if his ewes be prolific, if diseases do not decimate his flock, if neither droughts nor floods oppress him, if wool maintain its price, if he cling to his work and be able to deny himself the recreation of long absences from his station, he may succeed in working himself free. But against a man so circumstanced the chances are very strong. Sheep are subject to diseases. Lambing is not always prosperous. Drought and floods do prevail in Australia. And the price of wool vacillates wonderfully,—very wonderfully to the eyes of a non-commercial man who observes that whatever happens in the world men still wear coats and trousers. And when these misfortunes come they fall altogether on the squatter who has begun by owning only one-sixth of the property, and not at all on the merchant who has owned the other five-sixths. At such periods,—when misfortune comes,—the squatter's debt begins to swell instead of dwindle. The produce will not pay for the expenses and the ever-running interest. The thousands down in the book begin to augment, and the merchant begins to see that he must secure himself. Then the station passes into other

hands,—into the hands probably of some huge station-owner, who, having commenced life as a shepherd or a drover, has now stations of his own all over the colonies, and money to advance on all such properties,—and our friend with his £5,000 vanishes away, or becomes perhaps the manager with a fixed salary of the very sheep which he used to consider his own.

For a squatter of the true commercial kind not to owe money to his merchant or his banker is an unusual circumstance,—unless he be one who has stuck to his work till he is able to lend instead of borrow. The normal, and I may almost say the proper, condition of a squatter is indebtedness to some amount. The business of squatting would be very restricted, country life in Australia very different from what it is, the amount of wool produced for the benefit of the world wofully diminished, and the extension of enterprise over new lands altogether checked, if no capital were to be invested in the pursuit of squatting except that owned by the squatters themselves. No doubt this, the greatest interest of Australia, has been created and fostered by the combination of squatters and merchants. If the squatter commencing business can do so owing no more than half the value of his run he will probably do well, and in time pay off his debt. If the man with £5,000 will content himself with 12,000 sheep instead of 40,000, and will borrow another £5,000 instead of £25,000, he will find that there is something like a fair partnership between himself and the merchant, and that gradually his partner will be unnecessary to him. His partner, while the partnership lasts, will be getting at least ten per cent. for his money, but in such a condition of things the squatter will get twenty per cent. for his money. No doubt there will still be risks, from which the town partner will be comparatively free,—but unless there come heavy misfortunes indeed these risks will not break the squatter's back if his burden be no heavier than that above described.

The amount of debt in some stations is enormous, and the total interest paid, including bank charges, commission, and what not, frequently amounts to twenty per cent.

When this state of things arises, the nominal squatter enjoys a certain security arising from the ambitious importance of his indebtedness,—due even to his own absolute insolvency. Were the merchant to sell him up and get rid of him, more than half the debt must be written off as absolutely bad. In such cases it may be better to maintain the squatter, on condition that he will work the station. The squatter is maintained,—and lives like other squatters a jolly life. The rate at which his house is kept will depend rather on the number of the sheep to be shorn than on his own income. He has no income, but the station is maintained, and among the expenses of the station are his wife's dresses and his own brandy and water.

I don't know that there can be a much happier life than that of a squatter, if the man be fairly prosperous, and have natural aptitudes for country occupations. He should be able to ride and to shoot,—and to sit in a buggy all day without inconvenience. He should be social,—for he must entertain often and be entertained by other squatters ; but he must be indifferent to society, for he will live away from towns and be often alone with his family. He must be able to command men, and must do so in a frank and easy fashion,—not arrogating to himself any great superiority, but with full power to let those around him know that he is master. He must prefer plenty to luxury, and be content to have things about him a little rough. He must be able to brave troubles,—for a squatter has many troubles. Sheep will go amiss. Lambs will die. Shearers will sometimes drink. And the bullocks with the most needed supplies will not always arrive as soon as they are expected. And, above all things, the squatter should like mutton. In squatters' houses plenty always prevails, but that plenty often depends upon the sheep-fold. If a man have these gifts, and be young and energetic when he begins the work, he will not have chosen badly in becoming a squatter. The sense of ownership and mastery, the conviction that he is the head and chief of what is going on around ; the absence of any necessity of asking leave or of submitting to others,—these things in themselves add a charm to life. The squatter

owes obedience to none, and allegiance only to the merchant;—who asks no questions so long as the debt be reduced or not increased. He gets up when he pleases and goes to bed when he likes. Though he should not own an acre of the land around him, he may do what he pleases with all that he sees. He may put up fences and knock them down. He probably lives in the middle of a forest,—his life is always called life in the bush,—and he may cut down any tree that he fancies. He has always horses to ride, and a buggy to sit in, and birds to shoot at, and kangaroos to ride after. He goes where he likes, and nobody questions him. There is probably no one so big as himself within twenty miles of him, and he is proud with the conviction that he knows how to wash sheep better than any squatter in the colony. But the joy that mostly endears his life to him is the joy that he need not dress for dinner.

Queensland is divided into settled and unsettled districts, of which the settled districts include only a very small portion as compared with the immense area of the whole colony. It comprises the coast line running back in some places hardly more than twenty miles, and in others, in which the space is broadest, hardly more than two hundred. The laws in regard to the tenure of land within these so-called settled and unsettled districts is different,—the chief difference consisting in this, that half of every run within the settled districts is open to purchase by any selectors after the fashion described in a previous chapter. In the unsettled districts no such privilege was granted by the law of 1868, because no such privilege would have been of use. No intending agriculturist, purposing to fix his family and to live on a portion of land for which money must be paid, would dream for some years to come of fixing his abode and sowing his seed beyond the line as marked by government. Nor would the survey of such lands have availed anything. There the squatters reign supreme,—more supremely even than the squatter nearer to civilisation. But the very distance of his station makes his existence less important to the colony than that of his nearer brother. His enterprise is not so great, though his

courage and perseverance may be quite equal. The Darling Downs are within the line of the settled districts, and beyond them I did not go.

It must be understood, therefore, that the run of the Darling Downs squatter is open to sale, and that he has been terribly injured in his otherwise prosperous career by the law of 1868, which devoted half of his run to free-selection. But the free-selector who has most injured the Darling Downs squatter is the squatter himself, and for this reason I said that the less land the squatter owned himself, the better. The land selected on the Darling Downs district greatly exceeds in area that purchased in any other, but the squatters have themselves made the selections. They have thought themselves compelled to become purchasers of land on their own runs to the full extent given them by the law,—not because they wanted to possess the land in fee, but in order that others might not come near them and disturb them. Anything to them was better than a free-selecting cattle-stealer at their gates. They have, therefore, purchased land by tens of thousands of acres. In this way a vast extent of country has fallen into the hands of the squatters, so as to become veritably their own, if the due instalments are paid to the Crown as they become due. If a squatting firm,—for the large stations are generally held by firms, or by two or three of a family together,—should have thus purchased, say 40,000 acres of even the lower class of pastoral land,—land to be purchased within ten years at 6*d.* an acre in each year,—£1,000 a year would have to be paid to the Crown for those ten years. But this payment would in no degree increase the squatter's means. He would enjoy no power of producing wealth from the land which was not his to the same extent before. His sheep would still run there as his sheep have hitherto run. But the squatter in but few cases was prepared to make these payments out of his own pocket. He was in partnership with the merchant, and the merchant would make the payment. But the matter was of no great concern to the merchant himself. He was not to be even part purchaser. He pays the money ~~annually~~, but charges the account with

his eight, ten, or twelve per cent. according to his agreement, and so the squatter's debt is increased from year to year without any increase to the squatter's means. It may be imagined, therefore, how odious must be the free-selector to the squatter, although of all free-selecters he is himself by far the most extensive.

I had heard much of all this before I went to the Darling Downs, and I was prepared to hear the question discussed. I cannot but think that it would have been better to welcome the free-selector,—to have let him come and select if he would,—and to have endured him. In 1878, even if no new law should do so before, the half of each run not now open to selection will be in the same category, and the same play must be played again. The more I have seen on the subject, and the more I have heard, the more certain I feel that pastoral pursuits in Queensland will not bear the expense of purchased land. The very system of squatting is based on the idea that the land shall be free,—free with the exception of some annual fee paid to the Crown for license to pasture. The buying up of lands for agricultural purposes has progressed, and must progress slowly, and the squatters feel secure in the fact that large purchases could not be remunerative to anybody. No free-selector, selecting for the purpose of living on the agricultural produce of his land, could buy any great number of acres. Gradually, but very slowly, men of this class would spread themselves over the settled districts,—and it was the wise intention of the colonial legislature that they should be encouraged to do so. Gradually, but very slowly, the squatter would be driven back from the neighbourhood of rising townships into the vast pastoral areas further back from the coast line. But these men, the aristocracy of the country, were impatient of such treatment, and too proud to endure such neighbours; and therefore they have bought the land themselves. They argue that, as the climate is unsuitable for agricultural pursuits,—as wheat cannot be made to grow in these regions with any permanent success,—the free-selecting farmer cannot live on his farm by honest labour, and that he will therefore live dishonestly.

The squatter declares that the normal free-selector makes his small purchase in order that he may be enabled to steal cattle with impunity, and live after that fashion. He will make any effort,—almost any sacrifice,—to keep the normal free-selector from his paddocks.

Undoubtedly, the crime of cattle-stealing,—of cattle-stealing and sheep-stealing and horse-stealing,—is one of the greatest curses of the Australian colonies. The pastures are so extensive, and therefore so little capable of being easily watched, that the thefts can always be made without difficulty. Every animal is branded, and the brands are all registered. One never sees even an unbranded horse in Australia, unless it be a wild animal in the woods. But the brands are altered, or else the carcasses are carried away while the skins are left. And there is undoubtedly a feeling in the pastoral districts of Australia, among the class of men who labour on the land, that the squatter is fair game for such depredations. We all know the difficulty which is felt in Ireland as to getting evidence against the perpetrators of agrarian violence. There is the same difficulty in these colonies with reference to the cattle-stealer. He has with him much of the sympathy of all men of his own class,—and there are many who do not dare to give evidence against him. The law is severe, but it is too often inoperative.

Very much that the squatter alleges against the free-selector is true. In arguing the question, as I have done with many a squatter, I always took the part of the free-selector, expressing a strong opinion that he was the very man whom the colony should be most anxious to encourage, and urging that if here and there a free-selector should become a thief, the law should be made to deal with him ;—but not the least did I feel that the gentleman with whom I might be conversing knew very well where his own shoe pinched him. A peculiar crime has grown up in Australia,—and is attended by one of the worst circumstances which can accompany crime. It has assumed a quasi-respectability among the class of men who are tempted to commit it. It is like smuggling, or illicit distillation, or sedition, or the



seduction of women. There is little or no shame attached to it among those with whom the cattle-stealers live. It is regarded as fair war by the small agriculturist against the ascendant squatter. A man may be a cattle-dealer, and yet in his way a decent fellow. I was once standing by, over a kangaroo which we had hunted, and which a free-selector who had made one in the hunt was skinning. There were two or three others also by. The man was a good sportsman, but I had been told that he liked other people's meat. "You have heard of the cattle-stealers, sir," he said, looking up at me, "This is the way they do it by moonlight, I'm told." He skinned the kangaroo with great skill and quickness, and I was sure that he was no novice at the business. He knew well enough that by what he did and what he said he was owning himself to have been a cattle-stealer, but he was not a bit ashamed of it.

Nevertheless, I think the free-selector should be welcomed as a farmer,—although it may often be necessary to punish him, or even but to try to punish him as a cattle-stealer. The more general he becomes, the less necessary will it be for the squatters to depend for their work on the nomad tribe of wandering men which infest the pastoral districts. The squatter's work is of such a nature that he requires very few hands during, perhaps, eight or nine months of the year, and a great many during the other three or four. From the commencement of the washing of his sheep to the packing of the last bale of wool, all is hurry, scurry, and eager business on the station. During those three or four months men are earning from him very high wages, and it is indispensable to him that he should have a large amount of skilled labour. Through the other eight or nine months, these men vanish from the station, and have to live elsewhere, either on their savings or on other labour,—or by a species of beggary which is common in the colonies and the weight of which falls altogether on the squatters. Now the free-selector, who is also a shearer, has a home to go to, and other pursuits of his own. This temporary work suits his needs, and enables him to live on his bit of land without stealing cattle. And then the free-selector will come

whether he be welcomed or not. As he is a necessity, it must surely be wise to make the best of him.

The nomad tribe of pastoral labourers,—of men who profess to be shepherds, boundary-riders, sheep-washers, shearers, and the like,—form altogether one of the strangest institutions ever known in a land, and one which to my eyes is more degrading and more injurious even than that other institution of sheep-stealing. It is common to all the Australian colonies, and has arisen from the general feeling of hospitality which is always engendered in a new country by the lack of sufficient accommodation for travellers. In the pastoral districts it is understood that when hospitality is demanded from a squatter it shall be given. At small stations there are two classes of welcome. The labouring man, with his “swag” over his back,—the “swag” being his luggage, comprising probably all the property he has in the world,—is sent to the “hut.” There is a hut at every station, fitted up with bunks, in which the workmen sleep. Here the wanderer is allowed to stretch his blanket for the night,—and on all such occasions two meals are allowed to him. He has meat and flour in the morning, and meat and flour in the evening. Then he passes on his way. If the traveller be of another description,—a squatter himself, an overseer journeying from one station to another, a man who on any pretence claims to be akin to gentleness,—he is taken into the squatter’s house, and sits at the squatter’s table, and has tea as well as bread and meat,—and brandy and water, if brandy and water be the family beverage. On large stations, at which the overseer has a separate residence, travellers of this superior class are relegated to his house, and the great squatter hears nothing about it,—except that he defrays the cost of the entertainment. In this way a wide hospitality is exercised, which has become proverbial; which, when thus described, has an Arcadian charm about it which is quite refreshing to the imagination;—but which has led to a terrible evil under which the squatter groans with all but acknowledged impotence.

This evil concerns only the first-named class of wanderer. I have heard no squatter complain of the burden of entertaining men who are travelling from one part of the colonies

to another on legitimate business. A certain allowance is made for the expense, and the practice is recognised as being convenient to all parties. But it has come to be very far from convenient as regards the so-called workman with his "swag." By many men it has been found to be a way of living which enables them to spend in rapid debauch the money earned by the labour of a few months, and to exist in idleness during the remainder of the year. By many others it has been adopted as the practice of the entire twelvemonth. The expense thus entailed upon stations has become incredibly great. One gentleman told me that such men cost him £300 a year. I heard of a squatter's establishment in Victoria at which £1,000 a year was expended in this involuntary entertainment of vagabond strangers. And the evil by no means ends here. A mode of life is afforded to recusant labourers which enables men to refuse work at fair terms, and to rebel against their masters when their work or their wages are not to their liking. They know that the squatters of the colonies do not dare to refuse them food and shelter.

Such men, when they appear, generally ask for work. They not unfrequently come on horseback, and always bring their luggage,—a blanket, a tin pot, and some small personalties wrapped up in the blanket. The squatter, or more probably the overseer, knows very well from the man's aspect that he does not mean to work. Sometimes he is asked to chop wood before he has his supper, but as a rule it is understood that such demand will not be efficacious for any good purpose. It is better to let him have his lump of meat and his flour, with use of a bunk,—and then pass on to the next squatter. But the lump of meat, and the flour, and the use of the bunk he must have.

But why must he have them? The overseer could refuse the accustomed liberality, and the man with some growling would pass on and "camp out" with an empty stomach under some log. Or why, at any rate, should not the food be refused till it have been first earned by sufficient work? "There be the logs, my friend. Reduce them to convenient firewood,—as may be done by three hours' work,—and you shall be fed. Dark is it? Then you should come

earlier and earn your victuals. But victuals without earning you shall not have." The squatter who did so would be at once known; his sheep would be slaughtered; his fences would be burned; and his horses would be houghed. The vagabond wayfarers are too numerous and too strong, and are able to obtain by terrorism that which hospitality no longer bestows. A squatter with his fences burned would be a ruined man.

The social injury which I have endeavoured to describe is worse even to the pastoral labourer himself than to the squatter. The squatter can live and bear it,—though the burden is grievous to him. Meat is cheap,—and if the station be small the calls on him are comparatively few. But the men themselves who practise this life are reduced almost to savagery. They become at last no better than the blacks. They wander about in desolate solitude, idle, worthless, and wretched. The idleness has been the charm;—but we all know how infinite is the misery which that charm produces.

I have attempted to describe some of the great troubles under which squatters labour,—namely debt, free-selecters, and vagabonds. But they have also many others. Drought, floods, foot-rot among their flocks, wild dogs,—or dingoes,—which prey upon their lambs and flurry their sheep, grass-seed which injures the wool, and works its way through the skins of the lambs, utterly destroying the poor little bleaters, grass that is overgrown and rank, grass that won't grow, poisonous grass, too much grass, no grass,—and then that worst of all miseries, panic in the wool trade. But these are not social in their nature, and I will not venture to give any opinion of the best way of meeting them. As to the debt,—I am clear on this point, that a moderate station with a moderate debt, is better than a big station with a big debt. As to the free-selecter,—I believe it will be the wisest course to welcome him and make the best of him. As to the vagabond labourer who won't labour, I do not doubt that all squatters will agree with me in saying that he should be abolished altogether.

## CHAPTER V.

### DARLING DOWNS.

WHEN I was in Brisbane in the beginning of August I was told by one of the great squatters of the district which I intended to visit that if I would come up about the second week in September I should see the Downs in all their glory,—vast expanses of verdant plain, waving with grass, and greener than fields in England in the month of May. In regard to date I obeyed my friend to the letter, leaving Brisbane on the 4th of September, and returning to it on the 21st. But, alas, my friend had made his promise without remembering how fickle on such occasions are the winds which bring, or the winds which withhold, rain from the Australian plains. Rain was due, and my friend had counted on genial showers. But not a drop had fallen. When I was in the neighbourhood of Rockhampton, sheep and cattle were dying from want of water and want of grass. I was told then that not a drop had fallen for six months. Not a drop had fallen when I started to the Downs, and not a drop had fallen when I left them. I saw the plains, but I saw them either black with fire,—for it is the custom there to burn off the old dry withered grass which the sheep will not eat, in order that the young shoots may have room to spring,—either black with fire or brown with droughts. The roots stood apart, stiff, rough, and unappetizing to any sheep,—showing the bare black soil between the intervals, showing here and there broad fissures, thirsty, gaping, and ugly. It seemed to me to be a miracle that any sheep could live so pastured. The name of “Darling Downs” is given

to this district because it differs from the great majority of the area occupied by Australian squatters in this,—that the land is open instead of being covered by wood. It consists of vast level plains more like the prairies of Illinois than any other region I have seen,—though very much less in extent than the prairies. Even on the Darling Downs one gets almost beyond the sight of trees; whereas the squatter generally lives “in the bush,” as the phrase goes, and pastures his sheep among thick woodlands.

I went by coach to the town of Ipswich, and stayed there a day, seeing with due diligence all the institutions of the place. There was a handsome school for the sons of men of the better class, towards the expense of which £1,000 per annum is defrayed from the general taxes of the country. Then there was the post-office, and a public room for purposes of amusement and instruction which did not seem to be much used, two or three mercantile establishments, and the usual assortment of rectangular streets which no doubt is convenient, but which seems to forbid any new town to be picturesque. But the great glory of Ipswich is the fact that it returns three members to parliament. It has a population of about five thousand persons. Rockhampton with about the same number returns one member. This appeared to be another argument for separation. But I was assured that as Brisbane had four members,—or in reality five, for its suburb of Fortitude Valley returns a member,—it was indispensable that Ipswich should have at least three. The two favoured towns, with a joint population of eighteen thousand, return exactly a quarter of the members sent to parliament by the entire colony, with a population of one hundred and twenty thousand. This also seemed to tend the same way.

From Ipswich I rode across Cunningham Gap, through the range of hills which runs down the whole eastern coast of Australia, dividing the narrow eastern strip of the continent from the wide plains of the interior, staying a night at a station on each foot of the mountains. I am inclined to think that this was the prettiest scenery that I saw in Queensland. The two houses were beautifully situated, and

the ride between them was magnificent. In going over the Gap itself we were obliged to dismount and climb; but the climbing was by no means Alpine in its nature,—as will be understood when I say that we drove our horses before us. Any one who may visit Queensland as a tourist should certainly pass through Cunningham Gap.

I was hardly yet upon the Downs, and at these stations under the mountains did not find things all black and brown as I did when I reached the plains, but even here there was a cry for rain, and a feeling that unless rain came soon squatting affairs would begin to “look blue.”

Thence I went to the little town of Warwick, which in that part of the world is held to be the perfection of a town. “You will think Warwick very pretty,” everybody said to me. I did not think Warwick at all pretty. It is unfinished, parallelogrammic, and monotonous; and the mountains are just too far from it to give it any attraction,—as is also the sluggish Condamine River. It is not so rugged as are many of the towns. And, though here as in other colonial towns the houses are intermittent and every other lot apparently vacant, there has been an eye to decency. But when I am told that such a place is pretty, I do not know what the speaker means. That it should be clean is creditable; that it should be progressive is satisfactory;—but that it should be ugly is a necessity of its condition. I found Warwick to be clean, and I believe it to be prosperous;—and, which was very much to my purpose, I found in it an excellent inn, kept by one Bugden. And I found there Chang, the great Chinese giant, about to show himself at 2s. a head on the evening of my arrival. But I had not come from London to Warwick to see Chang, and I neglected an opportunity which, perhaps, may never occur to me again.

From Warwick I got by railway to the first of the great Darling Down stations, which I visited, and from thence went on across country from one to another till I had visited some six or seven of those which are the largest and the most renowned. It is not my purpose to give any description of each, as I could hardly do so without personal references, which are always distasteful when hospitality has been

given and taken. To say that Mr. Smith's house is well-built or his wife agreeable is almost as great a sin as to declare that Mr. Jones's wine was bad or his daughter ugly. At all these houses I found a plentiful easy life, full of material comfort, informal, abundant, careless, and most unlike life in England. There were two great faults, namely these,—that a man was expected to eat two dinners every day, and that no credence could be given when any hour was named for any future event. Breakfast at eight would simply mean to the stranger, after some short experience, that the meal would be ready some time after nine. A start promised for ten is thought to be made very punctually if effected at eleven. As regards the evening meal, the second dinner, there is no pretence of any solicitude as to time. There is nothing to be done after it, and therefore what can it matter? This second dinner differs from the first only in this,—that there is always tea on the table. There is often tea also in the middle of the day. But the generous liver need on that account have no fear at all that he will be debarred from other beverages. In the squatter's house there is always brandy and water within reach, and the teapot, after breakfast, is generally flanked by the decanter. The products of the colonies are always dear to the colonial mind, and sometimes praise is expected for colonial wine which a prejudiced old Englishman feels that he can hardly give. I have also been frowned upon by bright eyes because I could not eat stewed wallabi. Now the wallabi is a little kangaroo, and to my taste is not nice to eat even when stewed to the utmost with wine and spices.

It was a very pleasant life that I led at these stations. I like tobacco and brandy and water, with an easy-chair out on a verandah, and my slippers on my feet. And I like men who are energetic and stand up for themselves and their own properties. I like having horses to ride and kangaroos to hunt, and sheep became quite a fascination to me as a subject of conversation. And I liked that roaming from one house to another,—with a perfect conviction that five minutes would make me intimate with the next batch of strangers. Men in these Colonies are never ashamed of their poverty;



nor are they often proud of their wealth. In all country life in Australia there is an absence of any ostentation or striving after effect,—which is delightful. Such as their life is, the squatters share it with you, giving you, as is fitting for a stranger, the best they have to give. Upon the Darling Downs the stations are large and the accommodation plentiful; but I have been on many sheep-runs which were not so well found,—at which bedrooms were scarce, and things altogether were less well arranged. But there is never any shame as to the inferiority, never any pretence at superiority. What there is, is at your service. If there be not a whole bedroom for you, there is half a bedroom. If there be not wine, there is brandy or rum;—if no other meat, there is at least mutton. If the house be full, some young man can turn out and go to the barracks, or sleep on the verandah. If all the young men have been turned out the old men can follow them. It is a rule of life on a sheep-run that the station is never so full that another guest need be turned away.

These houses,—stations as they are called,—are built after a very simple and appropriate fashion. There is not often any upper storey. Every room is on the ground floor. There is always a verandah, running the length of the house, and not unfrequently continued round the ends. The rooms all open out upon the verandah, and generally have no communication with each other. The kitchen is invariably a separate building, usually attached to the house by a covered way. When first building his residence the squatter probably has had need for but small accommodation, and has constructed his house with perhaps three rooms. Children have come, and guests, and increased demands, and increased house-room has been wanted. Another little house has therefore been joined on to the first, and then perhaps a third added. I have seen an establishment consisting of seven such little houses. Many hours are passed in the verandah, in which old people sit in easy-chairs and young men lie about, seeming to find the boards soft enough for luxurious ease. Attached to the station there is always a second home called the barracks, or the cottage, in

which the young men have their rooms. There are frequently one or two such young men attached to a sheep-station, either learning their business or earning salaries as superintendents. According to the terms of intimacy existing, or to the arrangements made, these men live with the squatter's family or have a separate table of their own. They live a life of plenty, freedom, and hard work, but one which is not surrounded by the comforts which young men require at home. Two or three share the same room, and the washing apparatus is chiefly supplied by the neighbouring creek. Tubs are scarce among them, but bathing is almost a rule of life. They are up and generally on horseback by daylight, and spend their time in riding about after sheep. The general idyllic idea of Arcadian shepherd-life, which teaches us to believe that Tityrus lies under a beech-tree most of his hours, playing on his reed and "spooning" Phyllis, is very unlike the truth in Australian pastures. Corin is nearer the mark when he tells Touchstone of his greasy hands. It is a life, even for the upper shepherd of gentle birth and sufficient means, of unremitting labour amidst dust and grease, amidst fleeces and carcasses. The working squatter, or the squatter's working assistant, must be a man capable of ignoring the delicacies of a soft way of living. He must endure clouds of dust, and be not averse to touch tar and oil, wool and skins. He should be able to catch a sheep and handle him almost as a nurse does a baby. He should learn to kill a sheep, and wash a sheep, and shear a sheep. He should tell a sheep's age by his mouth,—almost by his look. He should know his breeding, and the quality of his wool. He should be able to muster sheep,—collect them in together from the vast pastures on which they feed, and above all he should be able to count them. He must be handy with horses,—doing anything which has to be done for himself. He must catch his own horse,—for the horses live on grass, turned out in paddocks,—and saddle him. The animal probably is never shod, never groomed, and is ignorant of corn. And the young man must be able to sit his horse,—which perhaps is more than most young men could do in England,—for it may be

that the sportive beast will buck with the young man, jumping up into the air with his head between his legs, giving his rider as he does so such a blow by the contraction of his loins as will make any but an Australian young man sore all over for a week, even if he be not made sore for a much longer time by being sent far over the brute's head. This young man on a station must have many accomplishments, much knowledge, great capability; and in return for these things he gets his rations, and perhaps £100 per annum, perhaps £50, and perhaps nothing. But he lives a free, pleasant life in the open air. He has the scolding of many men, which is always pleasant; and nobody scolds him, which is pleasanter. He has plenty and no care about it. He is never driven to calculate whether he can afford himself a dinner,—as is often done by many young men at home who have dress coats to wear and polished leather boots for happy occasions. He has always a horse to ride, or two or three, if he needs them. His salary is small, but he has nothing to buy,—except moleskin trousers and flannel shirts. He lives in the open air, has a good digestion, and sleeps the sleep of the just. After a time he probably works himself up into some partnership,—and has always before him the hope that the day will come in which he too will be a master squatter.

A sheep has to be born, and washed, and shorn,—the three great operations of a squatter's life consisting in the lambing, washing, and shearing of his flocks. On the Darling Downs in Queensland the lambs are dropped in August and September. Washing commences in September, and the shearing is over not much before Christmas. I was astonished to find that the practice in regard to washing and shearing varied very much at different stations, and that very strong opinions were held by the advocates of this or that system;—so that the science of getting wool off the sheep's back in the best condition must be regarded as being even yet in its infancy. Many declare that sheep should not be washed at all, and that the wool should be shorn "in the grease." My opinion will not, I fear, be valued much by the great Queensland squatters, but, such

as it is, it goes with the non-washers. Presuming that my own outside garniture required to be cleansed, I should not like to have it done on my back ;—and if I knew that it was to be taken off immediately after the operation, I should think that to be an additional reason for deferring the washing process. There are various modes of washing,—but on the stations which I saw on the Darling Downs the sheep were all “spouted.” I will endeavour to explain to the ordinary non-pastoral reader this system of spouting, premising that perhaps some 200,000 sheep have to undergo the process on one station, and at the same set of spouts.

But before we get to the spouting there is a preliminary washing to be undergone, and as to that also there are fierce contests. Shall this preliminary washing be performed with warm or with cold water? And then again there is, so to say, an anti-preliminary washing in vogue, which some call “raining.” If I remember rightly sheep were “rained on” in Queensland only at those stations in which warm water was in demand. The sheep by thirties and forties were driven into long narrow pens, over which pipes were supported, pierced with holes from end to end. Into these pipes water is forced by a steam-engine, and pours itself right and left, in the guise of rain, over the sheep below. In this way the wool is gently saturated with moisture, and then the sheep are driven out of the pens into long open tanks filled with water, just lukewarm. Here they are soaked for a few minutes,—and this practice is matter for fierce debate among squatters. I have heard a squatter declare with vehement gesture that he hoped every squatter would be ruined who was mad enough to use warm water at his washpool. I have heard others declare with equal vehemence that no wool could be really clean which had not been subjected to the process. For myself, I am dead against washing altogether ; but if sheep are to be washed then I am dead against warm water. The sheep becomes cold after it and chill during the three or four days necessary for drying, and in that condition of the animal the yolk which is necessary to the excellence of the wool does not rise, and the fleece when taken off, though cleaner than it

would otherwise have been, is less rich in its quality and less strong in its fibre.

But whether out of tanks with warm water or tanks with cold water, the sheep are passed on, one by one, into the hands of the men at the spouts. At one washpool I saw fourteen spouts at work, with two men at each spout. These twenty-eight men are quite amphibious for the time, standing up to their middles in a race of running water. But this race is not a natural stream. High over their heads are huge iron cisterns which are continually filled by a steam pump, and which empty themselves by spouts from the bottom, through which the water comes with great force,—a force which can of course be moderated by the weight of water thrown in. The water is kept at a certain height according to the force wanted, and falls with the required weight, in obedience to the law of gravitation, on a board between the two rough water-spirits below. Now the tanks, of which I have spoken, are high above the water-spirits, and the sheep are brought out from them on to a small intermediate pen or platform, from which they are dropped one by one down a steep inclined trap,—each sheep by a separate trap,—into the very hands of the washers. The fall may be about twelve or fifteen feet. Then the animal undergoes the real work of washing,—the bad quarter of an hour of his life. He is turned backwards and forwards under the spout with great violence,—for great violence is necessary,—till the fury of the water shall have driven the dirt from his fleece. The bad quarter of an hour lasts, at some washpools, half a minute,—at others as long as a minute and a half; and I think I am justified in saying that the sheep does not like it. He goes out of the spouter's hands, not into the water, but on to steep boards, arranged so as to give him every facility for travelling up to the pen which is to receive him. But I have seen sheep so weak with what they have endured as to be unable to raise themselves on to their feet. Indeed at some washpools such was the normal condition of the sheep when they came from the spouts. It is impossible that there should not be rough handling. That, and the weight of the water

together, prostrates them. This is so much the case that no squatter dares to wash his rams,—the pride of his flock,—for fear of injuring them. But, as a rule, sheep are washed in Queensland, and this is the fashion of their washing.

In Queensland the washpool, as at present arranged, is the squatter's great hobby, and next to it his wool-shed. They are generally at some distance from each other,—perhaps seven or eight miles,—for the sheep must have time to dry, and it is well that they should travel a little over the pastures, feeding as they go, as being less likely to become again dirty with their own dust, as they would do if they were left together in large numbers. They are mustered and kept apart with infinite care, as ewes with their lambs must not be shorn with hoggetts, or hoggetts with old wethers. And there are sheep of different breeding and various qualities of wool which must not be mixed. In different flocks the sheep make their way from the washpool to the wool-shed, and then are shorn on about the fourth day. It is essentially necessary that they should be dry, so that rain during the double process is very detrimental to the squatter.

The wool-shed is a large building open on every side, with a high-pitched roof,—all made of wood and very rough. The sheep are driven in either at one end or both, or at three sides, according to the size of the station and the number of sheep to be shorn. They are then assorted into pens, from which the shearers take them on to the board;—two, three, or four shearers selecting their sheep from each pen. The floor, on which the shearers absolutely work, is called “the board.” I have seen as few as four or five shearing together, and I have seen as many as seventy-six. I have watched a shearer take the wool off his sheep in five minutes, and I have seen a man occupied nearly fifteen in the same operation. As they are paid by the score or by the hundred, and not by the day, the great object is to shear as many as possible. I have known a man to shear ninety-five in a day. I have heard of a man shearing one hundred and twenty. From sixty to seventy may be taken as a fair day's work. But as rapidity of work is so greatly to her

workman's interest, and as too rapid a hand either leaves the wool on the sheep's back or else cuts skin and fleece together, there is often a diversity of opinion between the squatter and the shearer. "Shear as quick as you can," says the squatter, who is very anxious to get his work out of hand ;—"but let me have all my wool,—and let it not be cut mincemeat-fashion, but with its full length of staple ;—and above all do not mutilate and mangle my poor sheep." But the poor sheep are mutilated and mangled by many a sore wound, and from side to side about the shed the visitor hears the sound of "Tar." When a sheep has been wounded the shearer calls for tar, and a boy with a tar-pot rushes up and daubs the gory wound. Each shearer has an outside pen of his own to which the sheep when shorn is demitted, and so the tally is kept.

The shearer does nothing but shear. When one sheep has left his hand he seizes at once another, being very careful to select that which will be easiest shorn. The fleece, when once separated from the animal's back, is no longer a care to him. Some subordinate picks it up and makes away with it, when folded, to the sorter's table. The sorter is a man of mark, and should be a man of skill, who gives himself airs and looks grand. It is his business to allot the wool to its proper sphere,—combing or clothing, first combing or second combing, first clothing or second clothing, broken wool, greasy, ram's-wool, hoggett's-wool, lamb's-wool, and the like. He stands immovable, and does his work with a touch, while ministers surround him, unfolding and folding, and carrying the assorted fleeces to their proper bins. But I am told that in England very little is thought of this primary sorting, and that all wools are re-sorted as they are scoured. The squatter, however, says that unless he sorted his wool in his own shed he could not realise a good price for a good article.

Then when the wool is sorted it is pressed. Every woolshed has its press, in which the bales are made into the shape that is familiar to the English eye. The average bale contains about 400 lb., and these are sent away on bullock-drags,—waggons with ten, twelve, or fourteen

bullocks, down over bush roads, hundreds of miles, to the seaport at which they are shipped. It is a moot question whether the squatter should sell in the colony or in London. If prices be low, he had better probably send his produce home. If they be high, he had better take the ball at the hop, and realise his money in the colony.

I have said something before of the men employed at these stations. The ordinary hands,—those kept during the whole year,—are not many, and of them I may speak again in what words I shall have to say on the smaller stations in New South Wales. But the great work of the year on a large run with 200,000 sheep, or perhaps even a larger number,—the work of washing and shearing,—demands a crowd of workmen. I found considerably above a hundred employed by one master. That which strikes an Englishman most forcibly with regard to these men is, that the squatter is called upon to feed them all. Rations are given out for them in certain measured quantities. These rations vary somewhat, but in Queensland they were generally as follows. For each man per week :—

Meat	.	.	.	.	.	14 lb.
Flour .	.	.	.	.	.	8 lb.
Sugar	.	.	.	.	.	2 lb.
Tea	.	.	.	.	.	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

For the ordinary work of the year the squatter gives the rations as part of the allotted wages. Shearers, however, are charged for all that is furnished to them. The squatters provide everything that the men require,—except drink, of which it is expected that there shall be literally none used while the shearing is in progress. The squatter keeps in his store tobacco, currants, pickles, jam, boots, shirts, moleskin trousers, shears, coffee,—and various condiments. These are supplied to the men at prices fixed by the squatter,—and so fixed as generally to leave some little profit. Were it not so, there would be a certain loss. But under this system the squatter becomes a shopkeeper, with a monopoly of supply to certain persons,—and no doubt unfairly high prices may sometimes be charged.



For shearing on the Darling Downs the usual rate is 3*s.* 4*d.* a score. If a man shear seventy sheep, which is no extraordinary number, he will earn 11*s.* 8*d.* a day. But it may be that the shearing will be stopped by wet weather, and then he must remain idle. He is bound by a contract, very strongly worded in the employer's favour, to remain till the shearing be done;—and is very much at the mercy of the squatter. He can be dismissed at a word if the squatter or his superintendent disapprove of his style of shearing, and is subject to certain fines. Rules are fixed up on the shed which he must obey,—and if he rebel, he is sent at once from the shed. I have told in a previous chapter how one poor man revenged himself by means of his poetical genius. It is not often, however, that differences arise. The squatter is very anxious to have his sheep shorn, and remembers the old proverb which tells him that the — he knows is better than the — he don't know. I was surprised to find what bad shearing was endured,—bad shearing induced not by want of skill or idleness, but by the rapidity which task-work is sure to produce. The sheep were cut horribly,—as I thought;—and but little was said.

The shearers find their own cook, and pay him 2*s.* 6*d.* a week each. So that, with fifty, sixty, or seventy shearers, the cook would seem to have a good place. But with such a number there must be assistant cooks,—found by the master cook; and the men are both particular and impatient. They want hot coffee very early, hot meat for breakfast, messes with vegetables for dinner, hot meat for supper;—and are imperative as to hot plum-buns with their tea. Plums and currants seem to be essential to shearing.

Drink is the great crime;—but I am bound to say that, as far as my observation goes, shearers are not great criminals while at their work. It is expected that they shall drink nothing from the beginning to the end of shearing. Any man known to bring spirits to the station is at once dismissed,—and a man who wanders away to some distant public-house, even when his work for the day is done, is supposed to disobey orders. In England we give men beer at their work, and make no inquiry as to their doings

after the close of their labour,—being contented that they shall come to their work sober enough to perform it. On sheep-stations, at shearing time, to drink is not only to sin,—but to commit the one sin that cannot be forgiven. If they do drink, they drink spirits. Beer has not as yet become the beverage of the country—nor wine, as I trust it will do before long.

The washers receive wages at different rates at different stations. I may perhaps say that 3*s.* 9*d.* a day is the average payment for men out of the water, and 4*s.* 9*d.* for men in the water. These men have, in addition to this, the rations above named, without payment. I believe that the man's food,—the food that is given to him free,—costs the squatter about 5*s.* 6*d.* a week, so that a washer will earn about £1 14*s.* a week. The washer's food is cooked for him by the squatter.

The men are provided with huts or barracks in which they sleep. These are fitted up with bunks,—but each man brings his own blankets. A shearer will often take away from £25 to £30 as his wages after shearing, and a washer as much as £15. But then, alas, comes the time for drinking!

I spent a very pleasant time on the Darling Downs,—perhaps the more so because the rigid rule which prevailed in the wool-shed and at the washpool in regard to alcohol was not held to be imperative at the squatters' houses. I could hardly understand how a hospitable gentleman could press me to fill my glass again,—as hospitable gentlemen did do very often,—while he dilated on the wickedness of a shearer who should venture to think of a glass of rum. I took it all in good part, and preached no sermons on that subject. I had some very good kangaroo hunting,—and was surprised to find how well horses could carry me which went out every day, eat nothing but grass, and had no shoes on their feet.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SUGAR. LABOUR FROM THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

WOOL is no doubt the staple produce of Queensland, as it is of the other colonies ; but in Queensland, next to wool, sugar has lately become the most important article. It has been found that much of the soil is fitted for the growth of the sugar-cane, and that in many districts the climate is equally favourable. The best sugar district is about Port Mackay, north of Rockhampton, which I did not visit. But the growth of the cane, which is a purely agricultural employment, has hitherto, all the world over, been joined with the two manufacturing trades of making sugar and distilling rum. In Cuba, in British Guiana, in the West Indies, and, I believe, also in the Mauritius, sugar and rum are always made by the planter. At first it seemed to be necessary that this should be done also in Queensland, and therefore the growth of cane was impeded by the necessity of a large capital,—or of a crushing debt. Gradually the old idea on this subject is vanishing, and small men,—free-selecters and others,—are growing cane for sale to the owners of the mills. Their future success or failure is a question altogether of labour,—and it is one which is now trembling in uncertainty. Queensland at present is supplying itself with labour from the South Sea Islands, and the men employed are called Polynesians, or Canakers, or Islanders ; but it may be a question whether Queensland will be allowed to do so long. The philanthropists are hard at work to hinder them,—working as they always do with the best intentions, working as they so often do in much ignorance.

I may as well go into the question of South Sea Island labour at once,—premising, if I may be allowed to do so, that some years since I ventured to express an opinion, exactly similar to that I now entertain, in reference to the employment of Coolie labour for the growth of sugar in Demerara and Trinidad,—which colonies I found on the road to renewed success through the instrumentality of a body of imported workmen, who were treated with uniform kindness and care. Then as now there was a fear in England that these foreigners in a new country would become slaves under new bonds, and that a state of things would be produced,—less horrible indeed than the slavery of the negroes who were brought into the West Indies by the Spaniards, but equally unjust and equally opposed to the rights and interests of the men concerned. And it was alleged then that benevolence and good intention on the part of those who might first institute such an immigration of foreign labourers, would not suffice to protect a crowd of poor ignorant strangers from the natural greed of the employer,—who would carry on his operations far from strict control, far from the eyes of England, altogether out of sight of Exeter Hall. Is it not incumbent on philanthropy in the present age to see that no new form of serfdom be introduced,—at any rate on soil owned by the British Crown,—and to guard with all the eyes of Argus any approaches to the abomination of slavery? That is the argument from the philanthropical side, stated, I trust, fairly,—and that argument I do not pretend to combat. Let us have no slavery, in God's name. Be careful. Guard the approaches. Defend the defenceless. Protect the poor ignorant dusky foreigner from the possible rapacity of the sugar-planter. But, in doing this, know at any rate what you are doing, and be not led away by a rampant enthusiasm to do evil to all parties. Remember the bear who knocked out his friend's brains with the brickbat when he strove to save him from the fly. An ill-conducted enthusiasm may not only debar Queensland from the labour which she requires, but debar also these poor savages from their best and nearest civilisation. Let philanthropists at any rate look into the

matter somewhat closely before they make heavy charges against the Queensland government and the Queensland sugar-growers because they employ Islanders in the colony. If they be in earnest let them send over some one who may learn the truth for them,—some agent or messenger capable of finding out the truth and of telling them without prejudice what are the real facts of this trade.

When I was in Queensland I saw that the attention of the House of Commons at home was drawn to the matter, and that our own Colonial Secretary, if not frightened, was at any rate not quite assured on the subject. It is hard enough for a Colonial Secretary to get accurate information as to facts in a self-governing colony. He applies to the governor, and the governor applies to the executive officers,—and the executive officers in the colony are the very men of whose management or mismanagement in such an affair as this the philanthropists at home stand especially in dread. But I observe that the Queensland prime minister, in concluding a report on the subject to the acting-governor of Queensland, on the 12th of April, 1871, makes to the home government the very suggestion which I have made to the philanthropists. “So much misapprehension,” he says, “exists in England with reference to the introduction of these Islanders, that I would suggest to your Excellency the desirability of making such representations to the Secretary of State for the Colonies as would lead to the appointment by the Imperial government of a commission to examine into and report upon the whole subject.” This was written in consequence of a representation made to the Colonial Office at home, by certain gentlemen of whom I intend to speak in no mocking sense when I call them philanthropists;—and was grounded on reports made either to them or in the public press by two gentlemen at Brisbane adverse to the system of Polynesian labour.

I will now describe “the state of things,” as clearly as I can, and will explain what I believe to be the cause of opposition to it in the colony. These Polynesians are brought into Queensland in vessels under government superintendence, and in conformity with an act of the Queensland

parliament passed with the view of protecting them from the rapacity of merchants and the possible evil of kidnapping by British or colonial captains. There is also attached to every such vessel a government agent. The act of parliament was in full force when the representation was made to which I have alluded ; but the appointment of a government agent was since introduced,—introduced for aught I know in consequence of the representation. The act, dated March 8th, 1868, is long, and will hardly bear quotation ; but all the clauses are arranged so as to protect the Polynesian labourer,—to protect him specially in his act of emigration from home,—and to insure that justice shall be done to him on his arrival in Queensland. His clothes and diet aboard ship are prescribed, his clothes and diet during his sojourn with his master are fixed ; his wages are fixed, and the means of return at the end of three years' work in the colony, without cost to himself, are insured to him. He is to have,—

## DIET.

Beef or mutton	.	.	.	.	.	.	1 lb. daily.
Bread or flour	.	.	.	.	.	.	1 lb. „
Molasses or sugar	.	.	.	.	.	.	5 oz. „
Vegetables	.	.	.	.	.	.	2 lb. „
or rice 4 oz., or maize meal 8 oz.							
Tobacco.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1½ oz. weekly.
Salt	.	.	.	.	.	.	2 oz. „
Soap	.	.	.	.	.	.	4 oz. „

## CLOTHING.

Shirts	.	.	.	.	.	.	2 yearly.
Trousers.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2 „
Hat	.	.	.	.	.	.	1 „
Blankets (a pair)	.	.	.	.	.	.	1 „

And he is to be provided with residence and medical attendance. He can be transferred from one employer to another, but not without the sanction of the government. He cannot be moved out of the colony till the expiration of the three years without his own consent and that of the governor. He cannot be punished otherwise than by appeal to a magisterial bench,—in which case he would be

dealt with as would be any other person accused of breaking the law. At the end of the three years he receives wages at the rate of £6 per annum ;—or £18 in all. This must be paid to him in money, and this he invariably lays out in the purchase of articles which he takes back with him to the islands,—tools, calico, cloth, small pieces of furniture, boxes, ornaments, and the like. In considering the amount of money-wages the master will bear in mind that the man has been fed, housed, and clothed, and that the wages represent his savings.

I have seen these men working under various masters and at various employments. No doubt their importance to Queensland mainly attaches to the growth and manufacture of sugar ; but they are also engaged in wharves, about the towns, in meat-preserving establishments, in some instances as shepherds, and occasionally as domestic servants. I have told how I was rowed up the river Mary by a crew of these islanders. They are always clean, and bright, and pleasant to be seen. They work well, but they know their own position and importance. I never saw one ill used. I never heard of any such ill-usage. The question to my mind is whether they are not fostered too closely,—wrapped up too warmly in the lambswool of government protection. Their dietary is one which an English rural labourer may well envy,—as he might also, if he knew it, the general immunity from the crushing cares of toil which these young savages enjoy.

But I am unaware that any serious complaint has been made either by the English philanthropists or by their informants, the colonists, as to the treatment which these men receive in Queensland. The charge is that they are kidnapped,—taken on board the vessels from the islands surreptitiously,—and that they are ill treated on the journey ; that the horrors of the middle passage,—as we used to call it when we spoke of the sufferings of the poor Africans,—are in some sort repeated. As regards the immigration into Queensland I believe the charge to be substantially without foundation. The vessels are worked under government surveillance, and every vessel employed in the trade is now

accompanied by a government agent. The rule to this effect, which was subsequently added to the law as to the treatment of the men passed in 1868, is no doubt a salutary safeguard. I could not, however, learn that previous to this latter order islanders had been kidnapped for Queensland, though accusations to that effect are rife. The English philanthropists add to their memorial a postscript containing a statement from a gentleman at Melbourne that islanders have been kidnapped and taken to Fiji. I believe that this has been done ;—but as neither the islands from which the Polynesian emigrants are brought, nor the Fiji Islands, are as yet even under British protectorate, neither Great Britain nor her colonies can be held to be responsible for the evil.

No doubt the entire colony of Queensland is not in favour of Polynesian labour. But the opposition to it which exists did not spring from the causes which are at work with the English philanthropists. With them the sole object is to prevent a possible return to some form of slavery, and the ill-usage of a certain number of their fellow men. No one charges them with other motives, or believes them to be actuated by other than the purest feelings. But the motives and feelings which have produced the opposition to which they have adhered are other than theirs. Protection of white labour is the cause of that opposition. In Queensland, as elsewhere throughout the world, the political questions which most strongly stir the minds of men are those which refer to the joint employment of labour and capital. The white man in Queensland who can now earn 15s. or 20s. a week and his food would like to earn 25s. or 30s.—in which desire all the world will sympathize with him. And he believes that his desire may be best accomplished by preventing the use of cheaper labour than his own. In this belief, and in the efforts to which it gives rise, the world will not sympathize with him. The belief is as erroneous as the efforts are vicious. It is in some sort a repetition of the infantine political economy which many years ago induced rural labourers in England to destroy thrashing machines and burn out the farmers who used them. It is not necessary for me now to adduce arguments to show that the greater the products of



the colony the more general will be the aggregate prosperity of the colonists. The white labourer in Queensland, who is not a good political economist, does believe that cheaper labour than his own is injurious to himself, and therefore desires to keep the Polynesians away. He does not understand that the very business in which he is allowed to earn 4*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* a day would not exist,—could not be carried on,—without another class of labour at the rate of 2*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* a day. He therefore becomes quite as zealous in the cause as the philanthropist at home ; but he in his zeal hates the shining Polynesian, whom he sees, with a warmth greater even than that which the philanthropist throws into his love for his unseen man and brother. There are a pair of hands, and a supple body, and a willing spirit, and a ready brain, to be had for 2*s.* a day,—underselling the white man's labour after a fashion most nefarious to the white labourer's imagination ! How can this crushing evil be avoided ? Are there no means by which good labour at 2*s.* a day may be made impossible,—a thing not to be obtained in the colony of Queensland ? Then the white labourer, with indistinct intelligence on the subject, hears something of his philanthropical friends at Exeter Hall, and begins to find that there may be common cause between them. White labour in the colony may be protected from Exeter Hall, though Exeter Hall itself has no such intention. The white labourer soon finds a go-between,—soon comes into communication with some gentleman, anxious for his vote, who can make statements to the philanthropists at home.

It may be taken for granted that the sole object in England on the part of those who object to the emigration of Polynesians to Queensland is to save the islanders from suffering and oppression. It is said of these islanders that as they cannot understand English,—and as they speak various languages among themselves, in regard to which it is impossible for us to send interpreters who shall understand them all,—therefore they cannot understand the contracts made with them. That they understand the verbal niceties of these contracts no one can imagine. Their contracts to them are very much the same as are our legal documents

to most of us at home. We sign them, however, because, from various concurrent causes, we believe them to be conducive to our advantage,—not because we understand them. We trust the person who asks for our signature ; and, though we know that there is sometimes deceit and consequent misfortune, we believe that the chances are in our favour. Experience has taught us to trust. These islanders are in precisely the same condition. Those who go to Queensland for three years are sent back to their islands with their hands full, in good health, and with reports of a life far better than that which Providence has given them at home. It is on the reports of these men that new contracts are now made,—and it is by the experience thus gained that they who have served for one term of three years are induced to return for another term.

Though the white man be jealous of cheap labour from the islands, hoeing canes within the tropics is not an employment which he likes for himself, and the best sugar ground of Queensland is north of the tropical line. Much sugar is grown south of the line, in the Maryborough district for instance, and in East Moreton,—and sugar is grown also in certain districts in New South Wales. But if Australian sugar ever compete in the markets of the world with sugar from Demerara, Cuba, and Mauritius, it will be produced in North Queensland. Both soil and climate are propitious, and the district, though hot, is healthy. The best land in the best localities is already becoming scarce and dear ;—for sugar can never be profitably grown without easy means of transit from the cane-fields to the mill, and of sugar from the mill to the seaport. The trade must be carried on along the coast and river banks, and up creeks, wide, and constant enough in their running to admit of some rough mode of water carriage. I believe that it is already becoming difficult to procure land fitly situated. But the failure or success of the business will, I think, depend altogether on the manner in which the question of labour shall be settled. If the South Sea Islanders be expelled, it is possible that Chinese or Indian coolies may take their place. The exodus of the Chinese is probably as yet hardly more

than commenced. But without imported labour I doubt whether Queensland sugar can be grown.

I found the cost to the sugar-planter of these Polynesians to be about £75 per head for the whole term of three years,—which was divided as follows:—

Journey out and back (which is always paid for by the employer of the man)	£15
Average cost of getting the man up to the station	3
Wages for three years	18
Rations (3s. 9d. a week, say for three years)	30
Blankets, clothes, &c.	6
For lost time by illness, &c. (say)	3
	<hr/> £75

This amounts to nearly 10s. a week for the entire time. The average wages of a white man on a plantation may be taken at about 25s. a week, including rations. I was told by more than one sugar-grower that two islanders were worth three white men among the canes.

As yet the produce of the colony about supplies the colony. Some sugar is exported to New South Wales. Some sugar is imported from the Mauritius;—the exports and imports being about equal. The retail price is from 3½d. to 4½d. a pound according to quality. Should the trade go on and flourish it must be made prosperous by supplying markets beyond the bounds of Queensland, and to the Englishman who has not studied the colonies it would appear natural that the desired market should be found in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. The Englishman who has not studied the colonies can hardly bring himself to understand that Australia is not one whole,—that there is as much difficulty in commercial communication between Brisbane and Melbourne as there is between Liverpool and New York,—infinitely more than in that between London and Havre. These colonies lay duties on each other at diverse rates. Tasmania charges 6s. a cwt. on imported raw sugar, Victoria 3s. a cwt. New South Wales 5s., New Zealand 1d. a lb. or 9s. 4d. a cwt. So that sugar from Queensland has no preference in the other colonies

over sugar from the Mauritius. Nor under the existing state of the British law as it affects the colonies could such preference be given. New South Wales, for instance, may decide for herself whether she will admit sugar free, or whether she will raise a custom duty upon its import ; but she cannot take Queensland sugar free and refuse to take sugar free from other sugar-growing countries. As the colonies at present stand in reference to each other,—with the existing feeling of jealousy, and occasionally almost of hostility,—with a condition of things in which a minister in one colony speaks in his parliament of another as a “friendly colony,” in the spirit in which our ministers at home call this or that nation a “friendly country,” or an “allied country,” laying stress on the alliance, when we know that we are on the brink of war with that country,—with these mutual rivalries and almost antipathies, this British law, tending as it does to the separation of Australian interests, has no very strong immediate effect. The colonies are determined to be separate. Australia is a term that finds no response in the patriotic feeling of any Australian. They are Victorians, or Queenslanders, or men of New South Wales ; and each is not at present unwilling to have the pleasure of taxing the other. But this will come to an end sooner or later. The name of Australia will be dearer if not greater to Australian ears than the name of Great Britain, and then the produce of the land will pass free throughout the land.

## CHAPTER VII.

### GOVERNMENT.

THE system of government is very nearly the same in all the Australian colonies, though the system of politics in vogue may vary considerably. Protection at the present moment is rife in Victoria, but is not in favour in Queensland. In Queensland the interests of the squatters prevail; but in Victoria the squatters are not in the ascendant. In Queensland the ministers and people generally are inclined to be submissive to the Colonial Office at home, with an inclination to hang upon English advice, and to maintain English influences. In Victoria, on the other hand, the Colonial Office in Downing Street is not highly respected, and the politicians of the day are inclined to think that they can best "paddle their own canoe." These are political differences, depending on the leading men of the hour, and on the chance circumstances of the colony at the moment. But the forms of legislative and executive administration are nearly identical,—as much so, I think, as they are in the different States of the American Union.

Kings, Lords, and Commons prevail in the colonies as they do at home,—with some variations. The governor enacts the office of king, but he does so with a political responsibility which does not attach to the throne with us. At home the royal veto has become obsolete. The sovereign and the ministry of the day must necessarily be in accord. If the ministers differ from parliament on any matter of moment, they go out of office, and another set of men comes in, supported by majorities. By such a system there can

be no need of a veto,—as the parliament which submits its bills to the crown controls the ministers which advise the crown. But in a colony,—even in a colony with representative institutions,—the working is different. The colonial ministers no doubt advise the governor in council ; but he is subject to instructions from home. And the legislative powers of the colonies are limited in certain directions. No law is to be passed contrary to the spirit of the laws of England. The governor, therefore, does exercise a temporary veto not unfrequently,—submitting the matter home for decision. In Queensland not long since the ministers of the day proposed a law by which paper money would have become inconvertible, and would have been substituted for gold as the legal tender of the country. The governor refused his acquiescence, and was supported by the Colonial Office at home. In this way the colonies are preserved from crude legislation, which would be the certain and natural result of inexperience in statecraft. In saying this I by no means intend to cast a slur on colonial ministers, or to imply that inefficient men have been chosen for high offices. I certainly make no such charge in regard to Queensland. But it cannot be expected that a colony with a population of 120,000 souls should be able to produce a ministry skilled at all points in questions of government and finance. Among such a population the minister chosen will usually be a gentleman intent on his own profession,—whatever that may be ; whose education and chances in life have made him a lawyer, a merchant, or a squatter. Such a man finds himself suddenly in parliament, and almost as suddenly a minister of state,—a colonial secretary or prime minister,—or perhaps a colonial treasurer or chancellor of the exchequer,—backed by a majority in parliament, and enabled therefore, as far as the colonial parliament is concerned, to carry his own measures. His inexperience is brought face to face with the inexperience of a small chamber,—just as the experience of a minister with us is encountered by the experience of a very large chamber. Though the interests of the colony are comparatively small,—because the numbers are small,—the benefits or injuries which may

be the result of good or bad legislation will be as great to the few, as they are to the many in crowded communities. It is by no means wonderful that it should appear expedient to six or seven gentlemen in Queensland that inconvertible paper should be the safest circulating medium for the colonists ; but it would be highly prejudicial to the colony that such a question should be left to the unassisted wisdom of these six or seven gentlemen,—and perhaps altogether ruinous. It may be that each of these six or seven should be superior in all good gifts, in eloquence, patriotism, and natural sense, to any secretary of state at home. It is by no means to be supposed that a minister of state in England must be superior to a minister in Queensland, because the one is an Englishman and the other a colonist. But the concrete wisdom of thirty million people is greater than that of a hundred and twenty thousand, and the experience of ages of legislation is needed to control the newness and rawness of a parliament that has existed but for a few years.

This probably is the strongest existing reason for maintaining the present dependent condition of the Australian colonies. There are other reasons, all strong against immediate change ;—the possible need of protection in case of attack, which protection we should give with more heartiness and certainty to a colony than to an ally ;—the absence of any Australian feeling between the colonies of a nature strong enough to bind them into one whole ;—the doubt which would be felt both at home and in the colonies as to the form of government to be selected ; the general dislike to a republic and the difficulties which stand in the way of the establishment of a monarchy,—all these objections are valid against that idea of immediate independence which is not without its supporters in England. But strongest among them all is the necessary inexperience of colonial statesmen. The need for guidance and control is that of the youth who is no longer a boy but is not as yet quite a man. He may be better educated than his father, of a higher intellect, of finer aspirations, giving promise of almost Darwinian improvement in his descent ;—but he cannot be trusted to go quite alone till he has been taught by experience that paper,

without gold to back it, will not long supply his necessities, —till he shall have learned that and other worldly lessons which will not come simply from high intellect and fine aspirations.

The governor, with his instructions from home, and his power of reserving new laws till they shall have been submitted to the judgment of the minister at home, enacts the part of king. He is assisted by an executive council of which he is the president, and which consists of his ministers. The premier is the vice-president, and has, I think, always in Queensland filled the office of colonial secretary. This council is the counterpart of our cabinet. The position of the Colonial Governor is different from that of the sovereign in this,—that he is supposed to be consulted as to the measures which are introduced, and that the Constitution does not require him to be in accord with his ministers. Should he differ from them as to a bill which they have succeeded in passing, he has the power of referring the matter to the Home Government.

In Queensland there are, as a rule, six executive ministers. During my visit to the colony there was a seventh member of the cabinet, who held, however, no office and received no salary. Of these six the Constitution requires that only one shall be in the upper chamber,—or legislative council. The other five are supposed to find seats for themselves in the lower house, or legislative assembly,—though there is nothing in the Constitution to make this imperative. There is a colonial secretary,—who seems to combine all duties which do not naturally fall to the lot of his brethren ; —a colonial treasurer ; a chancellor of the exchequer ; a minister for works and gold-fields ; a minister for lands ; a postmaster-general ; and an attorney-general. These gentlemen exercise the patronage of the colony among them, and are much belied if they do not regard that duty as being equal in importance to any that is confided to them. Patronage is indeed one of the greatest curses of the colonies. The public is never a very good paymaster. In no country are fortunes to be made in the public service,—unless such be done by the ministers of a despot. But there is always a



craving for official salaries,—even though these salaries be hardly sufficient to give bread and meat. In the United States the public servants are among the most needy of the citizens. In Washington the clerks attached to the public offices can barely exist on their pay. But in the United States the demand for office is so great that expectant presidents are required to come to terms as to the manipulation of patronage before they are assured of the support of their parties. I regret to say that the same greed for public place is growing up in the colonies,—even in a colony so new as Queensland. A minister must make sure of his seat, and constituents demand their share of the plunder,—as they do also not unfrequently elsewhere.

Our House of Lords is represented in the colonies by the legislative council, which consists of twenty-one members. These are nominated by the governor for life, the governor being of course subject in this matter to the advice of his ministers. The nomination therefore practically rests with the premier. With us at home there is a very general feeling that the power and influence of the House of Lords is on the wane in regard to political action. Our Lords can of course throw out bills, and they do throw out bills very often. But we have taught ourselves to believe that they should not throw out any bill as to which the country shows itself to be in earnest above three or four times at the furthest. They are presumed to be compressible after a certain amount of resistance, and are supposed to be allowed to hold their position by reason of their compressibility. The legislative council in an Australian parliament is intended to be endowed with similar privileges and similar feebleness. Their sittings are short and uninteresting, but the chamber in which they are held is imposing and comfortable. The copy of the home institution is very faithful,—with the exception of course of the hereditary element. As the members hold their seats for life, many of them are of course old, and as the age of the colony advances they will become older. Nothing can be more respectable and well-behaved than an Australian legislative council, and I believe that among legislative councils none is better be-

haved than that of Queensland. But the feebleness is there. It is at any rate supposed to be there. When you are told that a gentleman has been nominated to the upper house, it is intended that you should understand that he has been laid honourably on the shelf. It is, however, competent to him to come down from the shelf and again to enter upon the arena of true political action,—a privilege which is altogether denied to members of the upper house with us.

The arena for political action is the legislative assembly, in which ministers with their friends sit on the right of the Speaker, and the opposition on the left, with a great table between them, and benches below the gangway,—just as we have it at home. When I was in Queensland the House consisted of thirty-two members, but it was then in contemplation to add twelve to the number. I had no opportunity of being present at a debate, as a general election was going on while I was in the colony, and the new House had not as yet sat when I left it. A majority of six was prepared to support the government,—which had, I was informed, dissolved the House with a majority of one. I read some past debates and was not astonished to find that considerable latitude was allowed in the use of vehement language. Such is always the case in a small chamber, in which the united common sense of the whole is not sufficiently extended to repress the temporary folly of one or two. Since I left Queensland a most discreditable scene has taken place in the House,—of such a nature that its repetition would be most injurious to the colony. One honourable member, in the heat of debate and after dinner, plucked another honourable member by the beard,—and then ran away. It is fair, however, to add that he was driven to resign his seat, and was not re-elected. The proceedings have, however, as a rule, been orderly in Queensland, and creditable to the colony. Men have been got together anxious for the welfare of the colony,—who have acted with greater legislative discretion than a just expectation could have hoped to obtain from so small a population thinly spread over so immense an area. There must always be danger that a parliament selected from a few scattered inhabitants will fail

in achieving the work of its constituencies or in gaining the respect of the world at large; and the smaller the number, the greater will be the danger. At first there were but twenty-six members in the Queensland Assembly. There is nothing in the corporate strength of such a chamber to control the energy of the would-be orator; it has no traditions of its own by which to regulate its practice; it feels itself to be but a little copy of a great institution, and is half ashamed of its own pretensions. It may so easily become rowdy, while decorum is so difficult! It is felt that the majesty with which our parliament at home is invested should be copied, but that it can hardly be copied without absurdity! Queensland began her self-government with about 20,000 souls,—and it must be admitted that there was danger. But the Queensland Assembly has not been distinguished for rowdiness among colonial parliaments, and has held up its head, and done its work, and attained that respect without which a parliament must be worthless.

In Queensland the system which regulates a man's capacity to vote for a member of the legislative assembly is certainly not democratic. Every man aged twenty-one can vote, provided that he is possessed of one of the following qualifications,—which qualification, however, must appertain to the district or town in regard to which the vote is to be given. He must have resided for six months. He must then possess some one of the following positions:—

- Own a freehold, worth £100 above incumbrances.
- Occupy a tenement worth £10 per annum.
- Hold a lease of £10 per annum, of which three years are still to run, or of which three years have already run.
- Hold a pastoral licence.
- Enjoy a salary of £100 per annum.
- Pay £40 per annum for board and lodging.
- Or pay £10 for lodging only.

By this law the nomad tribes of wandering labourers,—or of wandering beggars, as many of them may be more properly described—are excluded from the registers.

It cannot be said that this young colony has shown any tendency to run headlong into the tempting dangers of

democracy. It would appear that the prevailing feelings of the people lie altogether in the other direction. As I have said, I fear more than once before, the squatters are the aristocracy of the country, and I found that a cabinet with seven members contained six squatters. The general election which took place while I was there supported this ministry by a majority of six in a House of thirty-two members, giving nineteen on one side to thirteen on the other. This would be equal to a majority of one hundred and twenty in a House of six hundred and forty,—a result which would with us be taken as showing the sense of the country very plainly. At home, in England, we are inclined to regard the institutions of our Australian colonies as being essentially democratic,—as showing almost republican propensities. In this, I think, we are mistaken,—certainly as regards Queensland. Among the working population outside the towns political feeling is not strong in any direction. Men care little about politics,—not connecting this or that set of ministers with the one important subject of wages. In some districts a certain amount of zeal has been aroused against cheap labour,—and here and there an election may have been turned by the feeling of white men in that direction. The opposition to squatters comes of course from the towns, and chiefly from the metropolis. But it cannot be described as being strong or enthusiastic, and is chiefly due to the ambition of men who, sitting on the left hand of the Speaker, are filled with a natural desire to sit on the right. I am inclined to report as my opinion that politics in Queensland are very quiet, whereas the loyalty to the Crown is very strong.

Nothing strikes a visitor to the colony more forcibly than the desire to hold government place. I myself would certainly not have expected that this would be so among a young population, eager for independence, to whose energy unlimited acres are open, and among whom it cannot be said that the professions and pursuits of commerce are overcrowded. The government pay is not excessively liberal, and the positions when gained do not seem to be very enviable. Four or five hundred a year is a paradise of

government promotion, to which but very few can hope to attain. But the thing when seen from a distance allures by its uncertainty,—and I fear also by a conviction that the “government stroke” may be a light stroke of work. In colonial parlance the government stroke is that light and easy mode of labour,—perhaps that semblance of labour,—which no other master will endure, though government is forced to put up with it. With us the government stroke has happily taken quite another phase. It is to be hoped that it may gradually be made to do so in the colonies. That the longing for government employment, with the cringing and threats and back-door interest necessary to obtain it, should be made to cease also, is more perhaps than can be at once expected.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### LABOUR.

IN the preceding pages I have already spoken of the rates of wages in Queensland, but the condition of the labourer cannot be judged simply from the wages he may earn. In Queensland they are high,—so high as to be very tempting to the would-be English emigrant; but the emigrant should learn more than the current rate of wages before he resolves that he will attempt to make himself happy in a new country. As our colonies are chiefly serviceable to us and to the world as offering fields in which labour may make men prosperous and happy, it is essential that something should be known on this matter. After all, democratic institutions, form of government, ballot, responsible ministers, and the like, are but fleabites on the great body of the people. They are talked about, and seen, and known,—and are apt subjects for enthusiastic conversation; but when one gets half an inch below the surface, one finds that questions of politics are but of little interest. It is not the political shoe which pinches,—at any rate, in the colonies. How much can a man earn, and with what smallest amount of labour;—and what privileges may a man enjoy while he is earning it? And with what smallest amount of capital can a man settle himself on the soil and live, so that he shall be his own master and owe no obedience to any one? And if a man shall venture so to settle himself and be independent with some smallest imaginable capital,—£2. 10s., we will say, as the first payment on forty acres of selected agricultural land, and £7 10s. to build a hut with, &c.,—what probability is there that he may be able to live honestly and pay further

annual instalments? And if not honestly,—then must he starve, or will any other way be open to him? And, in living, what will be the nature of his life? The labourer here at home has certainly a hard time. His lines have not fallen to him in pleasant places. The farmer's labourer, the carter, ploughman, or hedger and ditcher, with 11s. a week and a wife and four children, must often wonder at the inequality of things, and, if he be imaginative, be tempted into strange thoughts as to God's doings. He has as yet been able to defend his labour by no trade's union, to influence the farmer by no fear of a strike in the parish, and has been powerless to demand more than sufficient bread to keep body and soul together. He is only now making the attempt, urged to do so by the eloquence of outside friends. He is not imaginative, and is too apt to bear his fardel patiently. He hears nothing of Queensland or other colonies,—unless by some special chance in his favour,—and knows no better than to have his body and soul kept together for him. An author would do something useful who could get at him, at him and at his boys as they rise in the world, and tell them what would really befall them if, through friends, or by colonial bounty, or State aid, or by personal industry, they,—or any one of them,—could manage to be landed on the shores of Queensland.

I take it that plenty to eat is, all the world over, the first desire of man and woman. When a man has plenty to eat as a matter of course,—when his food comes to him as does the air which he breathes,—he is apt to think that his own first desires are of a sublimer nature; but any accident in the supplies for twenty-four hours will teach the truth on this subject to the most high-minded. I can imagine that a leg of mutton looms as large to an Essex delver and is as glorious a future, as a seat in parliament to a young barrister. There are legs of mutton, if only it might be possible to get at one! Let the delver get to Queensland and he will at any rate have legs of mutton. Meat three times a day is the normal condition of the Queensland labourer. In the colony mutton may be worth twopence per pound; but of the price the labourer takes no heed.

He is provided as a matter of course with rations,—fourteen pounds of meat a week is the ordinary allowance for a labourer in Queensland,—and, as regards food for himself, he is called upon to take no thought of the morrow, any more than if he were a babe. Fourteen pounds of meat, eight pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of tea are allotted to him weekly. This in England would cost, at the lowest price, something over 12s. a week,—more than the labourer can earn altogether,—and this the labourer in Queensland enjoys as a matter of course before he comes to the question of wages.

I may, however, as well declare at once that the all but divine happiness of such a state of existence,—as it will appear to the delver at home, seems very soon to lose its brilliance in the eyes of the man when he is in Queensland. He has hardly eaten a few hundred pounds of colonial mutton, has not been on rations six months, before he has forgotten entirely that he was ever short of supply in the matter of animal food. The Irishman who has come from the unchanging perpetuity of potatoes to a plethora of meat, teaches himself to believe within twelve months that he never sat down to dinner at home without a beefsteak or a roast fowl. I came to a little dispute once with a working man at Rockhampton. “If you knew what it was,” he said, “to have to eat mutton three times a day, day after day, week after week, month after month, you would not come here and tell us that we ought to be contented with our condition.” Looking at the matter in his light, I see that he has some justice on his side. I told him, jeering at him ill-naturedly, that if he would give up one meal a day, he would lessen his sorrow by at least a third;—but I saw that I was not regarded as having the best of the argument. I would wish therefore that the would-be emigrating English labourer should understand that when he gets his meat in plenty it will not be to him a blessing so unalloyed as he now thinks it. Alas, is it not the same with all blessings? What is there for which we toil and sigh, which when gained does not become to us like mutton served thrice daily? The seat in parliament, the beautiful young wife, even



accumulated wealth, all pall upon us ; and we exclaim, as did my labouring friend at Rockhampton,—“If you too had to eat this mutton three times a day you would not think your condition so blessed.”

But there is the blessing,—such as it is. The man who works in Queensland is at any rate sufficiently fed. The man who works at home is too often very insufficiently fed. I am of opinion that the English labourer looking at the question from his point of view will make light of that Rockhampton objection which, nevertheless, I have felt it to be my duty to lay before him. The next question is this ;—will the immigrating labourer arriving at Queensland find himself sure of labour to suit him ? Is it fairly certain that he will fall into one of these places, with all the mutton and flour and sugar and tea ? It is at any rate all but certain that he will have no such success unless he be a man who can really work. The old, the idle, the reckless, and the soft-handed will only come to worse grief in a colony than the grief which they will leave behind them. I am speaking now of intending emigrants who purpose to reach the colony without money in their pockets ;—and while so speaking I will say at once that the chances in any Australian colony are very bad both for men and women who go thither with some vague idea of earning bread by their education or their wits. The would-be government clerk, the would-be governess, the would-be schoolmaster, lawyer, storekeeper, or the like, has no more probable opening to him in an Australian town than he has in London or in Liverpool. Such a one may possibly prosper in Brisbane or elsewhere ; but the would-be government clerk will probably find himself after some months of **hardship** a shepherd in the bush, —a condition than which nothing in humanity short of starvation can be more wretched ; and the would-be governess will find herself vainly striving to fulfil the duties of a nursery-maid, should she even succeed in getting food and shelter with such intention.

But the young man with sinews and horny hands,—the man who is young enough to adapt himself to new labour, —will certainly find occupation. He is worth his rations,

and high wages beyond his rations. On that subject of wages he will probably find himself contesting points with employers of labour. Cheap labour, or at any rate labour as cheap as possible, is in Queensland as much regarded as elsewhere. The various industrial enterprises of the country are dependent on it. In that matter of sugar it has been already stated that canes can hardly be grown successfully with white labour. In timber-sawing, meat-preserving, in the working of gold-reefs, at sheep-washing and sheep-shearing, the rate of wages to be paid is all-important; and no doubt an effort is continually being made to reduce them. But I rarely found that a white man's labour could be had for less than 15s. a week in addition to his rations. At meat-preserving and sugar establishments men earn from 15s. to 20s. a week. Washers at sheep-stations earn about 4s. a day. Shearers will earn, according to their skill and strength, from 7s. to 14s. a day, paying, however, for their own rations. These two last employments are only to be had during the last four months of the year. Shepherds on a sheep-run are paid from £30 to £40 per annum, and their rations;—but the life is a life of absolute solitude and of almost continued inaction, and ends very frequently in madness or drunkenness. In various cases I have found that these men have taken up strong Calvinistic ideas in religion,—teaching themselves in their solitary wanderings to believe that they will assuredly be damned. They live in huts by themselves, going out in the morning with their flocks, bringing them back in the evening to the enclosure or yard by which the hut is surrounded. But this miserable occupation is becoming less and less common daily, as the squatters perceive that they can fence in their paddocks at less expense than they can maintain shepherds,—and that by such a system sheep can feed both day and night. On fenced runs men called boundary-riders are employed in lieu of shepherds, and the boundary-rider will receive probably £45 per annum and his rations. He will also have the use of a horse. The wages of mechanics do not seem to be much higher than those in England,—not so, at least, in proportion to the difference found in rural or semi-rural

employment. Carpenters and masons in small towns earn from 6s. to 7s. 6d. a day,—without rations,—the lower being the more common rate of the two. Gardeners and grooms, when men get employment in such occupations, receive about 20s. a week and rations. Maid-servants in the towns are paid 10s. a week,—being hired almost invariably for the short term, and not, as with us, by the month.

If we may take 17s. 6d. as the average money wages of a labouring man, he will receive in the year something over £45, besides his food. It must be understood also that in most of the occupations specified shelter is afforded;—a place, that is, in which to cook, to sleep, and to eat. The man brings his own blankets, but he has a bunk on which he can lie, and the use of a hut. If, therefore, a man be unmarried and really careful, he can very quickly save enough money to enable himself to start as a buyer of land. I now presume myself to be addressing some young English labourer; and the young English labourer is doubtless certain that, when the circumstances described become his own, he will be prudent. I hope he may. There is no reason whatever why he should not. Those among whom he works will respect and even like him the better for it,—and those for whom he works will of course do so. He will have every facility for saving his money, which will be paid to him in comparatively large sums, by cheques. Perhaps he will do so. I am bound to tell him that I have my doubts about it. I shall very much respect him if he does; but, judging from the habits of others of his class, and from the experience of those who know the colony, I think that he will take his cheque to a public-house, give it to the publican, get drunk, and remain so till the publican tells him that the cheque has been consumed. The publican will probably let him eat and drink for a fortnight, and will then turn him out penniless, to begin again. He will begin again, and repeat the same folly time after time, till he will teach himself to think that it is the normal condition of his life.

A Queensland gentleman told me the story of a certain shearer who had shorn for him year after year, and had always gone through the same process of “knocking down

his cheque," as the work is technically called. He liked the man, and on one occasion remonstrated with him as he handed him the paper, explaining to him the madness of the proceeding. Would he not on that occasion be content to get drunk only on a portion of his money, and put the remainder into a savings-bank? No ;—the man said that when he had earned his money he liked to feel that he could do what he pleased with it. So he took his cheque,—and started for the nearest town. On the following day he returned,—to the astonishment of his employer, who knew that the knocking down of so substantial a cheque should have occupied perhaps three weeks,—and told his story. Having a little silver in his pocket, and having thought much of what had been said to him, he had "planted" his cheque when he found himself near the town. In the language of the colonies, to plant a thing is to hide it. He had planted his cheque, and gone on to the publican with his silver. To set to work to get drunk was a matter of course. He did get drunk,—but the publican seemed to have had some doubt as to the propriety of supplying him freely. Why had not the man brought out his cheque in the usual manly way at once, instead of paying with loose silver for a few "nobblers" for himself and the company? The publican put him to bed drunk,—stretching him out on some bunk or board in the customary hospitable manner ; but he had his suspicions. Could it be that his old friend should have no cheque after shearing? It behoved him, at any rate, to know. The knocking down of an imaginary cheque would be dreadful to the publican. So the publican stripped him and examined all his clothing, looked into his boots, and felt well through the possible secrets of every garment. The man, though drunk and drugged, was not so drunk or drugged but what he knew and understood the proceeding. He had not paid enough for a sufficient amount of drugs and liquor to make him absolutely senseless. The cheque had been securely planted, and nothing was found. On the next morning he was turned out ignominiously by the justly indignant owner of the house ; but in the tree by the roadside he found his cheque, and returned with it to the station a wiser and a better man.

And yet I do not say that the Queensland labourers are drunkards. I call a man a drunkard who is habitually drunk,—not him who gets drunk once or twice a year, though the drunkenness on those special occasions be ever so vigorous. These men at their work are almost invariably sober. The sheds or establishments at which they are employed are often far from any place at which drink can be bought, and from their employers they can get none. During their work they are not allowed to drink. In this respect they are under a restraint quite unintelligible to the ordinary English labourer. For weeks and weeks they go on, drinking nothing but tea. The pint of beer which is the Englishman's heaven is an unknown institution in the colonies. This sobriety, whether enforced or voluntary, during the period of employment has become so much a thing of course, that it is expected and is matter of no complaint. They smoke much tobacco, drink much tea, eat much mutton,—and work very hard. Then comes the short holiday, in which they knock down their cheques and live like brutes.

It must be allowed that the nature of the lives which these men live offers some excuse for their folly. During these periods of work they herd together like sailors on board a ship. Their home is at the wool-shed, or on the station, or somewhere about the establishment. They are, as it were, always subject to discipline, as are sailors and schoolboys ; —and, like sailors and schoolboys, when they shake off their discipline they are “wild for a spree.” There is no other spree open to the man but such as the publican can give him. He finds himself with a large sum of money in his hand,—which is all his own, and he is determined to have whatever enjoyment he can obtain. He has been debarred from liquor perhaps, for months, during which he has felt himself to be little better than a slave. Now he is free. For what has he toiled with unremitting labour and rigid enforced sobriety if he may not enjoy his freedom ? So he knocks down his cheque ; and then he begins again.

Of course there are varieties in the life. The man may have a wife who will restrain him, or a wife whom he will

neglect, or a wife who can help in knocking down cheques. The married men generally do best, and are restrained, caring for their wives and children. When a man has obtained for himself a fixed home,—perhaps a homestead with a bit of land,—he returns thither instead of to a wonted drinking-shop. But the evil which I have described is so general, as to make it necessary that the would-be emigrant should know the temptations which he will encounter. We are often told in England that drink is the bane of the Australian colonies ;—and as we know well the constancy of the habit with those of our own population who are given to beer or gin,—the bi-weekly or perhaps nightly attendance at the liquor-shop,—we are induced to believe that the same vice prevails in the same form but with aggravated force in Australia. Speaking, not of the towns, but of the country, I think that this is not the case. Australian drunkenness is not of the English type. It is more reckless, more extravagant, more riotous,—to the imagination of the man infinitely more magnificent ;—but it is less enduring, and certainly upon the whole less debasing.

The man, even if he have no wife, need not make himself a fool and a beast. The young would-be emigrant whom I am addressing will, at any rate, resolve that he will never knock down his cheque. He has my best wishes with him in that resolution, and my assurance that if he will keep it, he will certainly save money. He is to earn wages at the rate of £45 per annum over and above his food, and, if he be unmarried, he will be at no expense for house-rent or fuel while he is employed. He must clothe himself and furnish himself with a pair of blankets. The rest of his money he may save. In three years, provided he be gifted with that power of abstaining from drink altogether which my young friend intends to exercise, he will find himself the owner of £75 or £80, even after he have maintained himself for some weeks in each year, during which he may probably have been looking for fresh employment. What shall he do with his £75 so that he may be a happy and prosperous man?

Nothing but a strong conviction on my part that I shall

never again be in Australia, never again meet those friendly squatters at whose tables I have sat, whose hospitality I have enjoyed, with whom I have discussed these matters, and whose hatred of the free-selector I understand and appreciate, emboldens me to tell this young man that his best opening in colonial life is to buy a bit of land. I live in the hope that at home I may yet meet many a squatter whom I have known in the colonies ;—but I shall meet them one at a time, and may hope to be able to endure any attack that may be made on me. “And you,—after all that you have seen,”—the squatter would say,—“after all that we have told you, after the pains we have been at to give you colonial experience and make you know the truth,—you recommend this young man to buy land, to become a farmer on soil which will produce no farmer’s crop, to place himself where he must necessarily hate and be hated, to become a cattle-stealer in order that he may live, and to bring up his children to be cattle-stealers after his example ! You understand the colonies ! You are ignorant of the colonies as are all Englishmen,—those who stay at home equally with those who come out here for awhile and then go back crammed with folly and falsehood by interested persons.”

There is something admirable, or at least enviable, in the rock-fast conviction of men, the leading principles of whose lives have been formed by the combined strength of education, custom, and interest. It is so with the Australian squatter, who does not feel more sure that he himself will be injured by the operation of the free-selector than that the free-selector himself will be ruined by it. The squatter produces wool, and knows that wool is the staple produce of the colonies. To his thinking, success in wool means Australian greatness, and any drawback on that success, Australian misfortune. Any laws which may interfere with his pastoral and almost patriarchal views of life seem to him to emanate from democracy and the devil. He gets into parliament himself,—going up to Brisbane, if he be a Queenslander, at great personal inconvenience, feeling but little personal ambition as to his seat,—only that he may check the making

of such laws. He knows that there must and will be land-laws in his colony, having the same melancholy certainty in the success of democracy and the devil as that which pervades the mind of an English Tory. He will even frame the land-law himself,—the very land-law which is to give power to the free-selector,—as the Tory in England has framed laws for extended suffrage and the like. The English Tory when he is among his friends does not scruple to declare his hatred for the work of his own hands. In parliament it is necessary to be conciliatory, ready to yield, and almost submissive ;—but in private life every one knows of course that these changes are the work of democracy and the devil. It is really the same with the Australian Tory, as with his cousin at home. There must be land-laws, and the law must throw open the squatter's run to the rapacity of the free-selector ;—but not the less is the free-selector an abomination and a curse. Personally, I love a squatter. I like to hear his grievances and to sympathize with them. I can make myself at home with him ;—and can talk to him of his sheep more comfortably than I can to a miner of his gold, or a merchant of his dealings. But on principle I take the part of the free-selector. When the young man shall have got together his £75, my advice to him is to lay it out in the purchase of land ;—a small part of it in purchase, so that the remainder may be applied to building and improvement.

As to the cattle-stealing,—at any rate it is not a necessity. That cattle-stealing and sheep-stealing are common practices, is undoubtedly true ; and the squatter is generally the victim, while the free-selector is as generally the thief. The herds and flocks are so large, and are so far removed from inspection, that such theft is easy. A beast is slain on the run, and skinned, and, if the skin be taken away or hidden, or burned, is hardly missed. A great deal is done in cattle-stealing, but I look on the assertion that free-selectors are as a rule cattle-stealers as monstrous. And it is monstrous also to suggest that a man should not purchase a tract of land, lest he should become a cattle-stealer under stress of circumstances.



In that assertion that the free-selecting farmer can grow nothing for which he can find a ready market, there is more reliable truth. In speaking of Queensland it must be acknowledged that the free-selector finds it difficult to get ready money for the fruits of his labour. Wheat he cannot produce. It will fail twice with him for once that it will thrive. The alternation of wet weather and dry weather are not sufficiently certain, and the periods of drought or flood are too long for the growth of wheat. I do not know that sugar and wheat have ever thriven in close neighbourhood with each other. He can grow maize, or Indian corn as we call it; and as horses in Queensland, when corn-fed at all, are fed upon maize, there is a sale for it; but the farmer selling it will probably find himself driven to truck it for tea, sugar, or other stores. In the neighbourhood of Ipswich, some five-and-twenty miles from Brisbane, the farmer may grow cotton,—for which there is a ready sale. But in truth for the present the Queensland free-selector, if he follow my advice, will not attempt to earn his bread by selling the produce of his land. He will not at any rate regard that as the sole means or mainstay of his existence. He will build for himself a house and will gradually clear and fence his land. He will keep a few cows and poultry, and will supply himself and his family from his own farm. Then during a period of the year he will work for wages,—and will bring his cheque home with him when the work is done.

In five years or in ten, according to the mode of selection which the intending purchaser may adopt, he will be a freeholder;—but during these five or ten years he will have all the fixity of tenure in his land which belongs to a freehold. He will have learned before he makes his selection the manner in which this is to be done, and will have learned much also of the nature of the land to be selected. The system under which he will select is fully explained in an appendix to this volume, in which an extract is given from a Digest of the Queensland Crown Lands Alienation Act of 1868. It will show the intending purchaser that two modes of purchase are open to him, under one of which he may

purchase as small a farm as forty acres, or as large a tract of land as 10,880 acres. For the forty acres he will have to pay 15*s.* an acre, but will have ten years in which to pay it,—so that he will be called upon for no more than £3 per annum, and at the end of ten years the land will be his own, if he have complied with the required conditions as to improvements. But the man whom I am now addressing will probably choose the other system,—and will buy what is called a homestead. In making this purchase he will find personal residence to be enjoined,—but personal residence will be his intention. By this system he can buy forty acres, or any number of acres not exceeding eighty, of so-called agricultural land. And for this he must pay 9*d.* an acre for five years,—3*s.* 9*d.* an acre altogether,—and then the land will be his own, to do with it as he pleases.

The terms certainly do not seem to be hard. If the ambitious would-be freeholder desire to become master of the full amount allowed,—the eighty acres of agricultural land,—he will have to pay but £3 per annum as rent in advance, and will have to pay that only for five years! It is very alluring to the would-be freeholder. Let him not, however, suppose that because the land which he will buy is described as “agricultural,” that he will find hedges and ditches, furrows and headlands, and the like. The land will be land just as nature has produced it, but it will be land which on survey shall be declared to be fit for agricultural purposes.

There is perhaps no feeling stronger in the mind of man than the desire to own a morsel of land. In England efforts which have been made to enable the working man to become the owner even of the house in which he lives have hardly as yet met with much success. In the first place the price of land is too high, and in the second place the earnings of the working man are too low. In many cases in which the thing has been tried the creation of parliamentary voters has been the real object, and the possession of the freehold in the hands of the inhabitant has been no more than nominal. In England if a working man become a freeholder, he can hardly be free on his freehold. He cannot possess himself of the absolute property unencumbered by debt. If he feel

the passion strong he must indulge it on some new-found soil, where the old forest still stands, where a man's work is as yet worth more than many acres. I do not know that he can do it anywhere on much better terms than in Queensland;—but he must understand that the land is cheap because the struggle required to make it useful is severe.

The labourer who can live and save his money, who can refrain from knocking down his cheque, may no doubt in Queensland become the real lord of all around him and dwell on his own land in actual independence. As far as I have seen the lives of such men, they never want for food,—are never without abundance of food. Meat and tea and bread they always have in their houses. The houses themselves are often rough—sheds at first made of bark till the free-selector can with his own hands put up some stronger and more endurable edifice; but they are never so squalid as are many of our cottages at home. For a labouring man, such as I have described, life in Queensland is infinitely better than life at home. It is sometimes very rough, and must sometimes be very solitary. And Queensland is very hot. But there is plenty to eat and drink;—work is well remunerated;—and the working man, if he can refrain from drink, may hold his own in Queensland, and may enjoy as much independence as is given to any man in this world.

## APPENDIX.

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### APPENDIX No. I.

*Regulations under which free-selections of Land can be made in New South Wales, taken from MacPhaile's Australian Squatting Directory.*

Crown Lands, other than town or suburban lands, and not being within a gold-field, nor under lease for mining purposes to any person other than the applicant for purchase, and not being within ten miles from the outside boundary of any city or town containing according to the last census 10,000 inhabitants, or five miles from a town of 5,000 inhabitants, or three miles from a town of 1,000 inhabitants, or two miles from a town or village of 100 inhabitants, and not reserved for any public purpose, and not containing improvements, shall be open for conditional sale by selection, the selector tendering at the Land Office a written application for the conditional purchase of not less than 40 and not more than 320 acres at 20s. per acre, and paying a deposit of 25 per cent., and in case there be more than one application at the same time for the same land or any part thereof, the application shall be decided by lot; and Crown lands within gold-fields, not within areas excluded by proclamation, and not occupied for gold-mining purposes, shall be open for sale in like manner, provided that properly authorised persons may, at any time, be at liberty to dig and search for gold within the land selected, and that, should such land be found to contain auriferous deposits, it shall be within the power of the Governor in Council to annul the sale, but the conditional purchaser shall be entitled to compensation by appraisalment of the value other than auriferous:

If at the time of purchase such land shall not have been surveyed by the Government, temporary boundaries shall be determined by the conditional purchaser, who shall within one month after such time of purchase occupy the land. And any dispute respecting such boundaries shall be settled by arbitration: Provided that if such land shall not be surveyed by the Government within twelve months from the date of application, it shall be lawful for the purchaser to withdraw his application, and demand and recover back any deposit paid by him, or the

purchaser shall have the option of having the land surveyed by a duly qualified licensed surveyor, and the expense of such survey shall be allowed to such purchaser as part payment of his purchase money, such expense to be allowed in accordance with the scale of charges fixed or to be fixed by the Surveyor-General.

Crown lands conditionally purchased under this Act shall, if measured by the authority of the Government previously to such purchase, be taken in portions as measured, if not exceeding 320 acres, and, if unmeasured, and having frontage to any river, creek, road, or intended road, shall, if within the first-class settled districts, have a depth of not less than twenty chains, and otherwise shall have a depth of not less than sixty chains, and shall have their boundaries, other than the frontages, directed to the cardinal points by compass, and if having no frontages as aforesaid, shall be measured in square blocks, and with boundaries directed to such cardinal points: Provided that should it seem to the Minister to be expedient, the boundaries of portions having frontages may be made approximately, at right angles with the frontage, and otherwise modified, and the boundaries of portions having no frontages may be modified, and necessary roadways and water reserves excluded from such measurement.

At the expiration of three years from the date of conditional purchase of any such land as aforesaid, or within three months thereafter, the balance of the purchase money shall be tendered at the office of the Colonial Treasurer, together with a declaration by the conditional purchaser or his alienee, or some other person in the opinion of the Minister competent in that behalf, under the Act 9 Victoria No. 9, to the effect that improvements as hereinbefore defined have been made upon such land, specifying the nature, extent, and value of such improvements, and that such land has been, from the date of occupation, the *bonâ fide* residence, either continuously of the original purchaser, or of some alienee or successive alienees of his whole estate and interest therein, and that no such alienation has been made by any holder thereof until after the *bonâ fide* residence thereon of such holder for one whole year at the least. And upon the Minister being satisfied by such declaration, and the certificate of the Land Agent of the district, or other proper officer, of the facts aforesaid, the Colonial Treasurer shall receive and acknowledge the remaining purchase-money, and a grant of the fee-simple, but with reservation of any minerals which the land may contain, shall be made to the then rightful owner: Provided that should such lands have been occupied and improved as aforesaid, and should interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on the balance of the purchase-money be paid within the said three months to the Colonial Treasurer, the payment of such balance may be deferred to a period within three months after the 1st of January then next ensuing; and may be so deferred from year to year by payment of such interest during the first quarter of each year. But in default of the above requirements, the land shall revert to Her Majesty, and be liable to be sold at auction, and the deposit shall be forfeited.

## APPENDIX NO. II.

*Regulations under which free-selections of Land can be effected in Queensland, taken from a digest of the Queensland Crown Lands Alienation Act of 1868.*

*Conditional Purchases.*

This portion of the Act contains some of the most important provisions, and embodies novel principles, both in the legislation of Queensland and the other colonies. In the first place, land can be purchased on easier terms of payment, both as regards price and time for payment, than under previous Acts. Larger areas can also be secured, by which means both agricultural and pastoral farming may be combined in one selection. Secondly, the land is classified, and the rate of purchase money proportioned to its value, in connection with its capabilities.

The foregoing are the main features in the Act relating to conditional purchases, with the exception of certain conditions which the selector has to comply with, and which have been introduced into the Act in order to prevent undue monopoly of land, or selection solely with a view to speculative purposes. These conditions impart to the measure a practical character; as, with the encouragement afforded to purchase land on liberal terms, provision is made for its being turned to useful account, and a certain expenditure made on it.

The lands open to settlement are—

*Firstly.*—The Crown lands in the settled districts not under lease or licence.

*Secondly.*—The lands on the resumed halves of runs, inclusive of the railway reserves, which extend three miles on each side of the railway lines throughout their entire length.

*Thirdly.*—The lands in large township reserves, not less than two miles in a direct line from the nearest town lot.

The following will show the lands open to selection on the 31st December, 1870, in the several districts.

	<i>Acres.</i>
Moreton . . . . .	1,994,169
Darling Downs . . . . .	650,000
Wide Bay and Burnett . . . . .	2,706,979
Port Curtis . . . . .	3,545,600
Kennedy . . . . .	4,178,020
Cook and North Cook . . . . .	18,368,000
Burke . . . . .	4,746,000
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>36,188,768</b>

These lands constitute the area available for selection under the Act.

The areas allowed to be selected by any one person, and the rates of purchase money per acre, are as follows :—

Agricultural land, not less than 40, nor more than 640, at 15s. per acre.

First-class pastoral land, not less than 80, nor more than 2,560, at 10s. per acre.

Second-class pastoral land, not less than 80, nor more than 7,680, at 5s. per acre.

It is not permitted to exceed the maximum areas prescribed for each class of land. The selection may be in one or not more than three blocks—one of each class being allowed ; and provision is made for adjacent lands being selected by the occupant, provided the boundaries are continuous and the maximum area of each class is not exceeded. In township and railway reserves the land cannot be classed lower than first-class pastoral.

The mode of taking up land is in this way :—The applicant attends at a land agent's office, and having ascertained that the land which he wishes to select is available, he lodges an application in triplicate, accompanied with the amount of the first year's rent and survey fee. This application sufficiently explains itself. It contains a declaration that the applicant lives in Queensland, is above the age of twenty-one years, and that he applies for the land in his own behalf and use, and not as agent or trustee for any other person. He further declares that he intends to use the same, and that he has not entered into any agreement to sell, demise, or mortgage it. These declarations are required by the Act. The application should also contain a clear description of the boundaries, with reference to some known feature or previous survey. The area and the particulars of the first year's rent, being one-tenth of the whole purchase-money, whether in cash or land orders, are also to be furnished. With respect to the area, it may be remarked that each class of land may be included in one application. For example :—

		<i>Acres. At per acre.</i>		<i>First year's rent.</i>	
		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	£	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>
Agricultural land . . .	50	1	6	3	15 0
First-class pastoral land. .	100	1	0	5	0 0
Second-class pastoral land .	200	0	6	5	0 0
<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total . . .	350	Annual rent		£13	15 0

The applicant in the first instance puts his own class upon the land applied for. On receipt by the land agent of this application, an entry is made in a book, called the "Application Book," which the applicant signs. This entry governs the priority of the selection at the time the Commissioner deals with it, as hereafter described ; and on the land agent giving the applicant a receipt for his rent, no further proceedings are to be taken until the next Commissioner's Court Sitting, which

occurs about once a fortnight, at which the applicant or his agent must attend, when the acceptance or the rejection of the application is publicly declared. After such declaration, the deposits of rent previously paid on rejected applications are then refunded to the applicants by the Commissioner, and, in the case of those provisionally approved, instructions are sent to a surveyor to effect a survey of the selection. At the time the survey is being carried out, means are taken to verify the classification put upon the land by the selector; and if the Commissioner, through the surveyor, or a competent witness, or his own personal knowledge, considers that the land should be classified at a higher rate, he is empowered to call upon the selector to pay a sufficient sum to cover the balance due on such higher classification; and if the demand be not attended to within three months, the land becomes forfeited. After the boundaries are surveyed and the rents adjusted, the Government will issue a so-called lease for ten years, at a yearly rent of one-tenth of the purchase-money. This lease will contain certain provisions, of which the following are the principal ones:—

1. The lease shall date from the nearest first day of January or July to date of application.

2. The annual rent reserved for every acre, or fraction of an acre, shall be, except in the case of second payments—

Agricultural land, 1s. 6d. per acre.

First-class pastoral, 1s.

Second-class pastoral, 6d.

to be paid in cash to the land agent of the district in which the selection is situated, on or before the 31st day of March in each year.

The second payment on all selections under the Act shall be made on or before the 31st day of March following the date of selection: and the said payment, together with the twelve months' rent paid at time of selection, shall cover the period from such selection to the next succeeding 31st day of March. The second payment in each case will, therefore, be proportionate to the number of clear months intervening between the expiration of the twelve months from date of selection and the following 31st day of March.

As this second payment covers a broken period, the last payment under the lease (the eleventh) will be the balance of the full year's rent, which is not demanded on the 31st day of March following the date of selection. The second and the eleventh payments will, therefore, together amount to a full year's rent. All the other annual payments will be as above stated.

3. The lessee shall within six months from completion of survey erect substantial boundary posts along the measured boundaries of the land, at distances not exceeding five chains apart, or shall erect a good and substantial fence along such boundary. If the posts fall into decay, the Commissioner of the district



can require the lessee to replace them, and if this is not done may inflict a fine for the neglect.

4. During the currency of such lease the Governor, or any person authorised in that behalf, may make entry to dig and remove gold or other metals, &c., provided that any damage done to the lessee shall be made good to him, the amount to be determined by arbitration.
5. Residence in person, or by bailiff, is necessary during the currency of the lease.
6. In the case of pastoral land,—if the lessee shall prove within three years from date of selection, by two credible witnesses, to the satisfaction of the Commissioner, that he has resided in person, or by bailiff, on the said land for a period of two years, and that a sum at the rate of not less than ten shillings per acre for first-class pastoral land, and five shillings an acre for second-class pastoral land, has been expended in substantial improvements, or that he has fenced in the said land with a substantial fence, then the Commissioner shall issue a certificate that the conditions aforesaid have been duly performed, and the lessee shall be entitled to a deed of grant in fee-simple on the payment of the balance of the ten years' rent.
7. In the case of agricultural land,—if the lessee shall similarly prove, within three years from date of selection, that he has resided in person, or by bailiff, for a period of not less than two years, and that he has expended a sum equal to ten shillings per acre, or that he has fenced in the land with a substantial fence, he shall be entitled to a certificate from the Commissioner that the conditions have been performed, and to a grant of the land on payment of the balance of the ten years' rent; but if at any time during the currency of the lease he shall prove that one-tenth part of the land has been cultivated, he shall be absolved from the conditions of residence, and a grant shall issue on payment of the balance of rent as aforesaid.
8. No transfer or assignment of any lease can be allowed until the lessee has obtained a certificate, as above described, from the Commissioner: but after the issue of such certificate, transfer may proceed, with the sanction of the Government, on payment of ten shillings for the registration thereof.
9. After the certificate is obtained, balance of purchase-money may be paid up in one sum in cash.
10. The Government reserves a right to resume land for road purposes during ten years, on payment of twice the amount which should have been paid as rent or purchase-money on such land, and when the land is enclosed, the Government will be required to fence off the road from adjacent land.

The above are the conditions on which the leases are issued. They are given in detail in order that the principle of the Act relating to

conditional purchases may be clearly understood. It may be remembered, that a failure to comply with the conditions referred to in sections six and seven, as above, within three years, will deprive the lessee of the right to transfer his interest or to purchase the fee-simple of the land during the currency of the lease.

The general rules applicable to conditional purchases include certain restrictions respecting the shape of the selections, and the proportion of frontage allowed on rivers or roads; also, with respect to monopoly of water or other privileges, which it is not necessary to enter upon, further than to state that they are required for the protection of the public interests. It may, however, be added, that conditional purchasers are restricted, under a penalty, from depasturing more than twenty head of cattle, or fifty sheep, for every hundred acres of land, until their selections are securely fenced. This provision is rendered necessary, as the pastoral lessee is entitled to a license to depasture stock, under certain limitations, on the resumed half of the run, and, therefore, his interest has to be protected. With this view, the cattle and sheep of the conditional purchasers and pastoral licenses must have a distinctive brand, to be registered at the Commissioner's Office.

#### *Homesteads.*

The introduction of the clauses referring to homesteads in the Act, is one of its distinctive features. The idea was mainly derived from American legislation, which is universally acknowledged to have proved successful in promoting settlement on the land. It has also worked well in this colony, so far as can be judged. Since the Act came into operation, 1,661 homesteads have been taken up; and as some further particulars respecting this class of selections will probably prove interesting, a return of the number in each of the settled districts is given.

<i>District.</i>	<i>Homesteads.</i>
Moreton . . . . .	1,239
Darling Downs . . . . .	162
Wide Bay and Burnett . . . . .	144
Port Curtis . . . . .	67
Kennedy . . . . .	49
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>1,661</b>

With the view of setting clearly before the public the fullest information respecting homesteads, the following compilation, embracing every particular in connection with the provisions of the Act relating to that class of selections, has been inserted. The mode of application is similar to that for conditional purchases.

#### *Persons entitled to select homesteads.*

1. Any person being a natural-born or naturalised subject of Her Majesty, who is the head of a family, or is twenty-one or more years of

age, is entitled to select a homestead; or any person owning and residing on land, may enter other land lying contiguous to said land, which shall not with the land already owned and occupied exceed 160 acres.

*Persons not entitled to select homesteads.*

2. No married woman, who has not obtained a decree for judicial separation, or an order binding in Queensland, protecting her separate property, is entitled to select a homestead.

*Assisted Immigrants entitled after three years' residence in the Colony.*

3. Any person arriving hereafter in the colony, either wholly or in part, at the public expense, will not be entitled to select a homestead until he has lived three years continuously in the colony.

*Land available for selections.*

4. Selectors of homesteads are entitled to select any land proclaimed or otherwise open to general selection by lease.

*Areas of homesteads.*

5. Selections by homestead leases must be in one block, and are not to exceed 80 acres of agricultural or 160 acres of pastoral lands.

*Roads and permanent water.*

6. Applications will be subject to regulations concerning survey, roads, and prevention of monopoly of permanent water.

*Applications may include two classes of land.*

7. Selectors of homesteads may include the two classes of agricultural and pastoral land in their applications, provided the area of each does not exceed the proportionate equivalent of the gross acreage allowable for each class under the Act.

*Improvements must be paid for.*

8. Where there are improvements on the land selected as a homestead, the selector must state in his application the nature of them, and his estimate of their value, and at the same time pay the amount to the land agent. If, on valuation, any further sum is awarded, it must be paid within one month after date of award.

*Rent payable on homestead selections.*

9. The rent payable on homestead selections is *9d.* per acre on agricultural land, and *6d.* per acre on first and second class pastoral land, paid yearly in advance for five years from date of entry.

*Payment of rent, and penalty for default.*

10. The first year's rent on homestead selections must be paid either in cash or land orders at the time of making the application. The second and all subsequent annual rents must be paid to the land agent, in cash, on or before the 31st March in each year; in default of such payment the lease will be forfeited, and the land selected, and all improvements on it, will revert to the Crown. The second payments on all homesteads are computed in the same way as in the case of conditional purchases, the amount being proportionate to the number of clear months intervening between the date of selection and 31st day of March following.

*Forfeiture may be defeated.*

11. The lessee may defeat forfeiture for non-payment of rent by paying to the land agent in cash, within 90 days of the day on which the rent has fallen due, a sum equal to the annual rent, with one-fourth added as a penalty. But if the rent and penalty be not paid within such ninety days, the lease will be absolutely forfeited, and the lessee, or any person claiming under him, will be deemed a trespasser upon Crown lands, and liable to be removed therefrom.

*Conditions to be fulfilled before Crown grant is issued.*

12. The lessee or his family must have resided five years continuously on the land, and cultivated one-tenth part of it; or, in addition to residence as aforesaid, he must have fenced in the land with a good and substantial fence, during the time of five years immediately succeeding the date of his application to enter on such land. At the expiration of five years, or at any time within two years thereafter, upon proving to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of the district, by two credible witnesses, that the above conditions have been complied with, and making an affidavit that no part of said land has been alienated, the lessee will be entitled to a Crown grant.\*

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\* It will be observed that in the case of a homestead the residence must be *personal*—in the case of an ordinary selection it may be by *agent*.

*May purchase at upset price.*

13. The lessee may at any time after two years, and before the expiration of five years, obtain a Crown grant, by paying the upset price for the quantity of land taken up, and giving proof as before-mentioned of residence and cultivation of one-tenth part.

*Lessee dying before obtaining Crown grant.*

14. If the lessee die before obtaining the Crown grant, his widow, or, in case of her death, his heirs or devisees, or in case of a widow being the lessee, her heirs or devisees, on proving the fulfilment of the conditions as above, may obtain the Crown grant.

*Parents dying and leaving an infant or children under twenty-one years of age.*

15. If both father and mother die, leaving an infant child or children under twenty-one years of age, such child or children shall have a right to the land, and the executors, administrators, or guardians may at any time after the death of the surviving parent, sell said lands for the benefit of said infants, but for no other purpose, and the purchaser shall acquire the absolute title by the purchase, and be entitled to the Crown grant on payment of the deed fees.

*Homesteads not liable for debt.*

16. Homesteads acquired under the Act of 1868 are not in any case liable to the satisfaction of any debt or debts contracted prior to the issuing of the Crown grant thereof.

*Mode of proceeding to obtain a homestead.*

17. Having selected a site for a homestead within the limits appointed by the Government as open for selection, make application to the land agent of the district, and fill in the under-mentioned form in triplicate, which must then be declared before a magistrate, and pay the first year's rent in land orders or cash, and the survey fee in cash.

[Then follow certain forms which, as they can only be wanted in the colony, need not be reprinted here.]

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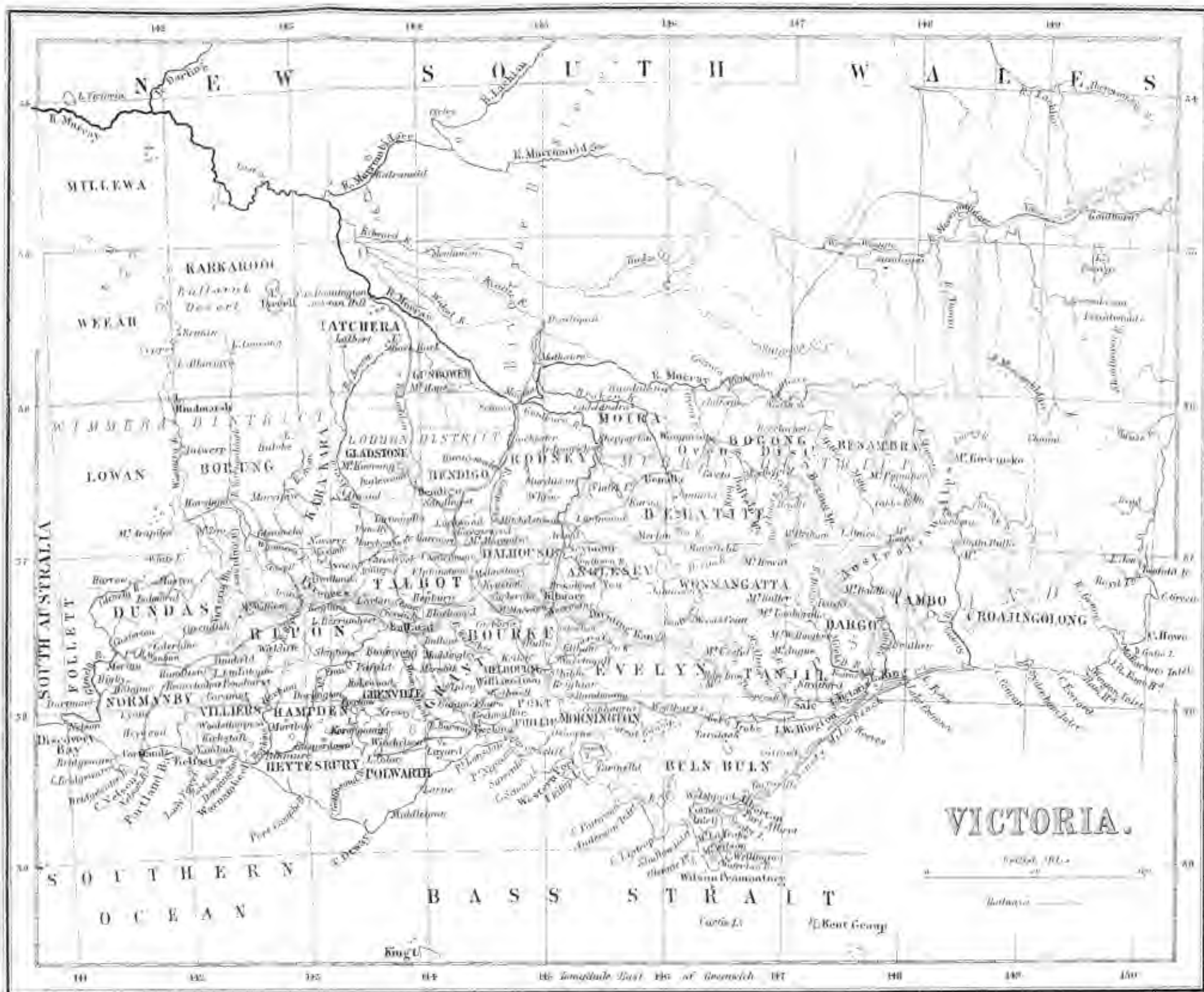
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PART II.

VICTORIA AND TASMANIA.



# VICTORIA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### SEPARATION.

I PROPOSE in this chapter to say a few words as to the treatment which the Australian colonies generally have received and are receiving from the mother country. In the next I will endeavour to trace very shortly the early history of the most populous and most important in the group, and in doing so I will take my facts from a pamphlet lately published by Mr. G. W. Rusden, of Melbourne;—than whom I have found no one better informed on the affairs of Australia generally, and whose information, conveyed in a small compass, is the latest that has been given to us,—bearing date September, 1871.

It may perhaps be right that I should state that Mr. Rusden's pamphlet is dedicated to myself, lest they who are disposed to think that I am here repaying one compliment by another may claim to have "found me out" should they ever happen to have the two books in their hands at the same time. I find it also convenient to allude to the circumstance, in order that I may take this occasion of expressing an opinion as to the future destiny of our Australian colonies, which is specially evoked by a certain passage in Mr. Rusden's dedication. He, a colonist, seems to regard the colonies as an element in England's future glory,—to look upon Victoria, for instance, as one of the gems by which that glory is to be maintained and consum-

mated. I, on the other hand, who am an Englishman, look upon the colonies as an element, and a very material element, in the future happiness of Englishmen,—or of men and women of English origin,—thinking that England's glory should be left altogether out of the question in any consideration of the matter. Mr. Rusden speaks of the revolt of the American colonies having been brought about by the “wicked folly of Grenville and North,” as though the effects of that revolt were still to be deplored, and implies that any act tending to the separation of the Australian colonies from the mother country would be tainted with the same folly and partake of the same wickedness. It is most remarkable that this should be the aspect in which the future of these Australian colonies is regarded by all the best minds among the colonists. One hardly meets with an exception among educated men of British origin. The few of this class who entertain feelings and opinions of an opposite tendency are generally Irishmen, whose immigration has been of a comparatively late date.

I hope that I am not myself dead to England's glory. I am indeed well aware that my own feeling on the matter—my own belief in my own country's pre-excellence—is so near to self-praise, that it should be checked rather than enforced. But I cannot believe that the homes of millions of human beings around the world are to be made subject to any special form of government, or that their mode of living is to be regulated in any special fashion, because such may be the form of government and such the fashion of living adopted by the country from which those millions have sprung, and whose language those millions speak. This form of government and this fashion of living may be the best the world has yet known. I, with my English idiosyncrasies, do believe that they are so. I believe further,—that we at home, with the honest, high-spirited, high-handed, blundering philanthropy which is peculiar to us, have, in spite of all the abuse which we have lavished upon ourselves in the matter, done nearly the best that we could have done with these colonies. But not on that account can I bring myself to look forward to their being kept as

"gems" in England's "diadem." As long as the national prosperity of the colonies can be advanced by their dependence on England, that dependence England is bound, both morally and politically, to maintain. When the time shall come in which the colonies can serve themselves better by separation than by prolonged adherence, England, I think, should let them go. The difficulty will consist in fixing the time;—but this question of time is one which must be solved mainly by the colonies themselves. It will be for them to declare, as it was for the United States, when that time shall have come. It will be for us to take care that, when the time does come, the work of separation may be effected, not only without hostility, but without acerbating roughness.

"Here is a continent secured," says Mr. Rusden, "as never was continent secured by the genius of one man, for his countrymen to occupy." The one man is Mr. Pitt, to whose policy and firmness in opposing the attempts which were being made at the same time and with the same object by the French government Mr. Rusden attributes the final acquisition by England of Australia. "On the soil of Victoria there stand between seven and eight hundred thousand persons where twenty years ago there stood some seventy thousand. Thus fresh from their native land, are they not bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh to all living Englishmen as fully as if they still stood on English soil? Must it not be the shabbiest of statesmanship either in England or in the colony which would fret away the ties that bind the one to the other?"

Of course it is matter of pride to us Englishmen that there should be so many of our people in Victoria,—and matter of higher pride that there should be some forty millions speaking our language, and living almost entirely by our laws, and in accordance with our fashions, on the continent of North America. We may probably take the language spoken as the truest indication of the influence of nationality and the justest source of national pride. From our little island we have sent forth a people speaking English who are spreading themselves over all the world.

It is a much greater boast than that of ruling dependencies on which the sun never sets. Though none of the English-speaking nations on the farther side of the globe should any longer acknowledge themselves to be dependent on England, it would matter nothing to the happiness of the race, and nothing to the true glory of the nationality,—so long as the numbers increased, and the material prosperity of those numbers. We are very proud of Victoria,—very proud of having colonised a country rich in gold and rich in flocks, and fitted by nature not only to support but to maintain and to increase the energy which is the gift of our race. We hope that the seven or eight hundred thousand may, as years run on, be quickly raised to millions. That they should have increased so rapidly, and been so prosperous in their increase, is to all of us a matter of self-congratulation. Though individually we at home may be less conversant than we ought with the details of Australian affairs, we keep a sufficiently accurate record in our minds of her rising condition among the communities of the world. We know that the Australians are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, as fully as though they still stood on English soil. And we know the same of the Americans of the United States,—in spite of the “Alabama” and indirect claims; in spite of rows about the “Trent;” in spite of existing political differences; in spite of hostilities, should there be hostilities; and in spite even of war, should there be war. The grandchildren of our grandfathers are living there in prosperity and freedom, worshipping the God whom we worship, speaking the language which we speak, obeying the laws which we obey, and animated by that resolve to rule themselves, and to be free from the rule of individuals, which they took from our shores, and which is as strong with us as it is with them.

I deny, therefore, altogether the shabbiness of the statesmanship, whether in England or in the colonies, which would,—not fret away,—but gradually dissolve the ties which bind the one to the other. Such statesmanship,—when it exists, for as yet I am not aware that it has existed,—may be wrong, may be premature, may be one-sided, may



indeed possibly be shabby. Of what matter open to statesmanship may not the same be said? But to declare that the statesmanship must be shabby that shall have the object of allowing the colonies to start themselves as a separate people at some future time, is to pronounce an opinion,—that indeed may be excused by the warm love of country which it indicates,—but which can never stand an argument.

I am not aware that any British statesman has as yet entertained the idea of dividing the mother country from her Australian colonies,—has ever thought that the time has now come in which he himself might go to work and arrange the terms of separation. But I imagine that no British statesman ever employs himself in the affairs of these colonies without a conviction that, in all that he does, he should have before his eyes the fact that separation will come at some future day. It is impossible that any statesman, or any speculator, that any philosopher should foresee the time. It must depend on the increasing wealth and the increasing population of the country. Any invention—if such invention be within the bounds of natural possibility—which should save the wheat crops of the South Australian colonies from the disease called Red Rust, would greatly accelerate separation, because it would at once increase the population and the wealth of the colonies. Iron has been found, but iron mines have never yet been properly worked. If this could be done to any great extent, it would accelerate separation. Increased supplies of copper and gold will do so ;—the finding of tin will do so ;—success in making sugar will do so ;—and the exportation of fresh uncooked meat to Europe, when such exportation becomes practicable, will do so very materially. Does anybody believe that a population of twenty millions in Australia would remain subject to a population of forty millions in the British Isles? And the former numbers may be reached as quickly as the latter.

There is very much to be done before the question of separation can be regarded as one that is imminent, or fit for the immediate manipulations of statesmanship. Aus-

tralia must be one whole before she can settle herself and take a place among the nations. There must be some federation of the different colonies before separation can be considered. The states must bind themselves together with the united object of making themselves a nation, and the men who now pride themselves on being Victorians, or South Australians, or Queenslanders, must learn to pride themselves on being Australians. At present they are very far from entertaining any such pride. The inhabitant of Melbourne thinks himself to be very much higher than the inhabitant of Sydney, and looks down from a great eminence upon the Tasmanian. In New South Wales there is a desire to maintain the distance between itself and Victoria, —as though a gulf between the two, which could not be passed, would be for its good. Queensland, the youngest daughter of New South Wales, has but little respect for her parent. South Australia thinks herself better than her neighbours because she has never received a convict. There is, no doubt, something of similar jealousy between different groups of states in the American Union;—but there they have learned the strength of union and have preserved it. As Australia becomes older, and as the number of her leading children who are Australian-born becomes greater, as the tendency to lean upon the mother country becomes slighter, the feeling for the newer patriotism will grow up; and with the feeling of Australian pride will grow the conviction that Australia, to be great and strong, should be one.

The first step towards federation will be the union of the colonies for purposes of general taxation. At present the two great sources of public revenue are the customs duties and the sale and lease of public lands. Let the union be as close as it may, the use of the public lands will probably remain in each colony,—to be applied as may best suit its own wants,—but the customs duties, from which by far the greater proportion of the public revenue is derived, may, and no doubt will, be collected under one tariff, by one arrangement, for the joint purposes of the whole group. At present these colonies all stand towards each other as though they

were various nations, with varied interests, and endeavour each to rise on the commercial injuries inflicted on the others by hostile tariffs. They charge duties on each other's produce, and are towards each other as were England and France before Mr. Cobden had made his treaty. I do not purpose here to fight the battle of the border duties,—but here, and again hereafter, I must repeat the opinion, expressed by me in speaking of the other colonies, that at the present moment the creation of a customs union should be the first duty of any statesman to whom the interests and well-being of the colonies may be entrusted.

I look first to a customs union, then to federation, and then after some interval,—the duration of which I will not attempt to indicate,—to Separation and Self-control. In this idea as to the future of the colonies I cannot think that I am guilty of any shabbiness as an Englishman. And yet the expression of the accusation in Australia is by no means confined to the gentleman whose words I have quoted. Had it been so,—had I not found it general among those whom I describe as possessing the best minds in the colonies,—I should probably have contented myself in endeavouring to defend myself from the charge with the eager arguments to which private intercourse is open. But I have heard on all sides accusations of the littleness of England,—and worse than littleness, of the weakness and infanticide of which England is guilty, in her desire to repudiate and put away from her her own children. I have heard it in details and in generals. England will not pay for this statue, or subscribe for that building; she will not give cannons and cannon-balls gratis; she has not left the vestige of a company of soldiers in any one of the colonies; she charges a price for whatever she supplies, and does not always supply the best articles; when asked for selected emigrants she selects the dregs of the workhouses. There are these and a hundred other details which show the heart of a stepmother rather than of a parent. But the great general accusation is stronger still. Her statesmen—or at least some of the chief among them—have declared their opinion that the links

should be broken which bind Australia to the mother country. In regard to the details the answer is easy enough. The daughter has had her dowry given to her,—and should now pay her own way, and is able to do so. It often seems to be forgotten, in the colonies, that British statesmen cannot give away English property out of their own munificence. The colonies have agreed, with willingness, to certain terms, which certainly for them have not been unprofitable, and should not now ask for further small gifts. When our boys and girls are young we expect them to assail us for half-crowns, and rather like putting our hands in our pockets, even when we affect to rebuke the frequency of the solicitation; but when our girls are married and have had their fortunes, or when our sons have been set up in business by considerable self-sacrifice on the part of us their fathers, we do not like then to be told that we ought to pay for new carpets or cases of champagne. As to that general accusation, I think it is founded not on any words spoken or acts done tending to immediate Separation, but on words and acts preparatory to Separation when it shall come.

The mistake I think is in this,—that the colonists allow themselves to believe that the mother country is repudiating them because the statesmen want to save themselves trouble, and because her people desire to avoid expense;—whereas at home we feel, not a wish to repudiate the colonies, but a conviction that after a while they will repudiate us, and that we are bound by our duty to them and to ourselves to be ready for the time when that repudiation shall come. We are called upon to rule them,—as far as we do rule them,—not for our glory, but for their happiness. If we keep them, we should keep them,—not because they add prestige to the name of Great Britain, not because they are gems in our diadem, not in order that we may boast that the sun never sets on our dependencies, but because by keeping them we may best assist them in developing their own resources. And when we part with them, as part with them we shall, let us do so with neither smothered jealousy nor open hostility, but with a proud feeling that we are sending a son out into the world able to take

his place among men. That is the halcyon view which I entertain of the closing days of the connection between England and Australia ; and I think that it is one which is tainted with no shabbiness, and which should make me subject to no reproof from any colonist.

## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY HISTORY OF PORT PHILLIP.

"THE Discovery, Survey, and Settlement of Port Phillip," is the name of the pamphlet to which I have alluded, and to which I shall mainly trust for the facts to be stated in this chapter. In the lines which I shall quote between inverted commas in the early part of this chapter, the reader will understand that I am quoting the words of the author, Mr. Rusden.

In the year 1802, fourteen years after the first actual occupation by the English of New South Wales, the inland sea which we now know as Port Phillip was first discovered by Lieutenant Murray, who had come out from England under Captain Grant in "The Nelson" with the special object of prosecuting Australian discoveries. The name was given by Captain King, the then governor of New South Wales, in honour of Colonel Phillip, the first governor. Captain Flinders, who, in regard to this period of Australian discovery, is Mr. Rusden's great hero, followed Lieutenant Murray after an interval of ten weeks. The French, in their exploration of the southern coast of New Holland, conducted by Captain Baudin, had sailed past the narrow entrance of Port Phillip without noticing it, and had called the whole region in those parts *Terre Napoléon*. Indeed they afterwards gave an appellation of their own to the harbour, but did not subsequently attempt to establish it. Captain Flinders, whose name is now perhaps better known from the street in Melbourne which bears it than from the deeds which he did and the sufferings which he bore in these dis-

coveries, is the first who has left us any record of his having landed on the country which we now call Victoria. "At day dawn,"—says Captain Flinders, as reported by Mr. Rusden,—“I set off with three of the boat’s crew for the highest part of the back hills, called Station Peak. Our way was over a low plain where the water appeared frequently to lodge; it was covered with small-bladed grass, but almost destitute of wood, and the soil was clayey and shallow. I left the ship’s name on a scroll of paper deposited on a small pile of stones upon the top of the peak; and at three in the afternoon,—1st May (1802),—reached the tent much fatigued, having walked more than twenty miles without finding a drop of water. No runs of fresh water were seen in my excursion; but Mr. Charles Grimes, surveyor-general of New South Wales, afterwards found several, and in particular a small river falling into the northern head of the port.” This small river was the Yarra Yarra, on which the city of Melbourne is now built,—and such was, in truth, the first discovery of Victoria.

In 1803 Colonel Collins landed at Port Phillip to form a penal settlement, intended as a supplemental offshoot to that then fully established at Port Jackson,—which the world used to call Botany Bay,—on the eastern shore of the continent; but he seems to have chosen his site badly, and to have kept his men close down upon the sea-shore where there was no fresh water. This attempt at a settlement was made at Point Nepean, the eastern headland at the mouth of Port Phillip, and was soon abandoned. The dépôt was removed thence to the mouth of the Derwent, on the opposite island, and was the commencement of the great penal dépôt which afterwards flourished in Van Diemen’s Land,—if an establishment for the custody of convicts may under any circumstances be said to flourish. From the settlement at Point Nepean some of the convicts escaped, and one of them was neither retaken, nor did he return, nor did he perish. This man, named Buckley, lived thirty-two years among the blacks, forgot his own language, and became as one of them. In 1835 he reappeared, and was found by a party of white men who then landed at Port Phillip from Van Diemen’s Land.

“No effort was made to colonise Port Phillip for many years after 1803.” But during all those years explorations from Sydney as a centre were being made into the continent. “In 1817 Oxley, the surveyor-general of New South Wales, had traced the Lachlan River nearly to its junction with the Murrumbidgee, and had therefore nearly approached the present boundary of Victoria, being within 240 miles of the site of Melbourne.” In 1824 an expedition was formed under the auspices of Sir Thomas Brisbane, the governor, the object of which was to penetrate through from the known parts of New South Wales, across the rivers and over the mountains, to the southern coast. This expedition was entrusted to Mr. Hamilton Hume, who was joined by Mr. Hovell, two men whose names are well known among those of Australian discoverers. Both these gentlemen were still alive when I was in the colony, and I will not take upon myself to give to either of them the greater credit in the matter, but will content myself with stating that Mr. Rusden is a strong advocate of Mr. Hume’s claims. The great Australian river which we know as the Murray was crossed, and was called the Hume, which name it still bears in its upper waters. After many sufferings and great dangers, Hume and Hovell reached Port Phillip overland. It will be understood that hitherto this district had only been touched from the sea-board, and that the very scanty knowledge possessed by Hume and Hovell as to Port Phillip and Western Port was simply that which had resulted from the maritime discoveries of Murray and Flinders. At any rate they had reached the southern coast of that “Terre Napoléon,” of which as yet no real possession had been taken on behalf of the British government. Another expedition was then made by sea to Western Port, under Governor Darling’s instructions, apparently with the double object of opening a subsidiary convict establishment, and of confirming the claim made by Great Britain to the possession of the country. This was commanded by Captain Wright, accompanied by Mr. Hovell,—and was made in 1826,—at which time also another convict offshoot of the centre establishment at Port Jackson was sent under Major Lockyer



to King George's Sound,—the southern part of that colony which we now call Western Australia. This seems also to have been made with the double object of disposing of convicts, and taking possession of the land as against French claims. Major Lockyer had some success, but Captain Wright had none. "The fears of French colonisation evaporated, and Western Port was abandoned, its shores being described as 'scrubby.'"

"At this period," says Mr. Rusden, "John Batman must be introduced upon the scene. Now Mr. John Batman is a very interesting person, and was certainly the first coloniser of the ground on which Melbourne stands. On the 11th of January, 1827, he, conjointly with another energetic settler, addressed the following letter to Governor Darling, from Launceston, in Van Diemen's Land, to which place he had betaken himself from Paramatta, near Sydney, where he was born :—

"SIR,—Understanding that it is your Excellency's intention to establish a permanent settlement at Western Port, and to afford encouragement to respectable persons to settle there, we beg leave most respectfully to solicit at the hands of your Excellency a grant of land at that place proportionable to the property which we intend to embark. We are in possession of some flocks of sheep highly improved, some of the Merino breed, and some of the pure South Devon ; of some pure South Devon cattle imported from England ; and also of a fine breed of horses. We propose to ship from this place 1,500 to 2,000 sheep ; 30 head of superior cows, oxen, horses, &c., &c., to the value of from £4,000 to £5,000, the whole to be under the personal direction of Mr. Batman, who is a native of New South Wales, who will constantly reside there for the protection of the establishment. Under these circumstances, we are induced to hope your Excellency will be pleased to grant us a tract of land proportionable to the sum of money we propose to expend, and also to afford us every encouragement in carrying the proposed object into effect.

"T. J. GELLIBRAND.

"JOHN BATMAN."

This letter is a clear indication of the manner in which it was then presumed that grants of land in the Australian colonies would be made to those who brought with them the means of occupying the land, and that the grants should be made in some proportion to the capital invested. On this

application Governor Darling wrote the following curt memorandum, and we may presume that the answer was in accordance with it :—

“Acknowledge; and inform them that no determination having been come to with respect to the settlement of Western Port, it is not in my power to comply with their request. March 17 (1827.) R. D.”

Mr. Batman was rebuffed, and for a time silenced, but his idea of embarking all his fortunes for Port Phillip was never abandoned. Mr. Rusden goes on to describe how South Australia was founded in 1834, owing its birth to the enterprise of Captain Sturt. Of South Australia I shall speak elsewhere. But it may be well to notice here that although the discovery of Port Phillip was very much antecedent to that of the land on which Adelaide now stands, though Victoria had been crossed from north to south before any attempt at exploration had been made in the sister colony farther west, South Australia was an established province, with a company to regulate her proceedings, with a governor and recognised officers of her own, when the first real attempt was being made by any man to earn his bread or to push his fortunes in Victoria. Mr. Batman had meditated the attempt in 1827, but, as we have seen, had been rebuffed. In 1834, however, Mr. Henty, also a settler in the neighbourhood of Launceston, on the opposite island, determined to make a venture, and this he did,—no doubt having heard of John Batman’s failure,—without any reference to the government. “Mr. Henty,” says Rusden, “shipped off building materials, agricultural implements, and live stock. On 19th of November, 1834, having lost fifteen head of stock on the voyage, the adventurers reached Portland Bay, and on the 6th of December ploughing was commenced; and thus the first unbroken colonisation of Victorian soil dates from the enterprise of Mr. Henty. In a very short time his few head of stock increased to some 7,000 sheep, and 247 cattle, and 25 horses, and continued intercourse was kept up with Launceston.” As it happened, Mr. Henty had made good his footing, guided, as we must suppose, only by chance on the happiest point on all the

southern shore. Portland, and Warnambool, to the east of Portland, are the harbours of that western district of Australia, which was once called Australia Felix, and which is in many respects the fairest region of the whole continent. There Mr. Henty lived and prospered,—and there he still lives and, as I believe, still prospers; but no great town sprang up on the site which he had chosen, and therefore his name has not become conspicuous, as perhaps it ought to have done, among the founders of his country.

We will now return to Mr. Batman, who did become conspicuous. His mind was still full of that opposite shore, respecting which he had, with a wide ambition but humble language, made his unavailing petition to the Governor of New South Wales. “Provoked beyond endurance, Batman would no longer be debarred from the downs of Iramoo, so temptingly described by Hume and mapped by Sturt. He determined to carve out his own way. South Australia was being occupied, and the occupation was called laudable in the preamble of an Act of Parliament. Henty had gone to Portland Bay, and no man had stayed him. Batman would go to Port Phillip; and as the New South Wales governor had not recognised his right to go there, Batman would make a convention with the rightful and natural ‘lords of the soil.’”

Batman did go over, and did make a convention with the natives. He landed on Indented Head, on the western side of the harbour, and tracked out a large district of country, including the site on which the town of Geelong now stands, including the Iramoo Downs and the country called Dutigalla by the natives; and on a spot a mile or two north of the present city of Melbourne, he made a treaty with them, by which he pledged himself to protect them and to pay them some annual tribute, and by which they undertook to surrender to him the country which he proposed thus to purchase. Batman had with him the chart of the country, as drawn by Captain Flinders, and published by the subsequent explorer, Captain Sturt, and did not himself profess, as Mr. Rusden points out, to discover, but simply to occupy the country. But he prepared, or had

prepared for him, a chart of his proposed purchase, which he sent to the Governor of Van Diemen's Land, from whom he first endeavoured to obtain government sanction for what he had done. "The limits of the land purchased by me," he said, "are defined in the chart, which I have the honour of transmitting, taken from personal inquiry." In this chart, of which Mr. Rusden has published a copy, the land—not on which Melbourne proper now stands, but which is occupied by Emerald Hill, Sandridge, and other suburbs of the city—is marked as "reserved for the township, and other public purposes." The site of the city itself is a part of the tract intended to be used by Batman for pastoral purposes.

The treaty is a marvellous document,—as being intended to make good a purchase of land from the aboriginal savages, in a country as to which Batman had already shown, by his petition to the Governor of New South Wales, that he was well aware that the British Crown claimed the ownership of it. He must have known that it could not have been operative either on his side or that of the aborigines. It seems that he landed with the treaty in his pocket,—with the places for the names and distances left blank, to be filled by him. When so completed it stipulated that we, "Jaga Jaga, and others,"—the black chiefs of the tribes,—“do, for ourselves, our heirs and successors, give, grant, enfeoff, and confirm unto the said John Batman, his heirs and assigns, all that tract of country situate and being in Port Phillip, running from the branch of the river at the top of the Port, about seven miles from the mouth of the river, forty miles N.E., and from thence west forty miles across Iramoo Downs, and from thence S.S.W. across Vilumanata to Geelong harbour at the head of the same, and containing about 500,000 acres, more or less.” So that Mr. Batman was determined to obtain a goodly estate, if in this way it might be obtained. It would probably be difficult to ascertain how many millions of pounds the land so defined is now worth. This treaty was made in June, 1835. Batman probably never thought that he should be allowed to take possession of the land, but did think, and

with just ground, that he would not be expelled from „ without compensation, and that by his occupation of it he would obtain some recognised position. By asking much he would get something, especially when he adopted a mode of asking so much more likely to obtain serious attention than that which he adopted when he wrote to Governor Darling. Batman, having so far carried out his scheme, returned to Van Diemen's Land, and applied to the governor there for his sanction, sending a chart of his new estate. But the Governor of Van Diemen's Land had no sanction to give. Port Phillip was not within his jurisdiction, but was within the jurisdiction of the Governor-General of New South Wales. And the Governor of Van Diemen's Land also remarked, that the recognition of Batman's treaty “ would appear to me a departure from the principle upon which a parliamentary sanction, without reference to the aborigines, has been given to the settlement of South Australia, as part of the possessions of the Crown.” There could be no doubt about it. The British Crown had decided that it owned all Australia, that consequently the aborigines had nothing to sell, and that, consequently again, Mr. Batman could purchase nothing from them. Had Mr. Batman's claim to purchase from the blacks been allowed, very many such purchases would have been made,—and some of the purchasers would have been even less scrupulous in their dimensions than was Mr. Batman. But Mr. Batman did not stop here. He also applied to the authorities at home, and expressed a hope that the Crown would “ relinquish any legal point of constructive right to the land in question.” But the Crown, or rather Lord Glenelg, who was then Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs, informed him “ that the territory was part of the colony of New South Wales, and that no title to lands could be acquired there, except upon the terms presented in Sir R. Bourke's commission and instruction from the Queen.” At this time Sir R. Bourke was Governor of New South Wales, and was also Governor-in-Chief over the Governor of Tasmania.

Mr. Batman, though he was the moving spirit in the whole matter, was only one of an association in regard to the

capital invested. This association at last wound itself up by selling whatever interests it had to two of its own members ; and the government allowed to these two gentlemen a sum of £7,000, in liquidation of so much money expended on a legal purchase of lands ; and this was done, as is expressed, in consideration "of expenses incurred by them in the first formation of the settlement."

I cannot complete this short record of Mr. Batman's adventures without alluding to Mr. Fawkner, on whose behalf many have claimed the honour of having founded Melbourne ;—and who, I believe, was declared to claim it for himself. Mr. Batman had been busy with Jaga Jaga, the native chief, in June, 1835. In October, 1835, Mr. Fawkner landed at Port Phillip,—also from Van Diemen's Land, whence came all the early settlers of Victoria, so that the leading Australian colony may be said to be an offshoot from that island, rather than from New South Wales ;—but the party with which he was connected seem to have made their way across in July. They encountered some of Batman's followers, and, after trying various places for a settlement, made their way up Port Phillip, and at last pitched on the present site of Melbourne, and seem to have settled there, not quite in unity with the Batman party, but without direct hostility. Their feuds, such as they were, will hardly interest the reader ;—but it is interesting to learn that the situation of the city, and consequently the origin of the colony, was due to the enterprise of these two men, Batman and Fawkner, and of the associations with which their names are connected. In 1836 there arrived H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," bringing with her, as the official head of the new settlement, Captain Lonsdale,—after whom one of the main streets of Melbourne is now named. This seems to have been the first official recognition of the place ; and at that time the town—or rather settlement—had been called by the inhabitants Glenelg, after the Colonial Secretary, whom we, who are old, remember as Charles Grant. It was not till the next year that it was named Melbourne, after the then Prime Minister in England.

This was the beginning of Port Phillip ; but Victoria did

not even then exist. From its very earliest commencement Port Phillip was a success. It must be remembered that in those days there was no gold, and that this new settlement was not bolstered up by money from home, as was the case with the convict establishments at Sydney, in Van Diemen's Land, and at Moreton Bay. It seems that from the first agriculture, joined with the growth of wool,—not the growth of wool only,—had been the purpose of those who migrated from Launceston to Port Phillip. We are told as regards the first comers that after so many days,—within five days or within six days of their arrival,—the plough had passed through the soil, and that the seed was sown. Australian colonists had become discontented with themselves in that they had not as yet produced wheat for their own use. In New South Wales the effort to do so had failed. In South Australia it was already succeeding. In Victoria the attempt was at once made, and it has progressed with moderate success. The colony has not as yet been able to feed itself. In 1838 the young settlement had all the healthy roughness of youth. Melbourne consisted of a few wooden huts, and, as we are told, looked like an Indian village. There was a wooden church with a bell suspended from a tree. There were two little wooden public-houses. Kangaroos were eaten because mutton was still scarce. Mr. Fawkner, of whom I have spoken, established a newspaper, but it was a newspaper in manuscript, of which I will speak further in a future chapter. In one of these papers there is an advertisement for a ferry between Melbourne and Williamstown, which is now the port of Melbourne. "Parties from Melbourne are requested to raise a smoke and the boat will be at their service as soon as practicable." The stumps of trees still stood in the one or two streets which were already in course of formation. That such should have been the condition of a young town is by no means remarkable; but that it should so lately have been the condition of a city so great as Melbourne now is, I regard as very remarkable. This was in 1838,—a period which to some of us does not seem to be very remote; and now Melbourne is one of the most successful cities on the face of the earth.

"The Port Phillip settlement was not five years old when its inhabitants began to call for separation from New South Wales, and for its establishment as a distinct colony, with equal privileges to those conferred upon Van Diemen's Land in the south and South Australia in the west. A partial answer to their demand was made by the political reform of 1842, which gave a larger area and political institution to the district, and allowed it to send six delegates of its own to the Legislative Council at Sydney." \* But such representation as this by no means satisfied the aspiring political idea of the new settlers. It did not suit them to send delegates to Sydney, which they regarded as a place subject altogether to government authority,—slow, conservative, and down-trodden. Such has ever been and still is the idea held in Melbourne and Victoria generally of Sydney and its surroundings. It seems that from the very beginning of its life Melbourne resolved that she would not be subject to Sydney. The agitation was continued down to 1850, taking at last the form of a demand for absolute separation. In those days,—though they are but the other day,—such requests were not granted easily, as they are now. It was thought wise then to grant slowly and with seeming reluctance. But in 1850 the request was granted, and an Act of Parliament was passed making Port Phillip a separate colony. The arrangement commenced on 1st July, 1851, and its present name, Victoria, is said to have been selected by the Queen herself. On that date Victoria became a separate colony, the fifth in chronological order of those which we know together as Australia. New South Wales had been the first, Van Diemen's Land—now Tasmania—the second, Western Australia the third, South Australia the fourth, and now Victoria, soon to become by far the most important, was the youngest.

But its importance did not come from that wealth of pasture and wealth of corn-bearing soil to which the Hentys, Batmans, and Fawkners had looked when they passed over into the land from Tasmania. What might have been the

\* "The Story of Our Colonies," by Fox Bourne.



future of Victoria had her success depended on those simple products of the soil, it is useless now to speculate. In growing wheat she could not have competed with South Australia, as her climate is less favourable for the product. In producing wool she could not have competed with New South Wales, as her borders are narrower and her limits confined. In regard to fruits and vegetables she is infinitely inferior to her despised mother, Tasmania. She has no special gifts of fine harbours, an advantage bestowed by nature, which will sometimes compensate evil qualities in other directions. Port Jackson, Hobart Town, and King George's Sound are infinitely better ports than Hobson's Bay, the roadstead at the top of Port Phillip, into which the Yarra River runs, and which forms the port of Williamstown and the harbour of Melbourne ;—for in reaching this haven vessels have to pass the Rip, which bubbles and eddies between the heads which guard the entrance forty miles down from Melbourne. Luckily for the new settlement, they who had founded it had been men of energy, fit for the work in hand, not expecting too much, anxious of course to thrive, but not looking for instant fortunes, prone to work themselves and capable of making others work ; by no means gentlemen in the ordinary sense of the word, but as good a set of colonists as ever were landed on the shores of a new country. Within fifteen years from their start, if we count from the foundation of Melbourne,—or within sixteen from the date of Mr. Henty's arrival at Portland,—they had already caused themselves to be classed as a separate colony, with a governor of their own,—and a parliament of their own, though not a parliament so thoroughly radical in its construction as that which they now possess. There can be but little doubt that without other chances in its favour a colony so founded would not have been the last in the race. But other fortune did attend it, so rich, so attractive, and so magnificent that it has become the very first on the list. No single British colony has ever enjoyed prosperity so great and so rapid as has fallen to the lot of Victoria.

In 1851 gold was struck at Ballaarat or the neighbourhood. It was soon apparent that the entire condition of the

colony was changed by the success of the gold-finders, and that Victoria, as she is now and has been since we first began to talk about Melbourne at home as one of the great cities of the earth, was made out of gold. Gold made Melbourne. Gold made the other cities of Victoria. Gold made her railways; gold brought to her the population which demanded and obtained that democratic form of government which is her pride. Gold gave its special value to her soil,—not only or chiefly from its own intrinsic value, not only or chiefly to that soil which contains it,—but to surrounding districts, far and wide, by the increased demand for its product and the increasing population which required it for their homes.

But this success was achieved by no means without a struggle, nor did the good things come without bringing for awhile many ill things in their train. There is this peculiarity in gold, as an object of industry, that the quest of it disturbs all other adjacent industries. It is natural of course that men should seek that work in which they can earn the best wages, and that any new calling offering high pay will to a certain degree derange the supply of labour ordinarily forthcoming for ordinary occupations. But in all other trades than that of gold-seeking, the customary working of commerce soon brings matters to a level. Wages rise a little on one side and fall a little on the other. Skill, and power, and intelligence hold their own, and the disruptions that occur are those of a passing storm. But gold upheaves everything, and its disruptions are those of an earthquake. The workman rushes away from his old allotted task, not to higher wages, not to 3s. a day instead of 2s., or 6s. instead of 5s., but to untold wealth and unlimited splendour,—to an unknown, fabulous, but not the less credited realm of riches. All that he has seen of worldly grandeur, hitherto removed high as the heavens above his head, may with success be his. All that he has dreamed of the luxurious happiness of those whom he has envied seems to be brought within his reach. It seems to him that the affairs of the world generally are to be turned over and reversed, and that thus at last justice is to be done to him

who has hitherto been kept cruelly too near the bottom of the wheel. His imagination is on fire, and he is unable any longer to listen to reason. He is no longer capable of doing a plain day's work for a plain day's wages. There is gold to be had by lifting it from the earth, and he will be one of the happy ones to lift it. The presence of gold is a fact. All the corollaries of the fact might be plain to him also, if he would open his ears to them,—but, in regard to himself, he is deaf as an adder to them. That all the world around him is rushing to the diggings, he can see ;—and he knows that there are not princely fortunes for them all. In some rough way he knows that, were there fortunes for them all, the fortunes would cease to be princely. But “something tells him,”—as he explains to the friend of his bosom,—“something tells him” that he is to be the lucky man. There is a something telling the same lie to every man in that toil-worn crowd, as with sore feet and heavy burden on his shoulders he hurries on to the diggings. In truth he has become a gambler,—and from this time forth a gambler he will live ; though his true industry, the sweat of his brow, which will be really productive for the world's good, will save him from those worst curses which attend a gambler's career.

Thus it was that men from all this colony and all the colonies, and that men in crowds from the old mother country and from other countries, hurried off to Victoria. The effect upon South Australia, to the west, was so great, that for a time it was feared that the young settlement would be depopulated. Farms were abandoned, and sold for a trifle. Tradesmen shut up their shops. When their customers had gone to the diggings, what could they do but follow ? Shepherds from the recently stocked pastures of the Riverina and the Darling rushed down over the Murray. And worse still, the shearers who should have shorn the flocks were gone when the fleeces were ready for the shears. All these were welcomed by the young colony. There was no jealousy of new-comers as long as those who came bore characters as honest men,—or had at least had no brands upon the forehead. But the convicts from Tasmania broke

loose and swelled the crowd. Barriers which had sufficed to retain the unexcited felon availed nothing when the imagination of the wretch had been inflamed by tidings of gold. They also swarmed over from the island and joined the crowd, to the loudly expressed disgust of a colony which was perhaps somewhat Pharisaical by reason of her own comparative purity.

Then there arose such a turmoil of circumstances, such a hurly-burly of social and material wants, as men were sure not to have anticipated, though in looking back upon the facts every one now can see well that they were unavoidable. How was the crowd to feed itself, to shelter itself, and to clothe itself? With such business as that on which they were engaged, deficiencies in respect of house accommodation could be endured. The smallest and the roughest tents sufficed. Boots, trousers, and a flannel shirt completed the wardrobe of many a high-born digger, and as long as the articles would hold together men working for gold would be content. But there must be food; and the feeding of 20,000 men, brought together as though by magic, requires almost miraculous energy. All things in the neighbourhood of the diggings became extravagantly dear,—so dear that the absolute value of the article seemed hardly to bear at all on the price fixed. And in response to this, or rather as an encouragement to it, the diggers themselves, with newly found gold in their hands, indifferent as they were to comforts, seemed hardly to care what they paid for those luxuries of which they had dreamed. To such a one it was nothing to give an ounce of gold for a bottle of so-called champagne, though the champagne had cost in Melbourne perhaps 3s. 6d., and the gold was worth certainly more than £3 10s.

But who was to supply the wants of diggers when every one was himself a digger? Or, if there were some steady enough to resist the temptation and to cling to haunts which were comparatively old, how were they to obtain that assistance in their work of living, which in this complex world we all render one to another? Who was to cook his dinner for the unfortunate lawyer who had lately settled in the rising

town of Melbourne, when every young woman had rushed off to the diggings, to get whatever wages she chose to ask, even if she could not do better for herself by getting a digger as a husband? Or, whoever was to sell him a mutton chop to be cooked, when the half-dozen butchers of the rising metropolis had gone away to the diggings, either themselves to dig or else to follow the much more profitable occupation of supplying the diggers? For it was soon found that this first El Dorado had brought a second with it. There was already a double set of gold-seekers. It was a grand thing to drink champagne at an ounce of gold the bottle; but it was a much better thing, if not a grander, to sell champagne at that price. It was fine to get a nugget;—only that nuggets were so uncertain. But there were nuggets found daily by some happy diggers, and those who found were always ready to buy everything that was offered to them. That second El Dorado was more certain though less glorious than the first.

There was, indeed, an earthquake which at first it seemed impossible that the community as a whole should withstand. Everything was disordered and out of place. All that had been at the bottom was at the top. That which had been at the top was at the bottom. How were these men to be governed, who by the very nature of their calling want much of that protection which we call government? Something of the same kind occurred in the early days of California,—but not to the same extent; and there Lynch law had prevailed. They who saw those times in California declare that society there was preserved by Lynch law;—that, bad as it must necessarily be, unjust, tyrannical, cruel, conducive as it must be to a reign of terror and unlimited power in the hands of some few utterly unfit to use it, it was infinitely better than the no-law which would otherwise have prevailed. But California had then been very distant from any recognised seat of power, whereas Ballaarat was no more than 100 miles from Melbourne. The government was bound to govern,—to send magistrates, commissioners, inspectors, constables, and the like. But you cannot make a man be a constable, nor even a magistrate, against his will. When the men to

be watched were finding nuggets of gold before noon, and nuggets in the afternoon, and nuggets at night, at what rate per annum and per week were you to pay your magistrates and your constables?

The reader will not, I think, fail to understand that there was much of what we call rough work in the colony at that time. There arose one turmoil so loud that soldiers were called on to fight the miners, and that miners entrenched themselves within palisades, intending to fight the soldiers. This, too, occurred at Ballaarat, and I shall say perhaps a word of that affair when speaking of Victoria's mining capital. My present object is to show the conditions through which the colony has passed, and the causes which have made it what it is. Gradually things settle themselves into the old grooves, and the earthquake died out. Its rumblings were still heard,—but at last it rumbled only, and did not frighten. And when it had passed away the causes which had created it had filled the land with wealth. Many had been ruined. Many a youth, who in his own country had enjoyed all that love and education could do for him, had come out to perish miserably in the mud of an Australian gully. There had been terrible suffering, crushing disappointment,—all the agonies of toil, at first hopeful, but at last utterly unremunerative, of which no history can ever be written. There had been broken hopes, wasted energies, the ague-fit after the fever. But a people had been established, and a land had been enriched. This, I take it, is all that need be said of the early history of Victoria.

## CHAPTER III.

### MELBOURNE.

MELBOURNE has certainly **made** a great name for itself, and is the undoubted capital, **not** only of Victoria but of all Australia. It contains, together with her suburbs, 206,000 souls, and of these so-called suburbs the most populous are as much a part of Melbourne as Southwark is of London ;—or were I to say as Marylebone is of London, my description would be true, as there is no line of demarcation traceable by any eyes but those of town-councillors and the collectors of borough rates. There are very many cities in the world with larger populations,—so many that the number does not strike one with surprise. But I believe that no city has ever attained so great a size with such rapidity. Forty years ago from the present date (1873), the foot of no white man had trodden the ground on which Melbourne now stands, unless it was the foot of Buckley the escaped convict, who lived for thirty years with a tribe of native savages.

Melbourne is not a city beautiful to the eye from the charms of the landscape surrounding it, as are Edinburgh and Bath with us, and as are Sydney and Hobart Town in Australia, and Dunedin in New Zealand. Though it stands on a river which has in itself many qualities of prettiness in streams,—a tortuous, rapid little river with varied banks,—the Yarra Yarra by name, it seems to have but little to do with the city. It furnishes the means of rowing to young men, and waters the Botanical Gardens. But it is not “a joy for ever” to the Melbournites, as the Seine is to the

people of Paris, or the Inn to the people of Innsbruck. You might live in Melbourne all your life and hardly know that the Yarra Yarra was running by your door. Nor is Melbourne made graceful with neighbouring hills. It stands indeed itself on two hills, and on the valley which separates them ; and these afford rising ground sufficient to cause considerable delay to the obese and middle-aged pedestrian when the hot winds are blowing,—as hot winds do blow at summer-time in Melbourne. But there are no hills to produce scenery, or scenic effect.

Nevertheless the internal appearance of the city is certainly magnificent. The city proper,—that Melbourne itself which is subject to the municipal control of the mayor, and which in regard to all its municipal regulations is distinct from its suburbs,—is built on the Philadelphian, rectangular, parallelogrammic plan. Every street runs straight, and every other street runs either parallel to it or at right angles with it. The principal streets run east and west,—Great Flinders Street, then Collins Street,—which is the High Street of the city, and its Regent Street and Bond Street ; then Bourke Street,—which is its Oxford Street and Cheapside ; and then beyond them Latrobe Street, Lonsdale Street, and others. Second class streets, but streets which do not admit themselves to be second class, run at right angles to these ; Russell Street, Swanston Street,—a street which by no means thinks itself second class ; Elizabeth Street,—also a proud street ; Queen Street, William Street, and King Street. And then between all these streets,—which are busy streets,—there run little streets calling themselves lanes, and assuming generally the name of their big brother. Thus there are Flinders Lane and Collins Lane, and so on. But they are all regular, all rectangular, and all parallelogrammic.

It is the width of the streets chiefly which gives to the city its appearance of magnificence ;—that, and the devotion of very large spaces within the city to public gardens. These gardens are not in themselves well kept. They are not lovely, as are those of Sydney in a super-excellent degree. Some of them are profusely ornamented with bad statues. None of them, whatever may be their botanical value, are good



gardens. But they are large and numerous, and give an air of wholesomeness and space to the whole city. They afford green walks to the citizens, and bring much of the health and some of the pleasures of the country home to them all.

One cannot walk about Melbourne without being struck by all that has been done for the welfare of the people generally. There is no squalor to be seen,—though there are quarters of the town in which the people no doubt are squalid. In every great congregation of men there will be a residuum of poverty and filth, let humanity do what she will to prevent it. In Melbourne there is an Irish quarter, and there is a Chinese quarter, as to both of which I was told that the visitor who visited them aright might see much of the worst side of life. But he who would see such misery in Melbourne must search for it especially. It will not meet his eye by chance as it does in London, in Paris, and now also in New York. The time will come no doubt when it will do so also in Melbourne, but at present the city, in all the pride of youthful power, looks as though she were boasting to herself hourly that she is not as are other cities.

And she certainly does utter many such boasts. I do not think that I said a pleasant word about the town to any inhabitant of it during my sojourn there, driven into silence on the subject by the calls which were made upon me for praise. "We like to be cracked up, sir," says the American. I never heard an American say so, but such are the words which we put into his mouth, and they are true as to his character. They are equally true as to the Australian generally, as to the Victorian specially, and as to the citizen of Melbourne in a more especial degree. He likes to be "cracked up," and he does not hesitate to ask you to "crack him up." He does not proceed to gouging or bowie knives if you decline, and therefore I never did crack him up.

I suppose that a young people falls naturally into the fault of self-adulation. I must say somewhere, and may as well say here as elsewhere, that the wonders performed in the way of riding, driving, fighting, walking, working, drinking, love-making, and speech-making, which men and women in Australia

told me of themselves, would have been worth recording in a separate volume had they been related by any but the heroes and heroines themselves. But, reaching one as they did always in the first person, these stories were soon received as works of a fine art much cultivated in the colonies, for which the colonial phrase of "blowing" has been created. When a gentleman sounds his own trumpet he "blows." The art is perfectly understood and appreciated among the people who practise it. Such a gentleman or such a lady was only "blowing!" You hear it and hear of it every day. They blow a good deal in Queensland;—a good deal in South Australia. They blow even in poor Tasmania. They blow loudly in New South Wales, and very loudly in New Zealand. But the blast of the trumpet as heard in Victoria is louder than all the blasts,—and the Melbourne blast beats all the other blowing of that proud colony. My first, my constant, my parting advice to my Australian cousins is contained in two words—"Don't blow."

But if a man must blow it is well that he should have something to blow about beyond his own prowess, and I do not know that a man can have a more rational source of pride than the well-being of the city in which he lives. It is impossible for a man to walk the length of Collins Street up by the churches and the club to the Treasury Chambers, and then round by the Houses of Parliament away into Victoria Parade, without being struck by the grandeur of the dimensions of the town. It is the work of half a morning for an old man to walk the length of some of the streets, and to a man who cannot walk well the distances of Melbourne soon become very great indeed. There seems to be this drawback upon noble streets, and large spaces, and houses with comfortable dimensions, that as the city grows the distances become immense. They are now far longer in Melbourne with its 200,000 inhabitants clustered together than in Glasgow with 500,000; and as the population increases and houses are added to houses, it will become impossible for pedestrians to communicate unless they devote the entire day to travelling. There will, no doubt, be railways about the town, as there are about London, but it

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seems strange that half a million of people should not be able to live together within reach of each other.

The city, I have said, is magnificent,—and yet no street in it is finished. Even in Collins Street the houses stand in gaps. Here and there are grand edifices,—in the first place banks, as to which it seems that in these days grandeur pays as in old days did that quiet, almost funereal, deportment which was the characteristic of Lombard Street, and is still maintained by one or two highly respectable London firms. The banks in Melbourne are pre-eminent, and next to them the warehouses of ambitious retail dealers. And there are some very handsome churches,—not always built with close attention to the proprieties of church architecture as recognised by us, but nevertheless handsome. Here and there is a grand public building,—the Post Office and the Town Hall being very grand. There are Institutions of various kinds, all having domiciles more or less magnificent. A few private houses have been built with architectural pretensions, and in this way there is enough of detailed splendour to give a character to the streets. But no street is as yet splendid throughout. In speaking of the outward appearance of Melbourne, I must not forget the gutters, which in rainy weather run down each side of the street like little rivers. These are now bridged over so constantly and so well that they offer practically but little impediment to the walker. In hot weather they often flow with water from the reservoir, and help to cool the town. But in the old days,—when the bridges were few and far between, or when there were no bridges at all,—it used to be a work of danger to get about. It was then no uncommon thing to hear that “another child” had been drowned in Melbourne that morning.

Though the suburbs of Melbourne,—such specially as Collingwood, Fitzroy, and Richmond,—are in fact parts of the town, they seem to have been built on separate plans, and each to have had a ceremonial act of founding or settlement on its own part,—being in this respect unlike suburbs, which are usually excrescences upon a town, arising at hazard as houses are wanted. But these subsidiary towns

are all rectangular and parallelogrammic on their own bottom, though not rectangular and parallelogrammic in regard to Melbourne. If the streets of the one run from north to south, and from east to west, the streets of the other run from north-east to south-west, and from south-east to north-west. This seems to have been of importance,—and equally so that they should have separate mayors, separate town-councils, and above all separate town-halls. Collingwood has over 18,000 inhabitants; Emerald Hill over 17,000; Richmond over 16,000; and Fitzroy over 15,000 inhabitants; but to the world at large these places are parts of Melbourne.

But the magnificence of Melbourne is not only external. The city is very proud of its institutions, and is justified in its pride. Foremost among these, as being very excellent in the mode of its administration, is the public Library. In the first place it is open gratuitously to all the world, six days a week, from ten in the morning till ten in the evening. In the second place, whatever the library possesses can be got by any reader without trouble. It contained indeed, in 1870, no more than 60,000 volumes, which to those who are accustomed to wander among the shelves of the British Museum, or of the Oxford and Cambridge libraries, does not seem to be a large number. But the books have been selected for the uses of the people, and in such a library multiplied editions are hardly necessary. And the too vast multiplication of volumes leads to infinite difficulty in the manipulation of them. Here at Melbourne any man who is decent in his dress and behaviour can have books, shelter, warmth, chair, table, and light up to ten at night, day after day, night after night, year after year,—and all for nothing. For women, who choose to be alone,—and in the colonies as in the United States it is always presumed that women will choose to be alone,—a separate room is provided. This is only beaten at Boston, Massachusetts, where the inhabitants of the city are allowed to take the books home with them.

Melbourne also has its University,—which has hardly as yet been as successful as its Library; though for it, as for

that at Sydney, I do not doubt that success will be forthcoming. It is at present richer in the possession of council, of senate, of doctors of law and medicine, and in masters of arts, than it is in students. In 1870 seven gentlemen took degrees as bachelors of arts, the average of ten years having been five in each year. In 1870, 122 students, in all, attended lectures,—a number which is poor for a university with a chancellor, a vice-chancellor, a senate, four professors, and nine other lecturers. In 1870 the government paid £9,000 towards the expenses of the University, the college fees amounting to no more than £2,793 ;—a pecuniary result which must be acknowledged to be poor in so rich a community. But in considering all this the nature of the community must be borne in mind, and the fact, that though education generally is more desired by such a people than it is in an old country such as ours, education of a high order is by no means equally in demand. People even who are rich are unwilling to pay the expenses of procuring it for their children,—an expense which is not at all in proportion with their previous experience of the cost of education. It will probably be acknowledged that a government, in such circumstances, is right to support a university among its people till the time shall come in which a class shall have grown up willing to support it for themselves.

The University itself is a modest, pretty quadrangular building, of which three sides are completed, containing simply the lecture-rooms and library, and the residences of the professors. The fourth side will be added as funds are found. The University itself does not profess to provide accommodation for the residence of scholars. Attached to it, however, is an affiliated institution called Trinity College,—got up in the interests of the Church of England, and I believe I shall be correct in saying, chiefly by the energy of that most excellent of men, the present bishop. No salary is here provided by government for a fainéant Head of the House, as I found to be the case at Sydney. When I visited the Melbourne University in 1872, there was Trinity College,\*

\* I have since been much pleased at learning that the affiliated college was nearly full.

but as yet there were no collegians. The building had been erected and furnished, and was ready to take in twenty students, at 30s. a week for board and lodging. Here, it was hoped, might the future young pastors of the Church of England in the colony receive their learning. Seeing how much had been done by how good a man, I give the new college all my best wishes. Behind the University, and in the grounds belonging to it, stands the Museum, which is open to the public gratuitously. I am not, myself, qualified to speak of the value of museums, but this one seems to have the special and somewhat unusual merit of being so arranged that its contents are intelligible to ordinary capacities.

I have spoken of the gardens of Melbourne generally as contributing largely to the spacious dimensions of the town; but I must not omit to make special mention of the Botanical Gardens, and of their learned cûrator, Dr. Von Mueller. Dr. Von Mueller, who is also a baron, a fellow of half the learned societies in Europe, and a Commander of the Order of St. Jago, has made these gardens a perfect paradise of science for those who are given to botany rather than to beauty. I am told that the gardens and the gardener, the botany and the baron, rank very highly indeed in the estimation of those who have devoted themselves to the study of trees, and that Melbourne should consider herself to be rich in having such a man. But the gardens though spacious are not charming, and the lessons which they teach are out of the reach of ninety-nine in every hundred. The baron has sacrificed beauty to science, and the charm of flowers to the production of scarce shrubs, till the higher authorities have interfered. When I was at Melbourne there had arisen a question whether there should not be some second and, alas! rival head-gardener, so that the people of Melbourne might get some gratification for their money. The quarrel was running high when I was there. I can only hope that flowers may carry the day against the shrubs.

There are no poor-laws in the colonies, and consequently no poor-rates. Destitute men and women are not entitled by

law to be fed and housed at the public expense, as they are in England. As far as the law is concerned any man who cannot feed himself may lie down and die. But such is not the result of things as they exist. Poor and destitute there are, though they are very few in number as compared with those among us at home. Work is more plentiful. Wages are higher. Food is cheaper. In his personal condition the working man does not stand always near to the edge of the precipice of destitution, as he too frequently does in Europe. But there are poor,—both men and women,—and for them shelter and food are found, and very many of the comforts of life. These are provided in buildings called Benevolent Asylums, of which there are five in Victoria,—the largest establishment being in Melbourne. Here, in Melbourne, about 12,000 poor are relieved in the course of the year, some using it as a temporary refuge and some living in it altogether. No one is ever turned out; nor does there seem to be any great difficulty in getting in if the applicant be really destitute. It is worthy of remark that a very small proportion of those who apply for relief are colonial born. The growth of the colony, and the fact that most of the aged in the country have been immigrants, will account for this in some degree. But though Victoria is still growing the colonies are old enough to have produced destitution of their own. In 1870 there were 11,739 persons in the Victorian Benevolent Asylums, of which but little more than a tenth were born in the colony. This I attribute to the fact that the generation born in the colonies drinks less and is more careful of its means than they who go thither from Europe. The theory of these asylums is that they should be supported by voluntary contribution with aid from government. The fact is that they are supported by government with some little aid from voluntary contribution,—and with something made by the work of the inmates. In 1870 the asylum at Melbourne cost £18,856, of which £15,000 were paid by the government, and but £2,000 by private contributions. In Victoria government pays for everything; and, why should the benevolent contribute when the thing is provided in a different way? I have said

that there were no poor-rates ;—but perhaps it may be thought that the same thing is effected when the parliament makes a grant out of the general taxes of the country. Could a pauper be suddenly removed out of an English union workhouse into the Melbourne Benevolent Asylum, he might probably think that he had migrated to Buckingham Palace.

When giving a catalogue of the peculiar institutions of Melbourne, I must not omit "The Verandah." Not that there is anything beautiful or grand about the Verandah, or that it is an institution of which Melbourne is inclined to boast. It is one, however, which she uses perhaps with more thorough devotion than all the others put together. The opportunities offered by it are never neglected ; and they who have once tasted its charms, seldom fail to return to them. "The Verandah" is a morsel of pavement in Collins Street, on which men congregate under a balcony, and there buy and sell gold shares. It is a small Bourse or "Capel Court," held out of doors, the operations of which are conducted with all the broad daylight of the public street upon them,—but not on that account conducted with any peculiar formality or reticence. I shall, however, be under the necessity of speaking of "The Verandah" again when describing the gold-fields of the colony and the operations which they have produced.

I visited the Lunatic Asylum at Yarra Bend,—or rather the two lunatic asylums, for there is an old and a new establishment on opposite sides of the river Yarra,—and other hospitals, and the penal establishment at Pentridge and other gaols. I could tell how many inmates there were in each, and how much each inmate cost,—no doubt with all that inaccuracy which a confidence in statistics customarily produces. But I doubt whether I should serve or interest any one by doing so. But it may be well to express the general conviction left on my mind by all these visitings,—not only in reference to Melbourne and Victoria, but as regards the colonies generally,—that a care for public things predominates in them all. However greedy individuals may be after the wealth of each other, whatever fall-



ings off there may be in individual morality and honesty, whatever lapses in individual honour, the care of public things is maintained throughout with an unsparring expenditure. In nothing is this more conspicuous than in the protection given to the afflicted by the State. Let the cost be what it may, the poor are to be taught, the needy sheltered and fed, and the afflicted, whether in mind or body, relieved as far as outward appliances may relieve them.

Melbourne is the centre of a series of railways of which I shall speak in another chapter, as they belong to the colony generally rather than to the town; but the city has the advantage of a local line,—belonging to a private company and not worked by the government as are the colonial lines generally,—which passes from St. Kilda and Emerald Hill on one side, through Melbourne to Richmond, Prahran, Brighton, and other suburbs on the other side, which is so generally used that Melbourne itself is nearly as hollow as London. I may almost say that no one lives in Melbourne. Of this, one consequence is disagreeable. When you dine out you are generally under the necessity of returning by railway,—which is an abomination. But in other respects the railway is a great blessing. People even of moderate means live in the country air and have gardens and pleasant houses. On two sides, south and east, Melbourne is surrounded for miles by villa residences.

There is now being **built, very close** to the town, a new Government House, **which is intended** to be very magnificent. The governors who occupy it will probably find it by far too much so. The present house, which is four miles out of town, is very much abused as being inadequate to its purpose. It certainly is much less grand than those at Sydney, at Hobart Town,—which is first among government houses,—or even at Perth in poor Western Australia. Nevertheless I was present there at a public ball, at which all Melbourne was entertained with true vice-royal munificence. Were I appointed governor of a colony, I should deprecate very much a too palatial residence. I think it

may be admitted as a rule that governors find it hard to live upon the salaries allotted to them, and generally do not do so. Men used to accept bishopricks and governorships with a view to making fortunes. It is beginning to be admitted now that men with private means are wanted for both.

There is perhaps no town in the world in which an ordinary working man can do better for himself and for his family with his work than he can at Melbourne. There may be places at which wages are higher, but then at those places the necessities of life are dearer and the comforts of life less easily attainable. There are others undoubtedly at which living is cheaper;—but there also are wages lower, and the means of living less salutary and commodious. When I left Melbourne in July, 1872, flour was cheaper than in England. The price of wheat was then 6*s.* 8*d.* a bushel in the Melbourne markets. Meat had risen greatly during the last twelve months in consequence of the increased exportation and the rise in the price of wool, and then ranged in the city from 4*d.* to 6*d.* the pound. Butter varied from 6*d.* to 1*s.* 9*d.* the pound; potatoes from £3 to £4 the ton; eggs from 10*d.* to 2*s.* the dozen; tea from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* the pound; coffee from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 10*d.* a pound; coals from 28*s.* to 35*s.* a ton. The price of clothes, taken all round, is I think about 20 per cent. dearer than in London. A working man in Melbourne no doubt pays more for his house or for his lodgings than he would in London; but then in Melbourne the labourer or artisan enjoys a home of a better sort than would be within the reach of his brother in London doing work of the same nature, and in regard to house-rent gets more for his money than he would do at home. In Melbourne the wages of artisans and mechanics generally are 10*s.* a day. Such is stated by the registrar of the colony to have been the customary payment to blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, and bricklayers in 1870, and I am assured that there has been no reduction since that date. Gardeners receive from 50*s.* to 60*s.* a week, and common labourers about 36*s.* a week. These men, so paid, are supposed to be employed without

diet,—or rations, as is the colonial phrase. A cook will earn from £35 to £45 a year; laundresses from £30 to £40; other maid-servants from £20 to £30. The ordinary wages of a housemaid, who of course lives in the house, are 10s. a week. Men-servants, in the house, earn from £40 to £55 per annum.

There can I think be little doubt that the artisan with £3 a week, paying 4d. a pound for his meat and 7d. for a 4-lb. loaf, may live very plentifully. He probably pays about 1s. a week for the schooling of each of his children, but such is the comfort of his condition that he can do this without difficulty. I would not say to every artisan in London that he should save his money and pack up all that he has, and come out to Melbourne. Too often he cannot save any money. Frequently he is unfit to emigrate. It is, too generally, the case that the man who thus seeks new fortunes has to undergo some hardship before he can find his feet in the country of his adoption. I would not have any one believe that he can enter in upon the good things of the new world without trouble, without doubt, and without delay. Many a poor fellow burdened with wife and family, the best of whose strength has gone from him amidst the hardships of labour at home, has been tempted to go out, and when there has been unable to bear the roughness of beginning and has fallen in the struggle. But when the first struggle is over, and when the first battle has been won, the life of the artisan there is certainly a better life than he can find at home. He not only lives better, with more comfortable appurtenances around him, but he fills a higher position in reference to those around him, and has greater consideration paid to him, than would have fallen to his lot at home. He gets a better education for his children than he can in England, and may have a more assured hope of seeing them rise above himself, and has less cause to fear that they shall fall infinitely lower. Therefore I would say to any young man whose courage is high and whose intelligence is not below par, that he should not be satisfied to remain at home; but should come out,—to Melbourne, if that destination will in other respects suit him; and try to win a

higher lot and a better fortune than the old country can afford to give him.

But if he take my advice and then turn recreant,—if he become idle or self-indulgent, or take to drink and vicious courses of pleasure,—then will woe betide him. For the fate of such a one in the colonies is worse even than it is at home.

## CHAPTER IV.

### BALLAARAT.

BALLARAT, the gold-field city,—or Ballaarat as the conscientious orthographists of the district insist on spelling it,—deserves a separate chapter to itself. Not that the two towns of that name,—Ballaarat and Ballaarat East,—with their vicinities comprise now—A.D. 1873—the most productive gold-fields of Australia, as they are beaten by those of Sandhurst; but that the place has been 'more noticeable than any other in the history of Australian gold, and more productive, taking its history back to the time when gold was first discovered there in 1851.

That was the great year of the discovery of Australian gold. I am not going into the deeply discussed question of the merits of this or that discoverer,—as to which jealousy is still rife both in New South Wales and Victoria. Taking the belief which I now find to be the most common in the colonies, I may say that Sir Roderick Murchison and Count Strzelecki both foretold the finding of Australian gold, basing their opinion on the geographical condition of the country; that Hargreaves, acting with others, first struck gold at Ophir in New South Wales; and that gold was first discovered, in Victoria, at Clunes, some few miles from the present city of Ballaarat. I will not venture to say who was the first discoverer, but a miner named Esmond was rewarded for the discovery. In New South Wales gold was declared to be found in April, 1851, and at Clunes in July, 1851, so that the interval between the two colonies was very small.

But, in regard to the discovery at Clunes, I think it is not to be doubted that gold was in fact found there eighteen months before it was declared. The date usually given as that of Esmond's discovery is July, 1851,—that being the very month in which the government of the new colony of Victoria commenced.

Both Hargreaves and Esmond had been gold-seekers in California, and were led to their discoveries by observation rather than by chance. There is, I believe, no doubt that gold had been found by chance previous to the discoveries of Hargreaves and Esmond,—but the finding of it had not led to great public results. Both Hargreaves and Esmond were rewarded.

Clunes is about 16 miles from Ballaarat, but the richness of the Ballaarat gold-fields soon followed the first discovery at Clunes. I am aware that I shall tread on very dangerous ground indeed if I assign either names or dates to the first movement of the soil at Golden Point, which is now built over by the present town,—Ballaarat East. But before the end of 1851 the rush to Ballaarat was an established thing, and whole streets of canvas tents were covering crowds of miners. We are told that men flocked to the place at the rate of 500 a day,—for whom no preparation had been made, no shelter built, no food brought together, no local laws enacted, no powers to enforce the laws existing. Its too great prosperity, its prospect of immediate and apparently unlimited wealth, was for a time more than the colony could bear. The minds of men were so disturbed that no man would remain at any old employment. Servants were out of the question. Shearers would not shear sheep unless they could earn their £6 or £7 a day. Gold commissioners with their clerks, police magistrates and policemen, were indispensable ; but who would be a clerk, or a policeman,—who even a magistrate or a commissioner,—when gold could be washed out of the dirt at the rate of ten ounces a day to each happy miner? Food rose to incredible prices,—but then it was almost matter of indifference to a man whether he gave a shilling or a sovereign for his meal. The young government was almost beside itself,—and letters

full of frantic questions, eager fears, ambitious hopes, and almost despair, must have reached our Colonial Office at home by every mail. To whom did the gold belong? If to the Crown, how should the Crown use and how protect its rights? In what way might this new wealth be turned to account, so that the colony at large might enjoy the prosperity? Might any man dig where he pleased,—and if so, how should he be protected in his digging? What should be his rights, and what his limits, and how should he be made to pay for the now to him inestimable blessing of protection?

It was at first decreed that a miner should pay a fee of 30s. a month for a licence to dig. This was very shortly raised to £3 a month, though that amount was in truth never collected. The idea of charging a miner £36 a year for the privilege of digging arose from the desire to prevent all the labour of the colony from throwing itself into the one employment. But the outcry was so great that it was again fixed at 30s. In October, 1854, the charge for a miner's licence was £2 for three months. In the colony of Victoria the licence now costs 5s. a year. But the system of licensing—of charging diggers even £18 per annum for the privilege of mining—was not received with ready submission, and the money was collected with infinite difficulty. Recusant diggers were hunted down by armed police; men refused to pay; indignation meetings were held;—and at length something like war broke out at Ballaarat. This was in December, 1854,—when Sir Charles Hotham was governor, and about twelve months before his death. The diggers entrenched themselves on the gold-fields in a place that was called the Eureka Stockade. Here they were attacked by night, and thirty of them were killed. The ringleaders were afterwards tried and acquitted,—and so the war was brought to an end. But in those days there was certainly much difficulty in governing the colony, and in bringing into order a new state of things. It seemed for a time as though the very wealth of the soil would prove the ruin of the country.

Now it might be difficult to find a more quiet town than

Ballaarat, as it certainly would be to find one of the same age better built and more lavishly provided with all the appurtenances which municipalities require. It is certainly a most remarkable town. It struck me with more surprise than any other city in Australia. It is not only its youth, for Melbourne also is very young; nor is it the population of Ballaarat which amazes, for it does not exceed a quarter of that of Melbourne; but that a town so well built, so well ordered, endowed with present advantages so great in the way of schools, hospitals, libraries, hotels, public gardens, and the like, should have sprung up so quickly with no internal advantages of its own other than that of gold. The town is very pleasant to the sight, which is, perhaps, more than can be said for any other "provincial" town in the Australian colonies. When the year 1851 commenced, Ballaarat was an unknown name except perhaps here and there to a few shepherds. These words are written in the house of Messrs. Learmonth,—younger men than I, and therefore not old men to me,—who were the first pioneers in the country, and who ran the sheep which they brought with them from Van Diemen's Land over the hills adjacent to Ballaarat. They have given way to the gold-seekers, and, establishing themselves far enough from mines for rural serenity and pastoral comfort, are regarded as the territorial aristocrats of the district. Breathing their air and listening to their ideas, one feels as one does in the almost feudal establishment of some great English squire, who watches with a regret he cannot quite repress the daily encroachments made upon his life by the approaching hordes of some large neighbouring town.

Ballaarat has no navigable river. It is seventy or eighty miles from any possibility of sea-carriage. The land immediately around it is not fertile. It is high above the sea-level, and runs in gentle hills which twenty years since were thinly covered with gum-trees; and here wandered the flocks of a few patriarch pioneers. Then came first one or two rough seekers after gold, then half-a-dozen, then a score, then a rush,—and Ballaarat was established as one among the few great golden cities of the young world. I do not think



that there is any city equal to it that has sprung from gold alone.

I myself believe in cities,—even though there should be place in them for dishonest ambition, short-sighted policy, and rowdiness. The dishonesty, the folly, and the rowdiness are but the overboiling of the pot without which cannot be had the hot water which is so necessary to our well-being. I heard much abuse of Ballaarat from Ballaaraters. There are three towns conjoined, Ballaarat, Ballaarat East, and Sebastopol, with three town-halls, three municipalities, and the like. The smaller towns will not consent to merge themselves. There are in them men of obstruction, and things cannot be done as they should be done. Money is wasted; municipal funds are expended foolishly,—perhaps fraudulently on an occasion. If this class would only see with the eyes of that class, what a paradise it might be! But they see with quite other eyes,—and what a pandemonium it is becoming. So say the men of Ballaarat. Trade is going to the dogs, because there is not sufficient protection;—or else because a tariff of 20 per cent. on all imported goods, levied in accordance with the wisdom of certain ministers is destroying all trade by raising the price of bad goods and driving serviceable goods out of the market. No words which can here be used are strong enough to describe the iniquity which some MacEvoy attributes to some O'Brien, or some Murphy to some Jones or Smith. Population is falling off, so that shortly Ballaarat will be as a city of the dead. Such are the accounts a stranger hears either from this side or from that. One gentleman, who certainly was very much in the dark as to the statistics of his town, assured me that 20,000 people had gone out of Ballaarat in two years. Another was angry with me because I hesitated to believe that the place was ruined. I was assured that I might hire 1,500 vacant houses at an hour's notice if I wanted them. As for gold at Ballaarat, everybody knew that that game had been played out!

Such were the records of some men. As far as the eye went, I saw nothing but prosperity. Here I found that most of the mines were worked by companies at wages paid

to the men,—and that a miner's wages averaged from 40s. to 48s. a week,—the man working eight hours a day, and thus reaching that acme of the workman's bliss—

“Eight hours for work, and eight for play,  
Eight for sleep, and eight shillings a day.”

And the necessities of life, and the comforts, are at any rate as cheap at Ballaarat as they are in England, in spite of protective duties. Meat was about  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  a pound, and for nothing did the workmen of Ballaarat pay more than his brother in England, unless it be for clothes, for house-rent, —and strong drinks, if he be that way given. Wages for all work are high in proportion. In rural labour in the neighbourhood the farmer pays 20s. a week and rations, and at harvest-time must pay double that amount. Female servants in houses get 12s. a week,—or above £30 per annum.

Houses no doubt have been built too quickly,—as is always found to be the case when some check comes to the rising population of young towns. Such check had reached Ballaarat when I was there,—the rush for the time being to the gold-fields of Sandhurst ; and newly built houses were to be seen empty. “There's a ‘spec’ that won't answer,” said a gentleman to me, pointing to a row of houses just finished, but which from end to end showed no sign of habitation. In two years' time some great quartz-crushing operation will probably have been commenced ; and the then owner of the row,—for the unfortunate first speculator will no doubt have been sold out by his assignees,—will be making 30 per cent. on his money.

There may be rowdiness, dishonesty and all other civic sins in the manipulation of the municipal powers of Ballaarat and other Australian cities ;—but as a rule the things which a city requires are there. At Ballaarat this is conspicuously the case. The hospital has more wards than it uses, and more funds than it needs. As regards internal cleanliness and sweetness, and external prettiness, it is perfect. The Benevolent Institution,—which does the work that a poor-house does with us,—gives either out-door relief or in-door shelter and sustenance to all who cannot support themselves.

Such sustenance in Ballaarat—as indeed at all such institutions in Victoria—includes a thoroughly good dinner of meat and vegetables every day, with tea for breakfast and tea for “tea.” It includes a bed perfectly clean, sitting-room, books, newspapers, comfortable clothes, and a garden to walk in infinitely superior to that enjoyed by many comfortable folk at home. Ballaarat has a public library, free to all the city,—and a mechanics’ institute, with newspapers and privileges, at £1 a head. It has indeed every municipal luxury that can be named, including a public garden full of shrubs and flowers, and a lake of its own,—Lake Wendouree,—with a steamer and row-boats and regattas. It has a cricket-ground, and athletic games ; and it has omnibuses and cabs, which by their cleanliness and general excellence make a Londoner blush. For the privilege of seeing all these things with ease and comfort, and for much steady information, without exaggeration either on one side or the other, I have to thank that best of all mayors, Mr. R. Lewes, who reigned at Ballaarat at the time of my visit.

But as yet I have said nothing of the gold-mines which have made Ballaarat what it is. Among Victorian gold-fields it is famous for alluvial dirt to be washed,—not for quartz to be crushed, as is the case with its rival town of Sandhurst, of which I shall speak in the next chapter. But the reader must not therefore suppose that Ballaarat is a place of mere surface scratching, an agglomeration of gullies from which the mud is shovelled into cradles, a congregation of “fossickers”—men who search about, picking and washing a bit of earth here and a bit there, or upper-air miners who know nothing of large operations. The alluvial dirt which produces the greater portion of the wealth of Ballaarat has not only to be brought up many hundred feet from under the surface, but it has to be sought for through underground passages thousands of feet in length, and has to be followed up by geological deductions which too often fail in their promises.

I went down one such mine called “Winter’s Freehold,” descending 450 feet in an iron cage. I was then taken 4,000 feet along an underground tramway in a truck drawn

by a horse. At the end of that journey I was called upon to mount a perpendicular ladder about 20-feet high, and was then led along another tramway running apparently at right angles to the first. From this opened out the cross passages in which the miners were at work. Here we saw the loose alluvial grit, so loose that a penknife would remove it, lying on the solid rock,—on it and under it,—to the breadth I was told of some four feet; for though I saw the bottom of the grit, where it lay on its bed, I could not see the top where it was covered. Here and there among the grit, with candle held up, and some experienced miner directing my eye, I could see the minute specs of gold, in search of which these vast subterranean tunnels had been made. It seemed to be but a speck here and there,—so inconsiderable as to be altogether unworth the search. But the mining men who were with us, the manager, deputy-manager, or shareholders,—for on such occasions one hardly knows who are the friends who accompany one,—expressed themselves highly satisfied.

I was told that £150,000 had been expended on this single mine up to the present time, and that the machinery was the finest in the colony. Perhaps the finest machinery in the colony may be seen at more than one mine in the colony. But I was informed that hitherto the results had not been magnificent. There was, however, a good time coming, and all the money expended would certainly come back with copious interest. I hope that it may be so. We were two hours in seeing the mine,—and I must say that as regards immediate enjoyment the two hours were not well spent. The place was wet and dirty and dark, the progress was tedious, and the result to the eye very poor. But such is the result to all amateur inspectors of mines. When we had extricated ourselves from the bowels of the earth we ascended to a platform on the top of the machinery, to which the wash-dirt is carried that it may there be puddled and the gold extracted. The height enables the water and mud to run off. The dirt is placed in a round flat receptacle or trough, into which water runs, and an instrument somewhat like a harrow is worked through it. The water and

mud are amalgamated, and the height enables them to run off together. The gold by its own weight falls to the bottom mixed with stones or shingle. This is afterwards sent down to an open spout below, through which water runs, a man the while working it with a fork prepared for the purpose. Again the stones and mud pass off with the water, and again the gold remains behind, sinking to the bottom by its own weight. When all has escaped that will escape, and the stones that will not fall have been thrown out, then the specks of gold are seen lying thick, collected in the little furrows which are marked on the bottom of the spout. To the uninitiated eye the product of all this costly labour still seems to be small.

After all this the gold is smelted into bars and sold to the merchants or bankers. We went to the offices of another company,—the Band of Hope and Albion Consols,—to see the smelting. In this operation there is nothing wonderful. The small gold—for it is all small in comparison with the nuggets of which we have heard so much and which are now very rare in Australia—is poured into an earthen pot, is melted, is poured out into moulds, is then washed so that it may have a clean face, and is straightway sent to the bank. At present the greater part of the gold found at Ballaarat when thus prepared is worth something over £4 an ounce. At this Band of Hope mine they raise about 3,000 ounces of gold a month, at an expense of about half its value. The other half is divided among the shareholders, and gives an average interest of £12 15s. per cent. on the capital expended on the work. This, in a business subject to great risk, with bank interest at 8 and 9 per cent., does not seem to be a very rich result.

We also saw a quartz-crushing machine at work,—for quartz is raised at Ballaarat, though in much less quantity than the wash-dirt. The nature of a quartz-crusher I have described in speaking of Gympie, the great Queensland gold-field. In Victoria, as I have said, Sandhurst is the great quartz district;—but there are sanguine people who predict a vast wealth of quartz reefs at Ballaarat after the wash-dirt has been all extracted.

## CHAPTER V.

### BENDIGO OR SANDHURST.

HAVING thus described Ballaarat, which in point of architectural excellence and general civilised city comfort is at present certainly the metropolis of the Australian gold-fields, I should lay myself open to charges of gross partiality if I omitted to give some account of Sandhurst,—which intends to surpass Ballaarat, and to become mightier and more world-famous than that very mighty and world-famous place. I do not pretend to say what may be the result of the race.

My readers have, no doubt, heard of the Bendigo gold-fields. I think it by no means improbable that some of them,—in England,—may never have heard the name of Sandhurst as connected with gold. I had not done so when I first landed in Australia, though I had been often told of Bendigo, having some hazy idea that the place had called itself after a prize-fighter, and therefore must be a very rowdy place indeed. I imagine that some such feeling must have been predominant with the people of the place when Bendigo, as a name, was dropped, and Sandhurst,—which is not only euphonious, but which carries with it also a certain mixed idea of youthful energy and military discipline,—was chosen in its stead. Sandhurst means to go ahead, and become a great city. In regard to the production of gold it has gone very much ahead. As a city, when I was there, it was neither handsome nor commodious. It had the appearance, which is common to all new mining towns, of having been scratched up violently out of the

body of the earth by the rake of some great infernal deity, who had left everything behind him dirty, uncouth, barren, and disorderly! Any one who has seen the mining towns as they rose in Cornwall and Glamorganshire must have observed the same ugliness. At Sandhurst you see heaps of upturned dry soil here and there, dislocated whims, rows of humble houses built just as they were wanted, shops with gewgaw fronts put up at a moment's notice, drinking-bars in abundance, here and there an attempt at architecture, made almost invariably by some banking company eager to push itself into large operations;—but with it all a look of eager, keen energy which would redeem to the mind the hideous objects which meet the eye, were it not that the mind becomes conscious of the too-speculative nature of the work done,—of the gambling propensities of the people around,—and is driven to feel that the buying and selling of mining shares cannot be done by yea, yea, and nay, nay.

In Melbourne there is the “verandah;”—in Sandhurst there is a “verandah;” in Ballarat there is a “verandah.” The verandah is a kind of open exchange,—some place on the street pavement apparently selected by chance, on which the dealers in mining shares do congregate. What they do, or how they carry on their business when there, I am unable to explain. But to the stranger, or the passer by, they do not look lovely. He almost trembles lest his eyes should be picked out of his head as he goes. He has no business there, and soon learns to walk on the other side of the road. And he hears strange tales which make him feel that the innocence of the dove would not befriend him at all were he to attempt to trade in those parts. I think there is a racing phrase as to “getting a tip.” The happy man who gets a tip learns something special as to the competence or incompetence of a horse. There are a great many tips in gold mines which fall into the fortunate hands of those who attend most closely, and perhaps with most unscrupulous fidelity, to the business of the verandahs. The knowing ones know that a certain claim is going to give gold. The man who has the tip sells out at a low price,—sells out a certain number of shares, probably to a

friend who holds the tip with him. The price is quoted on the share list, and the unfortunate non-tipped sell out also, and the fortunate tipped one buys up all. A claim is not going to give gold,—and the reverse happens. Or a claim is salted;—gold is surreptitiously introduced, is then taken out, and made the base of a fictitious prosperity. The tipped ones sell, and the untipped buy. It is easy to see that the game is very pretty; but then it is dangerous. It has certainly become very popular. One is told at Melbourne that all are playing at it,—clergymen, judges, ladies, old ladies and young, married ladies and single,—old men and boys, fathers unknown to their sons, and sons unknown to their fathers, mothers unknown to their daughters, daughters unknown to their mothers,—masters and servants, tradesmen and their apprentices. “You shall go from one end of Collins Street to another,” a man said to me, “and you will hardly meet one who has not owned a share or a part of a share.” Gold-mining in Victoria is as was to us the railway mania some twenty-four years ago. Melbourne no doubt is the centre of the trade in shares, but low beneath the surface in the mines of Sandhurst lie the hearts of the gold-gamblers.

At Ballaarat the chief produce of gold is still obtained from alluvial dirt,—from dirt which is indeed extracted by deep working out of the bowels of the earth, and not, as at first, from the channels of rivers and the crevices of mountain gullies,—but still from alluvial dirt, which, when extracted, is washed. The gold remains after the washing and then the operation is at an end. At Sandhurst the gold is got by quartz-crushing. The gold-bearing rock is brought up in great masses,—thousands and thousands of tons of stone, which is called quartz. This is crushed by huge machinery, and the gold is separated from the dirt by the use of quick-silver and water. The washing of alluvial soil is the readier way of getting gold, but the quartz-crushing is the more important. Of the alluvial dirt there must, or at any rate there may, soon be an end. The geologists say that the crushers of quartz may eat up whole mountains, and still go on finding stone that will give gold. Looking at a table



now before me as to quartz crushed at Sandhurst in 1871, I find that 2 oz. 14 dwt. to the ton of quartz was the highest amount extracted, and that 4 dwt. to the ton is the lowest quantity there quoted. The proportion that will pay depends of course on the amount of outlay. Some of the gold-bearing stone is brought up 800 feet, and some only 100. In some mines the levels and cross-cuts and underground passages are worked for long distances, perhaps for a mile, without gold. In others the gold is struck at once. It is impossible, therefore, to say what proportion will pay; but it is certain that in many mines half an ounce, or two sovereigns, to a ton of rock will pay well. It is on record that 250 oz. of gold were extracted on the Bendigo gold-fields from one ton of stone,—fifteen years ago. But the great glory of Sandhurst was reached, when an average of 9 oz. per ton was extracted from 264 tons of quartz, taken from "The Great Extended Hustler's mine."

I venture to extract a quotation from a published "Digest of the Dividend-Paying Companies of the Bendigo Gold-Fields," which is now before me,—given in the shape of a note,—because it purports to be a record of the greatest event of the year 1871.

"NOTE.—On October 18th, the greatest event of the year's quartz-mining occurred. For some days previously the gathering of the Extended Hustler's Tribute amalgam created much interest in mining circles; 6,400 oz. aggregate of amalgam was reached when the company proceeded to retort, and betting, except with those intimately acquainted with the nature of the stone, was in favour of over 3,000 oz. of gold. A little after 7 p.m. of the 18th the Oriental Bank solved all doubts by exhibiting the Tribute Company's cake of 2,564 oz., and shortly afterwards the Great Extended Hustler's Tribute declared the largest dividend ever paid on Sandhurst,—6s. 6d. per share, equal to £9,100. The yield was obtained from 264 tons, reef 18 feet thick, average 9 oz. per ton."

I saw this interesting cake at the Oriental Bank in Melbourne, on which occasion the manager kindly offered to give it to me on condition that I should carry it away.

All prosperous trades have a slang of their own,—certain terms used to keep outsiders at a distance, and to create that feeling of esoteric privilege which we all like to have in

regard to matters which we think we understand. A man who only uses horses can never talk in professional language to a man who breeds them and deals in them and lives with them. A layman in politics, let him be ever so anxious for his country, is all abroad when conversing with a member of parliament about bills and acts, about notices of motion and "the previous question." It is very much so with mining. Everything is told to the visiting stranger, but I don't think he is intended to understand anything. What with tributes and claims, with leads and lodes, with shafts and levels and cross-cuts and veins, with reefs and gullies, with quartz, amalgam, tailings, and mullock,—I am by no means sure of the spelling of that last word,—he is made to feel that he is an outsider, and that he cannot learn mining in a day. At Sandhurst I felt this very strongly;—and my reader will probably feel as I did. He will simply acknowledge to himself the fact that a cake of gold containing 2,564 oz.,—and worth about £10,000,—is a very large cake indeed.

The names selected by various companies at the Sandhurst gold-fields deserve attention. Sandhurst, which now aspires to be the leading Australian gold-field, and which certainly turns out more gold than any other, boasts at present no less than 1,200 different companies. I should say that there were 1,200 in the early part of 1872. The number will probably be very greatly increased before these words are published. The names chosen for these companies are certainly very quaint. There are not less than fourteen "New Chum" Companies, and there are three or four "Old Chum" Companies. There are the Peg Leg, the Perfect Cure, the Who can Tell, the Great Extended Who can Tell, the Sons of Freedom, the Sir Walter Scott, the Sailor Prince, the Royal Louisa, the Lord Byron, the Little Chum, the Jonadab, the Hand and Band, the Happy Day, the Happy-go-Lucky, the Great Extended South Golden Pyke, the Go by Gold, the Charles Gavan Duffy, the Gladstone,—indeed there are five or six Gladstone Companies;—and, to be fair, I must add that there is a Disraeli Company; I do not, however, find it quoted among those that are paying

dividends. But, among all names at Sandhurst, the greatest name, the most thriving, the best known, and the name in highest repute, is—"Hustler." Whence came the appellation I do not distinctly know, but I believe that there once was—perhaps still is—a happy Hustler. If so, even the Marquis of Granby among publicans has not been a more prolific godfather than has Mr. Hustler among Sandhurst miners. What with original Hustler Companies and Tribute Hustler Companies, with simple Hustlers, and Extended Hustlers, and Great Extended Hustlers, with North Hustlers, and South Hustlers, and with Extended North and South Hustlers, the companies who claim the happy name are difficult to count. There are at any rate two dozen of them, and all, or nearly all, are doing well.

Of these 1,200 different companies, about one-third are, so called, Tribute Companies. The parent company—for instance the parent Great Extended Hustlers—lets off a piece of land, or a claim, to a set of men, generally working miners, having performed a certain portion of the preliminary work,—having opened the shaft and put up machinery, and probably shown that gold is to be had for the labour. The claim is let on a certain tribute,—the tributers or sub-company agreeing to pay a fixed proportion of the gold extracted to the original company. The miners are very fond of going into this kind of speculation, as it opens up to them the chance of making a fortune. But on the other hand it opens up to them also the chance—and very often the reality—of working for nothing. The expenses of the mine and the tribute which is exacted will not unfrequently consume all the gold produced ; or,—worse than that,—the expense of the mine will go on, and there will be no produce. The tributer will not only be working for nothing, but will also be called on to pay towards the continuance of the enterprise. He must live the while,—and would thus seem to be debarred from such speculation unless he be possessed of capital. But in fact such is not the case. A miner at Sandhurst, when I was there, could earn from £2 10s. to £3 a week, and could live well on 20s. Two men, or more, would form a partnership, of which the one half would work

for wages, and the other half on a tribute claim. The wages would suffice to support the whole, and even to pay up a certain amount of "calls." Should the speculation turn out well, the profits would be divided among the lot. The speculation often does turn out well, and men become suddenly enriched. It often turns out badly,—and in such cases the miners have worked barely for a subsistence. At such places as Sandhurst it is said that in this way a grand spirit of commercial enterprise is created and fostered. Men without capital are enabled to enter in upon the joys of commercial speculation. There is, however, another way of looking at it; and many no doubt will think that the commercial speculation is simple gambling on a great scale. I have no doubt myself that the miners who work simply for wages are in the long run more prosperous than they who work on tribute. A man's wages represent to him with clear and well-defined reality the very sweat of his brow. If there be enough for him to save something, and if he be given to saving, he will save the surplus of money so earned. But that which comes to him in a lump, from some happy chance, from some pocket of gold found in the bowels of the earth, from some rich crushing of quartz with which it has been his lot to become connected, exalts him suddenly, upsets his head,—and is apt to disappear as rapidly as it came. All this of course is old-world teaching and grandmother's tales. I feel as I write it that it is too trite to be written. But I feel at the same time that it is impossible to write of gold-mining in Australia without repeating the old lesson. No doubt instances may be adduced of men who have made and have kept splendid fortunes by gold-mining,—of men who have done so without capital, by small speculations at first, and by extended operations as the means have come to them. I have heard of men so blessed,—and could name one or two. But I have heard of no case in which the man so blessed was represented to me as living after a blessed fashion. I have, however, heard of cases by the score in which the questionable blessing has never been achieved,—as to which I have been told, frequently by the speculators themselves, that had they stopped here or had

they stopped there, they would have made two, four, six, ten, or twenty thousand pounds as the case may have been. There has been a shake of the head, and a soft regret ; and I always felt that I liked the man the better in that he had lost it all, than I should have done had he become permanently successful.

As regards the working miners, including all those who manage the works and overlook the machinery, I am bound to say that they are a fine body of able and industrious men. This is so on all the large gold-fields, and nowhere more noticeably than at Sandhurst. They are intelligent, manly, and independent,—altogether free from that subservience which the domination of capital too often produces in most fields of labour. I have spoken, perhaps as strongly as I know how to speak, of the gambling propensities of the population of a gold-mining town. I should be wrong if I did not speak as strongly of the efforts which are made by such communities,—which in Australia are always made when the communities become large and apparently fixed,—to ameliorate the condition of the people. The hospitals are excellent, the provision for the indigent is so good as almost to promote indigence, the schools are well conducted and well filled, the churches are sufficient, and the clergymen are supported. The money comes freely and is freely expended. And in no community are the manners of the people more courteous or their conduct more decent. Of course there is drinking. The idle men drink,—would-be gentlemen, who are trying to speculate, without apparent means of livelihood, drink,—miners who are not mining, having what they call a spell, or holiday, will drink. But the working miner is a sober man, with a sober family ; and of such the bulk of the mining population is made up. In England working men drink ;—work by day, and drink by night ; then half work by day and double drink by night,—till the thing comes soon to an end. In Australia, as a rule, the working man does not drink while he works. The shearer does not drink ; the shepherd and boundary-rider do not drink ; the reaper and ploughman do not drink ;—nor does the miner drink. Let them be idle for a

while ; let them take their wages and go away for a "spell ;" —then they will drink as no Englishman ever drinks, drink down in a fortnight the earnings of a year. But there is less of this with miners than with shearers or ploughmen. The miner gambles,—and is so saved from the worse vice of drinking.

And the gambling of the miner has about it a certain redeeming manliness which is altogether wanting to the denizen of the race-course or of the roulette-table. Though he gambles, he works and produces. The gambling is but an excrescence on his genuine industry. The Sandhurst regular miner works in shifts, of eight hours each shift, throughout the day and night. The gold is being sought and found, dug out and dragged up, and crushed out of its matrix, the quartz, for four-and-twenty hours a day, during six days of the week. And the skilled miner, by eight hours' work a day, may earn at least 9s. a day in a country in which he and his wife and children may live comfortably—and as regards food with absolute plenty—for 4s. a day. The gold-miner at Sandhurst who keeps himself simply to his work, and takes no part in New Extended Great Chum Tributes, has, as work goes on in the world, by no means an unhappy lot.

I went down the shaft of one mine,—the Great Extended Hustler, I think it was called,—600 feet below the surface, and was received with the greatest courtesy. I am bound to say that I saw nothing that was worth seeing, and that I understood nothing of all that was told to me. This is an almost disgraceful declaration to make, after one has pretended to understand all that was said. But it was so with me, and is so I take it with all travellers. The experienced and good-natured professional miners who conduct the strangers are anxious that everything should be made plain. To them everything is plain. But the very A B C of their necessary knowledge is probably Hebrew to the listener, who is too grateful for the attention paid to him to tell the kind teacher how utterly unintelligible to him is the whole matter in question. It was so with me ;—but this I saw, and could have seen as well above the earth as by going below,—that

tons of grey stone were dragged up, that the grey stone was all stamped and crushed into powder by machinery, and that out of the powder gold was got in certain proportions,—so many ounces, or more probably so many pennyweights, to the ton of stone,—and that, as the result was good or bad, dividends were divided or were not divided among the speculators.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GIPPSLAND, WALHALLA, AND WOODS POINT.

I WENT by coach from Melbourne to Gippsland with a friend, partly with a view of visiting that district generally, and partly that I might see the eastern gold-fields of the colony. I had indeed become very tired of gold,—which to a traveller who enjoys none of the excitement arising from the hope of acquiring it, is but a wearisome object. I did not desire to go down more mines, and yet I felt that I should not be strong-minded enough to save myself from further descents. I think I should have taken the Gippsland gold-fields on credit, had I not been told that the scenery around them was peculiarly beautiful. I was specially desired not to miss Woods Point,—which indeed is not in Gippsland, but which could be visited from Gippsland by any one who would trust himself among the mountains on horseback. From Woods Point I could return to Melbourne by a direct road, so as to avoid the disagreeable task of retracing my steps over the same path. As far as scenery was concerned, I was certainly repaid for the labour of a somewhat laborious journey. Gippsland is the south-eastern district of Victoria. It has I believe lately been divided into counties,—or rather, a portion of it has been so far civilised. It is separated from the Murray district of Victoria by spurs of the so-called Australian Alps, among which lie the eastern gold-fields.

We started by one of Cobb's coaches at one o'clock in the day, and reached the little town of Rosedale in Gippsland at ten the next morning. Cobb's coaches have the



name of being very rough,—and more than once I have been warned against travelling by them. They were not fit, I was told, for an effeminate Englishman of my time of life. The idea that Englishmen,—that is, new-chums, or Englishmen just come from home,—are made of paste, whereas the Australian native or thoroughly acclimatized, is steel all through, I found to be universal. On hearing such an opinion as to his own person, a man is bound to sacrifice himself, and to act contrary to the advice given, even though he perish in doing so. This journey I made and did not perish at all;—and on arriving at Rosedale had made up my mind that twenty hours on a Cobb's coach through the bush in Australia does not inflict so severe a martyrdom as did in the old days a journey of equal duration on one of the time-famous, much-regretted old English mails. More space is allowed you for stretching your legs on the seat, and more time for stretching your legs at the stages. The road of course is rough,—generally altogether unmade,—but the roughness lends an interest to the occasion, and when the coach is stuck in a swamp,—as happens daily,—it is pleasant to remember that the horses do finally succeed, every day, in pulling it out again. On this road there is a place called the Glue Pot, extending perhaps for a furlong, as to which the gratified traveller feels that now, at any rate, the real perils of travel have been attained. But the horses, rolling up to their bellies in the mud, do pull the coach through. This happens in the darkness of night, in the thick forest,—and the English traveller in his enthusiasm tells the coachman that no English whip would have looked at such a place even by daylight. The man is gratified, lights his pipe, and rushes headlong into the next gully.

The land between Melbourne and Gippsland, through the county of Mornington, is very poor; as it is also for some distance in Gippsland itself. Then the timber becomes less thick and the grasses rich. When first taken up the country was used for sheep;—but it was not found to be good for wool, and the sheep have now given place to cattle. A large proportion of the beef with which Melbourne is fed is fattened on the Gippsland runs. Here,

as throughout Victoria, all the best of the soil has been already purchased, and is for the most part in the hand of large owners—of men whose successors will be lords of vast territorial properties, and not of small free-selectors or farmers. Throughout the colony it is impossible not to see how futile have been the efforts of legislation to prevent the accumulation of large domains in the hands of successful men. It has been thought by one ministry after another to be wise, —or, at any rate, to be expedient,—to break up the holdings of the great squatters, so that there should be no territorial magnates. The law has done all that it could be made to do, compatibly with justice,—sometimes perhaps more than it could do with that condition,—to make the colony a paradise for small landowners, and a purgatory for wealthy men who should attempt to accumulate acres. Politicians ambitious of being statesmen, who can reach power only by the aid of universal suffrage, are prone to look for popularity, and popularity in Victoria has much depended on adherence to the interests of the free-selector. As I have said elsewhere, the interests of the small buyer of land are entitled to warmer sympathy than those of the would-be territorial magnates. One still dreams of a happy land in which every man with his wife and children shall live happily and honestly on his own acres,—owing neither rent nor submission to any lord. It may be that this feeling has been stronger with Victorian politicians than the love of political power. It is at any rate the feeling by which they claim to have been actuated, and they have worked hard to carry out their theory. But the wages of commerce and the enterprise of the intelligent have been stronger than any bonds which statesmen or legislators could forge. Wealth has been accumulated by a few, and wealth has procured the land in spite of the laws. Though cabinet ministers and land commissioners have had the land in their hands to sell under such laws as they have pleased to pass, though they have had a power entrusted to them as managers and agents greater than any confided by us to our ministers at home, though it has been declared by politicians that there should be no land magnates in

Victoria, the rich have bought the land; and now vast territories are possessed by individuals which more than rival in area—and in course of time will rival in value—the possessions of great families at home. This is hardly so in the United States,—is not so certainly to the same extent. There men seek to build up wealth in the cities rather than in the country, and prefer shares and scrip and commercial speculation to land. Why there should be this difference in the same race, when settled away from home in different regions, some one some day no doubt will tell us.

To fatten cattle is the present business of the Gippsland squire. Cattle, no doubt, are bred there, but it seemed to be more usual to buy them young from some other district, and have them driven up over long distances to the Gippsland pastures. I do not pride myself on having a good eye for a bullock,—but those I saw seemed to be very big and very fat, very tame and very stupid. Why a bullock who has a paddock of seven or eight thousand acres in which to roam should make so little of himself as these beasts do in Australia I cannot understand. At home I think they are more troublesome and have higher hearts. I went out one morning at four A.M. to see a lot drafted out of a herd for sale. “Cutting out” is the proper name for this operation. Two or three men on horseback, of whom I considered myself to be by far the most active, drove some hundreds of them into a selected corner of the paddock called a “camp.” There was no enclosure, no hurdles, no gates, no flogging, very little hallooing, and very little work. This camp happened to be in a corner; but camps for cattle generally are in the centre of the field, a bare spot,—made bare by its repeated use for this purpose,—to which the bullocks go when they are told, and on which they stand quietly till the operation of cutting out is over. On the occasion on which I was assisting, the owner himself was the “cutter out.” He rode in among the herd, and selecting with his eye some animal sufficiently obese for market purposes, signified to the doomed one that he should leave the herd. There was a stock-rider to assist him, and the stock-rider also signified

his intention. It seemed to be done altogether by the eye. The beast went out and stood apart, till he was joined by a second selected one and then by a third. On this occasion some thirty or forty were selected,—either as many as were fit or as the owner desired to sell. These were at once driven off on the way to Melbourne, and the others were allowed to go back to their grazing. I had looked for racing, and cracking of stock-whips, and horses falling, and some wild work among the forest trees. I would not knowingly have left my bed at four o'clock to see so tame a performance. At least for half its distance the road up to Melbourne is not fenced off from the timber, and consists of devious forest tracts ; but these tame brutes never make their way out into the woods on the journey, as they might do.

My friend and I bought two horses and two saddles, and started from Rosedale on our journey to the mines. We had met some influential gentlemen of the district—a judge, a resident magistrate, and an inspector of police—who were united in their assurance that if we went without a guide we should certainly be lost in the bush. Now my friend was a man of mark, whose loss would have been severely felt by the colony, and for his security we were furnished with a mounted trooper, or policeman, to show us our way, and generally take care of us on our expedition. We certainly needed him, and, as I believe, would have been sleeping now in some Gippsland gully but for his assistance. Our first day's march was to Walhalla, a mining town of great wealth to which there is literally no road. Our journey was one of about forty miles,—for the latter half of it, continuously through forests, and as continuously up and down mountains. These were so steep that it was often impossible to sit on horseback. As the weather was very hot our toil was great, and I shall never forget the welcome with which I greeted the beer-shop on the Thompson River. The scenery through these mountains is magnificent,—when it can be seen. But such is the continuity and contiguity of the trees, that it becomes impossible for miles together to see either the hill-tops or the depths of

the valleys. Going down to the Thompson River, and again down into Walhalla, we found it to be impossible to ride ; and yet we knew that immense masses of machinery had been taken down by bullocks for the use of the miners. We were told that very many bullocks had been destroyed at the work. I could not have believed that there had been such a traffic across the mountains and through the forests, had I not afterwards seen the things at Walhalla.

At last we got to the place, very tired and very footsore, and had bedrooms allocated to us in the hotel close to the quartz-crushing machine, which goes on day and night eating up the rock which is dragged forth from the bowels of the earth. The noisy monster continued his voracious meal without cessation for a moment, so that sleep was out of the question. To the residents of the inn the effect was simply somniferous. Their complaint was that from twelve o'clock on Saturday night when the monster begins to keep his Sabbath, to twelve o'clock on Sunday night when his religious observances are over, the air is so burdened by silence that they can neither talk by day nor sleep by night.

The mining town which has been dignified by the name of Walhalla lies at the bottom of a gully from which the wooded sides rise steeply. Through it meanders a stream which is now, of course, contaminated by the diggings and pumpings, and gold-washing and quartz-crushing, which have befallen the locality. Nevertheless it has a peculiar beauty of its own, and a picturesque interest arising in part from the wooded hills which so closely overhang it,—but partly also from the quaintness of a town so placed. The buildings, consisting of banks, churches, schools, hotels, managers' houses, and miners' cottages, lie along the stream, or are perched up on low altitudes among the trees. There is something like a winding street through it, which is nearly a mile long,—though indeed it is difficult sometimes to distinguish between the river and the street ; but there is no road to it from any place in the world ;—and even the tracks by which it is to be left are not easy of discovery. We went down to it by the "Little Joe," the Little Joe being a hill-side, and I hope I may never have to go down the Little Joe

again with a tired horse behind me. We left it by a path as steep and so hidden that we should never have found it without a guide. As it was, the mayor conducted us out of Walhalla with some solemnity.

And yet in this singular place there are, or seem to be, congregated all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life. There was a pianoforte in the hotel sitting-room, and framed pictures hanging on the wall,—just as there might be in Birmingham. And there was a billiard-table,—at which unwashed earth-soiled diggers were playing, and playing, too, very well. At what cost must the pianoforte and the billiard-table have been brought down the mountain track! Nevertheless the charge for billiards was no more than sixpence a game; and no charge whatever was made for the piano!

The great mine at Walhalla when I was there was the Long Tunnel. Shares in the Long Tunnel were hardly to be had for money; but, bought even at most exaggerated prices, gave almost endless interest. I went down the Long Tunnel,—and came up again. As usual I found below a dirty grubbing world. Men were earning between £2 and £3 a week, living hardly,—though always plenteously; and speculating in gold with their savings. But here, as elsewhere, they were courteous and kind. Their children are all educated, and if churches and meeting-houses may be taken as a proof of religion they are religious. I was told that the place contained about 1,500 inhabitants. I cannot repeat too often that I have never met more courteous men than the gold-miners of Australia.

We stayed but one night, and then proceeded on our journey, still taking our mounted guide, and for the first ten miles were under the special guardianship of the mayor,—who was to be looked upon, I was told, as a deputation from the town in honour of my friend. A very pleasant fellow we found the Mayor of Walhalla, and we parted from him in great kindness, even though he did lose the way in the forest, and take us, all for nothing, up and down one mountain side. When he parted from us our trusty trooper was a safer guide. This man was, I believe, no more than an

ordinary policeman. The rural policemen of the colonies, who have to pass over wide districts, are all mounted. But they carry themselves higher, and stand much higher among their fellow-citizens, than do the men of the same class with us. We are apt to separate men into two classes,—and define each man by saying that he is or that he is not a gentleman. This man was a private policeman. Had I not known the fact, I should have taken him for a gentleman. Even as it is I rather think that I regard him in that light. He was a fine, powerful fellow, well mannered, able to talk on all subjects, extremely courteous,—and he amused us greatly by explaining to us why it was that a policeman must be always more than a match for at any rate two rogues. He was an Irishman,—of course. In the colonies those who make money are generally Scotchmen, and those who do not are mostly Irishmen. He had probably come out because his family could do nothing for him at home. I hope that he may live to be General-in-Chief of the Victorian police. He took us through the mountains to an old and apparently worn-out diggings called Edwards' Reef,—a miserable, melancholy place, surrounded by interminable forests, in which unhappy diggers had sunk holes here and there, so that one wondered that the children did not all perish by falling into them. But even at Edwards' Reef there was an hotel, though I was at a loss to imagine by whom it could be supported. It was a large wooden building, now nearly falling to the ground; though doubtless it had once been alive with the sound of miners' voices in the days when there was gold in those quarters.

From Edwards' Reef we went on to Woods Point, having changed our policeman. It seems that the magistrates had ordered that we should be taken in safety as far as the latter place. We passed another day in traversing endless forests, and in ascending and descending ravines. Here and there, in the densest parts of the forests, we came on the old tracks of miners, finding the holes which they had dug in search of gold. How many a heart must have been broken,—how many a back nearly broken, among these mountains! The ascents and descents here were very steep, and on one

occasion we submitted to be pulled up, hanging on to our horses' tails,—an operation which I had not seen since I hunted, many years ago, in Carmarthenshire. On this journey we had an adventure. At an inn among the mountains,—for here and there one comes upon an inn, though there are no roads,—we found two girls who were desirous of going to a wedding which was to be held in a neighbouring gully. Luckily, or perhaps unluckily, the mounted mailman came up, driving two spare horses before him. So the girls at once borrowed the horses, and the inn afforded one side-saddle. The girl who mounted without the side-saddle rode well, and might have reached the wedding triumphantly; but the other was somewhat at fault, even with the side-saddle. She was bold enough, but had probably never been on horseback before. We had gone on during the trouble of the saddle as there appeared to be some bashfulness in completing the arrangement; but before long the poor maiden's steed was after us. He had run away with her, and for a moment or two I thought she must have perished among the trees,—but as the beast passed us he shied, and deposited his burden close at the feet of the horse I was riding. She was shaken, for awhile speechless, soiled, and wretched; but before long she proclaimed her intention of walking to the wedding. The distance was not above six miles through the woods. The other girl like a true friend dismounted, that she might walk with her companion, and the mailman with his spare horses proceeded on with us to Jericho.

Jericho was another digging town, down in a gully, at which men were grubbing for gold, scooping out great holes in and near the bed of the river. The great forests rose steep on each side, and the place was grandly picturesque. We were told that Jericho not long since had been a prosperous place for gold-seekers. Thence we ascended a hill to Matlock, another gold-digging town, very high up, very bleak, and the most wretched place I ever saw. Some one there declared that Matlock was the highest inhabited spot in Victoria. This was in February, a summer month;—but even then the cold was intense. There is no gold now



at Matlock, and I could not understand what induced the few unfortunate inhabitants to remain there. Though it is a difficult thing to establish a town or village, it is still more difficult to disestablish it. But Matlock will soon disestablish itself under the effect of the winds of heaven. From Matlock we descended four miles into Woods Point.

Woods Point is a gold-field of great importance,—of very great importance indeed in the estimation of the Woods-Pointers. It has been very rich, and is still producing gold in remunerating quantities. But I met nowhere gold-seekers so wedded to gold as were the heroes of Woods Point. I was allowed the privilege of dining with some of the great men of the place, and I thought that I should hardly have been permitted to leave the room alive, because I expressed an opinion that wool was of more importance to the colonies generally than the precious metal, which I found to be so well loved at this place. Oh, men of Woods Point, if ever these words should meet your ears, know how utterly unconvinced I was by your oratory, though in arguments I was unable to stand up against the fervour of your eloquence! At Woods Point I inspected a mine, but contented myself with inspecting it from the surface. Every opportunity, however, was given me to go below, had I chosen to avail myself of the courtesy of my conductors.

Woods Point, like Walhalla, is a gully or ravine,—though less singular than Walhalla, because there is a coach-road running through it. The scenery around it is very lovely,—so much so as to inspire a feeling of sorrow that so much beauty should be desecrated by miners. Altogether the beauty of the country through which we had passed, and through which we did pass on our way back to Melbourne, contradicted the too general assertion that Australia is destitute of lovely scenery.

Three days more, with a pleasant rest at a friend's house on the road,—as to which I have spoken in another chapter, referring to the Yering wine,—brought us back to Melbourne. On the way down we passed through a country now well known for its enormous trees,—all gum-trees of various sorts, or Eucalypti as they are called by the learned.

At the land office in Melbourne I heard tidings of one enormous tree which had lately been discovered in this region, prostrate over a river-bed, and of which the remaining portion,—for the head had been broken off in the fall,—measured 435 ft. in length. The gentleman by whom this monster was found had been sent out by the commissioners of lands to inspect the timber in the ranges of the watershed of the Watts River, and a copy of his report was published in one of the Melbourne newspapers. It is, I believe, now admitted that the gum-trees of this district are the highest trees yet found in the world, surpassing altogether those world-famed productions of California, which have for a while been regarded as the kings of the forest. I believe I am right in asserting that no other measured trunk has been found equal in length to that above recorded. I reprint, in Appendix (No. 1), a copy of the official report made on the subject.

At Melbourne I sold my horse and saddle for £3 10s. less than I had given for them, and I thought that I had made my journey with sufficient economy.

## CHAPTER VII.

### LAND.

**I WILL** now speak of the disposition of waste or crown lands in Victoria. In doing so it will be my chief object to explain the terms on which land can at present be bought, or hired, from the local authorities who represent the Crown generally in the colonies. The still unalienated lands of Australia—by which term is included the great bulk of the Australian continent—did belong to the British Crown till the period at which the colonies commenced the task of self-government. Then each colony took possession of its own land, relieving the Crown—or in other words the taxpayers of Great Britain—of the expense of colonial government in return for that concession. From that time the existing governments of the day have administered the land as trustees for the people of the colonies in conformity,—or, as some allege, not always in conformity,—with the land laws as passed by the different colonial parliaments.

That is, I think, after a rough fashion a correct statement of the manner in which the question of the disposition of Australian lands has been treated. But the subject is one full of complications, and for its thorough understanding demands the close study of some British Acts of Parliament, and of very many colonial land laws. I am aware of no general British Act of Parliament regulating the sale of waste lands in Australia, prior to that passed on June 22nd, 1842. By that Act the power of the Crown to alienate the lands was limited,—or I might almost say abrogated. With certain exceptions made on behalf of the public service,

"the Crown shall not alienate these lands, unless by way of sale, nor unless such sales be conducted in the manner and according to the regulations hereinafter prescribed." Previously to that date, grants had been made at the discretion of the Crown or of the governor, and sales had been made either by auction, or at fixed price,—generally 20s. an acre,—in accordance with the same discretion. But long before 1842, a great interest had grown up in Australia, which, though certainly dependent on the land, did not require its alienation;—which was indeed in its effects altogether opposed to its alienation. In 1803, Captain Macarthur, who had been employed as a soldier in New South Wales, first proposed to the government the importation of sheep and the growth of wool. If the government would grant the land, then absolutely useless, he would, at his own risk, import the sheep. Grants of land were made to Macarthur, and his scheme was pre-eminently successful. There may be a doubt whom we should regard as the first discoverer of gold in Australia, but there is no doubt that we are indebted to Captain Macarthur for the great staple of that country,—for that which was its staple before men had dreamed of Australian gold,—and for that which probably will be its chief staple again, when gold shall have either been worked out, or, as is more probable, shall have become less valuable than wool. Captain Macarthur at first asked, not for possession of land, but for "permission to occupy a sufficient tract of unoccupied lands to feed his flocks."

Mr. William Campbell, of the Legislative Council of Victoria, in an indignant protest published by him against the legislation of his colony in regard of land, thus describes the commencement of those pastoral leases by which squatters first held their somewhat precarious property :

"Others," he says, "followed his"—Captain Macarthur's—"example; the lands were lying waste; the government very wisely encouraged their occupation, and licensed any free and respectable person who desired to occupy them. Commissioners were appointed to manage these waste lands, and the occupants voluntarily paid an assessment to defray the commissioners' expenses, and that of the police under their direction;—so that their occupation might not cost the government anything. But in the course of time, when nearly all

the lands within a penetrable distance were occupied, great evils were experienced from the arbitrary acts of these functionaries, who assumed great power in defining the extent of runs by lessening one run in order to enlarge another. They were accused of receiving bribes, and of acting very unfairly between man and man. The occupants were powerless against the government, as they had only an annual licence. They could not be otherwise than dissatisfied. They required a better tenure to secure them against the irresponsible acts of an arbitrary governor and his needy subordinates. They agitated their grievances, and ultimately obtained an equitable title to a lease upon definite terms,—with a preferable right to purchase at a fair value. They obtained that title through an Act of Parliament,—an act, that is, of the Imperial Parliament,—“and an Order of Her Majesty in Council. They were grateful for that boon granted to them, and were encouraged to improve their property under the fullest confidence that the promise of the Queen under the sanction of the Imperial Parliament would be held sacred. In this, however, they have been much disappointed ; as her Majesty’s representative in Victoria violated that promise, by refusing to give the occupant of crown lands the stipulated pre-emptive right, and otherwise illegally disposed of such lands to their prejudice.”

The work from which I quote was published as long ago as 1855, at which time Mr. Campbell represented very accurately the state of the Australian squatter’s mind. That mind has been in no degree altered since. As Mr. Campbell and the squatters felt then, Mr. Campbell and the squatters feel now. In the above passage Mr. Campbell speaks of the squatting interest of the Australian continent generally. When the Order in Council above referred to was made, both Victoria and Queensland—under the names of Port Phillip and Moreton Bay—were parts of the great colony of New South Wales, and the order, therefore, was supposed to govern the pastoral interest of the whole territory now comprised in these three colonies. But the edge of Mr. Campbell’s sword is specially sharpened against Mr. La Trobe, the first governor of Victoria, who was thought by him to have violated that Order in Council on behalf of the small farmers or free-selectors ; and the swords of the Victorian squatters generally have been sharpened against the Victorian legislatures since Mr. La Trobe’s days on the same ground,—under a biting, burning, overwhelming conviction, not only that their interests, but also that their rights, have been sacrificed to a thirst for popularity. As

Mr. La Trobe was supposed, by the squatters, to have been unjust in order that he might propitiate the growing numbers of the agricultural interest as opposed to the pastoral interest, so succeeding legislators and succeeding cabinets have been supposed to be unjust in order that they might obtain the votes of the people. Indignation is the general tone of the Australian squatter's mind, and especially of the Victorian squatter's mind ;—indignation such as glowed in the bosom of the old Duke of Newcastle when he asked whether he might not do as he liked with his own ; that indignation which the aristocrat feels all the world over when he dreads that his heels will be wounded by the clouted toe of the aggressive peasant. In the old country men are reticent, and the indignation is expressed only among peers in fortune and in misfortune. When doors are closed, and the claret circulates, and all the company are azure blue, men lapped in luxury, and so secure in their possessions that they are content to hold them though giving but two per cent. for their capital, mourn together painfully, and with feigned horrors speculate on the coming of an imaginary chaos. Among the squatters of Australia the spirit of the men is the same, but the lamentations are loud and public. In both countries they who lament are the rich ones of the earth. In both countries real wealth has made itself secure, having the power which wealth always possesses of fortifying itself against aggression ; and in both cases the basis of that wealth is the possession of land.

Mr. Campbell, I think, makes out his case,—as I intend to endeavour to explain. He and the other squatters were unjustly used ;—were illegally deprived of their rights, I would say, were it not that the deprivation was effected by law. I conceive it to be impossible to examine the matter without coming to the conclusion that the squatters, at any rate in Victoria, were barred by the colonial government and colonial legislature from entering in upon certain privileges promised to them by a British Order in Council founded on an Act of the British Parliament,—in full confidence upon which promises they had expended their energies and their money. But a man may be defrauded of a por-

tion of his gains and still have so much left to him as to induce an outside observer to think that the country in which he has been able to accumulate so much so quickly, and to conserve so vast a proportion of what he has accumulated, has been a blessed country to him. Such I conceive to be the condition of the Victorian squatter,—of the man who was a squatter but is now a huge territorial landowner. He has been injured. But he has been too great to be much affected by such injury ; and in spite of governors, in spite of laws, in spite of would-be-popular cabinet ministers and tribes of voters, he rides triumphant on the top of the tide.

I have alluded to the law of 1842, passed by the British Parliament in reference to Australian lands, as barring the power of the Crown to give away the crown lands at its pleasure, or to sell them except in accordance with certain fixed rules. I have also alluded to a further Act of the Imperial Parliament and to an Order in Council founded upon it, as being the basis on which the Australian squatters generally, and especially those of Victoria, rested for that security which they think has been denied to them. This Act bears date 28th August, 1846, the Order in Council 9th March, 1847,—and they provide especially for the lease of lands in New South Wales. They state the terms on which squatters will be allowed to run their flocks on the public unalienated lands in that colony, which then included both the Victoria and the Queensland of the present day.

This Order, which had and has all the strength of an Act of Parliament, having been issued in conformity with the express injunctions of an Act of Parliament, divides the public lands into three classes—a settled district, an intermediate district, and an unsettled district, and it describes, as accurately as it can do, by the names of towns, counties, and rivers, the boundaries of each. Our concern at present is with the unsettled districts, over which, more extensively from year to year, the Australian wool-growers run their flocks of sheep. The settled districts consisted chiefly of lands lying contiguous to towns or townships, and did not much concern the squatter. The intermediate districts were wider, and did concern the squatter,—but as to them he

makes no complaint. The Order in Council enacted that in using such land he should practically have no more than one year's tenure. If he chose to occupy such land with his sheep,—and these lands were so occupied almost exclusively,—he did so with the knowledge that any portion of them might be thrown open to sale at a year's notice. They were thrown open for sale, and have been purchased, chiefly by the squatters themselves. In regard to the unsettled districts it stipulates that the squatters shall have a lease of fourteen years, that they shall pay a rental calculated at the rate of £2 10s. per thousand sheep for such a number as the run may by survey be computed to be able to carry, that during their leases and at the end of their leases they shall have a "pre-emptive" right of purchase at some price not less than 20s. an acre, and that "during the continuance of any lease of lands occupied as a run, the same shall not be open to purchase by any other person or persons except the lessee thereof." The governor, however, has reserved to him the power of selling or otherwise disposing of any special portion of land, the sale of which, or alienation of which by other means, may be required for the public good. It can be sold, for instance, if wanted for a village, for a railway, for a church or school, for a mine, "or for any other purpose of public defence, safety, utility, convenience, or enjoyment, or for otherwise facilitating the improvement and settlement of the colony." "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*" These words are very wide,—and from the extreme latitude given to them, or rather imposed on them, by governors, colonial cabinet ministers, and legislators have come the wailings and moanings of which Mr. Campbell eighteen years since was the eloquent expositor, and which are still heard at large through the colony.

I think that no man of common sense, who understands the ordinary meaning of words, can doubt that the Order in Council intended to defend the lands leased to the squatters from all sale except when special plots were required for special purposes. It was not intended that the land should be thrown open to sale generally, in order that the improvement and settlement of the colony might be facilitated by



such proceeding. If so, why all these words? If so, why defend the squatters at all from the aggression of purchasers by a special Act of Parliament and a special Order in Council? The Act of 1846, and the Order in Council founded on it, may have been injudicious in conferring privileges with too open a hand upon the squatters. I think myself that such was the case. But the favours were conferred; and in any further operations either of the imperial or colonial parliaments the rights so given should have been regarded as far as the vested interests of the existing holders were concerned. It was surely a quibble to say that any governor,—as long as the governors were the responsible agents,—or any land minister when ministers were responsible,—could sell these lands without doing violence to the Order in Council, because they were empowered to do so by the clause in reference to the improvement and settlement of the colony.

But this was done. The lands were put up to sale, because, as was asserted, townships would be beneficial, and it was expedient that there should be land to be had for agricultural purposes in the neighbourhood of townships. My sympathies are all on behalf of the townships and the agricultural lands. But a bargain is a bargain, and a law is a law; and one's sense of justice is offended by any escape from a bargain or from a law by a verbal quibble. The nature of the quibble, and the ease with which an Act of Parliament may be thrown open to a coach and horses, is made ludicrously apparent by a legal opinion which the squatters got from our side of the water. They were much enraged, and determined to defend themselves, if there could be any defence, in the courts of law. So they sent home for an opinion to no less a person and no less a lawyer than our late Lord Chancellor, who was then Mr. Roundell Palmer. Probably the opinion of no English lawyer on such a subject would carry more confidence than his. Mr. Palmer's opinion was as follows:—

“I am of opinion that Mr. Forlonge”—Mr. Forlonge's case having been that which was chosen for reference—“has a clear and indisputable right to the leases; but inasmuch as they are to be granted by the

authority of the governor, who represents the Crown, and no form of judicial proceeding against the governor is provided by the Act of Parliament, or the regulations, I do not think he has a specific remedy to compel the execution of such leases. At present, however, he has a complete equitable title, which the courts of justice in the colony would, I conceive, be bound and authorised to recognise, and to protest against any illegal encroachments, whether by the executive government or by private persons.

"I am clearly of opinion that neither of the sections referred to gives the governor power to withdraw any part of the runs in question—assuming, as I do, that no forfeiture has taken place—for the purposes of sale to private persons.

"I think Mr. Forlonge will be entitled to the right of pre-emption under sixth section.

"There is no course open for Mr. Forlonge, that I am aware of, except to appeal to the courts of justice in case of any illegal disturbance of his possessions.

"ROUNDELL PALMER.

"*Lincoln's Inn, 26th July, 1853.*"

From this I think it will be manifest that, though Mr. Palmer held a strong opinion on Mr. Forlonge's rights, he was very far from being assured of Mr. Forlonge's power to enforce those rights. There can be no doubt of Mr. Forlonge's rights, and as little that he was not able to enforce them.

Mr. Campbell quotes with evident glee another opinion equally in his favour, and that from an enemy,—and, as it happens, from a person almost as great in the world as our late Lord Chancellor, namely, from our late Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he appeals to Mr. Lowe as to an enemy, and shows what evidence he can adduce to support his own views even from a foe. Mr. Lowe, when a colonist, was supposed to be inimical to the views of the squatters, and disapproved of the passing of the Act of 1846 and the Order in Council founded upon it. From an address which he made in 1847, Mr. Campbell quotes the following passage:—"Once grant these leases, and beyond the settled districts there will be no land to be sold. The lessees will have a right to hold these lands till some one will give £1 an acre for them. These leases cannot be sold, mortgaged, or sublet. Be the capabilities of these lands what they may, they are to be sheep-walks for ever." It was clearly Mr.

Lowe's opinion, when he spoke those words, that the squatters would be protected by the Order in Council against disturbance from purchasers, and that they would enjoy the right of pre-emption themselves if that Order were made. But the opinions held by Mr. Lowe as a politician, and expressed by Mr. Roundell Palmer as a lawyer, have been of no avail. The Order in Council was disregarded, and the free-selectors were let in upon the lands of the squatters.

I doubt much whether it will now be worth the while of any ordinary English reader to trouble himself with these matters. The chief of the lands of Victoria have settled themselves down into the hands of undoubted owners,—and as to what remains, the present law, though it may be arbitrary, is clear. Mr. Campbell and his associate squatters cannot now gain anything, and are as little likely to lose anything, by the future doings of the colonial legislature. Lord Selborne's opinion and Mr. Lowe's oratory are equally inefficacious. The thing is a thing completed. But it is impossible to understand the completion without looking back to the manner in which it was accomplished. In the Australian colonies there is growing up a rich landed aristocracy, already surrounding itself with all the feelings which attach to land in the old country. Captain Macarthur, with his first importation of sheep, might be said to be the creator of this condition of things, were it not that it is a condition peculiarly conformable to the English mind in general, so that it was in truth created to hand before Captain Macarthur ever owned a sheep. It is clear that such feelings would be fostered and brought into prominence by a pastoral and therefore patriarchal life. Squatter added himself to squatter, often suffering much, sometimes going quite to the wall, struggling frequently with untoward circumstances,—with insufficient capital, with clever and greedy merchants, with insolent servants, with unforeseen causes of decay among his flocks,—sometimes with ill-conduct, idleness, profligacy, and extravagance on his own part; but his lot, on the whole, was a blessed lot, and he prospered marvelously. For a while it did seem as though the whole country would fall into his hands, and that the people of

Australia would consist of squatters and their servants. Very much has been said, and is repeated from day to day, of what is due to the squatters as the pioneers of Australian civilisation. I do not think very much of the claim. When a man encounters danger manifestly for the sake of others,—that knowledge may grow and science progress, and the world be opened to new-comers, as did such men as Columbus and Cook, as many Australian explorers did, as Livingstone was doing till he died the other day in the doing of it,—he is entitled to public recognition and honour. But he can hardly with justice put forward the same claim because he seeks fortune for himself in stormy paths. He probably counts his chances, and, seeing personal security with ten per cent. at home, with forty per cent. and not improbable annihilation at the hands of a savage at the Antipodes, chooses forty per cent. and the Antipodes with his eyes open. I admire his courage, and applaud his decision. But I cannot admit his claim as a great public benefactor, because he has thriven and others have followed him. He has his reward. It is the reward which honest, energetic men should seek. But I have heard the Australian squatter, when discussing these matters, continually assert that he and his interests should be especially regarded, because he has been the pioneer of the country. He has been the pioneer of his own fortune ; and I have been rejoiced to find how often that fortune has been noble and even princely.

The Order in Council, of which I have spoken, was clearly made in the interests of the squatters, and was therefore, of course, objectionable to the anti-squatting interests. In my own opinion it was not judicious. If followed to the letter it would, as Mr. Lowe said, have barred the land against new-comers, and have perpetuated wool-growing upon soil adapted for purposes more beneficial to mankind at large. I do not think that there was any just claim at the time on the part of the squatters to such favours as were conferred upon them. The first object of the mother country, or of those to whose hands were confided for the time the duty of legislating for the colonies, was to prepare homes for the increasing hordes of colonists. The wool-growers had spread

themselves over lands which did not belong to them, and which they occupied—no doubt with proper sanction—as waste lands. Three acres to a sheep, which sheep would produce annually about 5s. worth of wool, may be taken as a fair statement of the condition of their affairs. As long as land could be converted to no better purpose it was well that it should serve this purpose. As far as we can see at present, a very large proportion of the lands of Australia can be made to serve no better purpose. It is doubtless a fact that Australia first grew to prosperity by means of wool. At the present moment, in the very midst of the pride which she feels in her gold-fields, I put more confidence in her wool than I do in her gold. I look upon the wool-growers of Australia as her aristocracy, her gentry, her strong men, her backbone. But, in managing the affairs of this world, I do not like the theory of giving to those who have got much, and taking away from those who have got nothing. If in 1847 the general welfare of the colonists demanded that the lands of the colony should be thrown open to general sale, there was certainly nothing specially due to the squatters which should have interfered with such a policy.

It must be remembered that a system of leases to the squatters was quite compatible with a system of free-selection and open sale, that such a combination is now the law, with various modified circumstances, in the different Australian colonies, and that under it the squatters have grown rich and thriven,—unless when shut out from success by other circumstances, such as want of capital. The free-selector will not select land serviceable only for pastoral purposes, or will ruin himself at once if he do so. He selects patches of land, and leaves the wild boundless prairies to the squatter. No doubt in Victoria the land has been bought up very much more extensively than in the other colonies; but the history of these sales proves two points, both of which militate against the squatter's plaintive view of the matter. It shows that very much of the land was fit for higher than pastoral purposes, and that therefore the adapting of it to such higher purposes was proper. And it shows also that the prosperity of the squatters had not been seriously damaged, as they them-

selves have been the great purchasers of land from one end of the colony to the other.

The Act of Parliament of 1846, and the Order in Council of the following year, were surely issued in a spirit of unnecessary tenderness for the squatter. The result of this tenderness was disobedience to their spirit. The colony of Victoria, whether by its governor or subsequently by its own parliament, upset the Order in Council. Our great English lawyer declared very plainly the strength of Mr. Forlonge's undoubted legal rights. But Mr. Forlonge and his brethren did not get their legal rights. They only got what should have been their rights. That such a course has in the long run been greatly for the advantage of the squatters will hardly be doubted by a looker-on from a distance. No law can render permanent injustice endurable to a community. As it is the squatters hold their own, and can hold it with a tight hand. The public feeling that if they have had some favour shown them they have also had some disfavour, gives them strength. Nothing ruins so surely as an interrupted and partial privileges. Nothing strengthens so healthily as bearable wrongs. The Victorian squatter has suffered no more than parental scourges.

But indeed the Victorian squatter has almost ceased to exist,—for the squatter, properly so called, is he who runs his flocks upon crown lands. The Victorian wool-grower has generally purchased his run and owns it in fee,—as does also the Victorian grazier, who is as great a man as the wool-grower. Were I to attempt to describe the manner in which the lands of the colony have been purchased, I might devote a volume to the subject, and years to the study of it before I could write the volume. It seems to have been the object of the legislature to prevent the absorption of large tracts of land by great capitalists, and to create a yeomanry possessing freeholds. The result has been directly opposite to the intended purpose. The yeomanry, such as it is, can hardly as yet be regarded as a prosperous people. Their lands pass frequently from hand to hand. But, on the other hand, a strong race of territorial magnates has created itself, so wealthy and so extensive that the political

power of the country is inefficacious against them. Laws have been passed with the express intention of keeping the lands out of the squatters' hands. Nevertheless the squatters have bought the lands. There have been subterfuges, chicanery, bribery, the driving of many coaches through many Acts of Parliament. The squatters no doubt have been subjected to cruel ill-usage by a tribe of land-sharks. Men have lived and made fortunes by threatening to bid for land against the squatters, unless paid exorbitantly for bidding on their behalf. The poor squatters have bled at all pores. But they have had the blood to give, and now they own the land.

I have said that the lands of Victoria have been for the most part sold. This, no doubt, is the case in regard to the colony at large, and the traveller as he travels through the better-known and better-cultivated parts of it,—especially those western regions which were at one time called Australia Felix,—will find that he passes from one property to another, much in the same fashion as he will do at home. But Victoria is a large place, and there is still very much land open for purchase from the government. The existing law under which land can be bought is as follows :—

The intending purchaser, having selected his block of land, which must not exceed half a square mile, or 320 acres, applies for a licence to occupy it for three years as a tenant at a rent of 2*s.* an acre. The law states that this licence, may be granted by the governor, but in fact the power rests with a member of the cabinet, who is called the Commissioner of Lands. One half-year's rent must be paid in advance, and for the three years he continues to pay at the rate of 2*s.* an acre. At the end of the three years, provided the selector shall then have fenced his land and have cultivated one-tenth of it, he can become the freeholder by paying 14*s.* an acre down, or he can continue to pay a rental for seven years at the rate of 2*s.* an acre, at the end of which time the land will be his. He thus, in fact, pays a rental of 2*s.* an acre for ten years, and then becomes the owner of the land without further purchase-money. The terms are very easy, and it is certain that there is still land to be bought in Victoria on those terms, which is worth much more than

the money required for it. But there are two difficulties in the way of the free-selector;—he may not know how to choose his land, and, when he has made his choice, his application may be unsuccessful.

That many men choose amiss in this colony and others is too true. They are in a hurry for possession. They do not know the circumstances of the country or district which affect the land,—such as the prevalence of drought, the prevalence of rust in the wheat, the difficulty of finding a market, the cost of labour, and the like. They have no friend capable of giving counsel, or, more probably, they have a friend who has some interest of his own in the transaction. One's heart bleeds at hearing of the unfortunate purchases sometimes made by new-comers, and one thinks of Cairo and Martin Chuzzlewit. As to that want of success in the application, I feel that I tread on somewhat delicate ground in alluding to it. One supposes naturally that if the applicant comply with all the required stipulations and have his money in his hands, he will be successful as a matter of course. Why not? And if he be not so, on what ground and in whose bosom shall rest the decision of granting this application and refusing that? I must say that if there be no other ground than that of fitness,—if nothing else than the character and means of the applicant be considered in granting and refusing these applications,—the minister of the day who happens to be Commissioner of Lands is at the same time the best and the worst abused man in the colony. It is asserted everywhere that the sales of land are effected with direct reference to political support, and that it would be impossible for a land minister to carry on his work in the colony on any other basis. This system of political corruption, of using the patronage and discretion of the government to bolster up the power of the government, from which we are only now emerging at home, is in truth so rampant in Victoria that honest men,—in no wise concerned in the matter, but who have become used to it by daily observation,—have learned to think that it is a necessary part of government. Remembering how offices in England were given away in my own time, how some



are given still solely on the score of political subserviency, I do not feel justified in expressing great indignation at this practice in the colonies. It will doubtless pass away. But the wrongful exercise of patronage in a young colony is a much smaller fault than an unjust political manipulation in the distribution of public lands.

It is especially stipulated by the Victorian land law that no one person, either in his own name or that of another, shall select and purchase above 320 acres,—the object being to prevent the accumulation of large landed estates. But the clause has been constantly set at nought. If I buy one section for myself, and nine other adjacent sections through the friendly assistance of nine “dummies,” as they are called, how can a land commissioner, with a whole colony on his hands, discern the fraud? And if I be true to the party which have put him into office, why should he wish to discern it? Without a doubt the squatters themselves, who are loud against the lawlessness of Victorian legislation, have been the most constant in evading the laws. Their success makes it impossible for the stranger to condole with their wrongs. At the end of this volume, as an appendix, will be found a digest of the present land laws of Victoria, as far as they refer to free-selection. This digest is taken from MacPhaile’s Australian Squatting Directory.

They who are still really squatters in Victoria,—who run their sheep on public lands, and not on their own,—now pay a pastoral rent of 8*d.* a sheep, or £33 6*s.* 8*d.* per thousand. The old rental as fixed by the Order in Council in 1847 was £2 10*s.* per thousand. The rental at present paid is four times higher than that collected in either of the other Australian colonies. But the bulk of the Victorian wool is grown by men who own the land which produces it.

I found that the system of landlord and tenant—with which we are so familiar at home as almost to have conceived the idea that land cannot be occupied on any other system—does prevail in certain parts of Victoria. I visited a district in which large wheat farms were held by tenants, and I was told of rents varying from 5*s.* to 15*s.* an acre.

But it did not appear that the tenant-farmers were a prosperous class, or that the letting of land was popular among landowners. In some instances a whole property is let with the stock upon it, and I have heard of as much as £10,000 a year being paid for a sheep-run with the use of the sheep on it; but in speaking of the letting of land of course I do not allude to such cases as this. The small tenant-farmer in the colonies is seldom a man of means. Did he possess capital he would buy his farm. Not possessing capital he cannot pay his rent when bad years come;—and it almost seemed that, as far as the produce of wheat went, bad years were as common as good years in Victoria. The ground produced enormously,—with most generous vigour, I must say, considering how little is restored to it. But the climate is uncertain, and the disease called the rust is pernicious. One gentleman, who owned a large tract of corn-bearing land, assured me that he much preferred selling portions of his property, even though the purchase-money were left on mortgage, to accepting a promise of yearly rent for the use of his land.

I have said that the public lands are alienated in fee for a rental of 2s. an acre for ten years, and that tenant-farmers pay rents varying from 5s. to 15s. an acre,—the payment of which for any number of years gives, of course, no title to possession. It is presumed that the reader will understand that the public, or crown, lands spoken of are uncultivated, unfenced, and probably covered with timber. The farm lands let for the higher rentals named have been brought into cultivation, have been farmed, and are supposed to be capable of bearing corn.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

**A WRITER** attempting to describe England, and capable of doing so, would fill those chapters with the strongest interest in which he painted the various forms of English country life. He would know, and he would teach his readers, that the English character, with its faults and virtues, its prejudices and steadfastness, can be better studied in the mansions of noblemen, in country-houses, in parsonages, in farms, and small meaningless towns, than in the great cities, devoted as is London to politics and gaiety, or as are Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and others like them, to manufactures and commerce. I doubt whether this be so in any other country. France has many aspects, but the Parisian aspect is more French than any other. Italy is to be seen only in her cities. In the United States the towns altogether overrule and subdue the country, so that the traveller who visits America under the most favourable circumstances rarely sees aught of her corn-fields and pastures, except in passing from one great centre of population to another. But the visitors to England who have not sojourned at a country-house, whether it be squire's, parson's, or farmer's, have not seen the most English phase of the country.

The same form and fashion of life is repeating itself in the Australian colonies. The race of farmers, such as are our own well-to-do farmers at home, does not, indeed, exist. The clergy are scattered at long distances, and hardly as yet form a distinctive social class,—probably never will do so as they

do in England, and in England only. But the country gentlemen, almost all of whom were originally squatters, have fixed their homes about the colony, and have built their houses,—not exactly after the English fashion in regard to architecture, because the climate is of a different nature,—but with the English appurtenances of substantial comfort, with many rooms, with gardens, outhouses, and lawns, and with sweeping roads leading through timbered parks to the retired abode of the rural magistrate who owns the property. The visitor to Australia, who goes there under favourable auspices, will as surely find himself pressed to make his home at such country houses, as will the stranger in the United States be asked to enjoy the luxurious hospitality of her rich citizens, either in city mansions or in suburban villas. And such a one, if he have time on his hands, and can dally with weeks in idleness, may pass from station to station,—from one gentleman's house to another,—till he will hardly know who has sent him on, or on what ground he bases his claim to the hospitality of his new friends.

There is perhaps more of this in Victoria than in the other colonies, because the country gentlemen have more thoroughly established their fortunes there than elsewhere; but the same feeling prevails throughout Australia, and the same mode of life. They who rise to the top of the tree,—or, in other words, the gentry, if I may use a phrase which is somewhat invidious, but which will be better understood than any other,—seek to establish country houses for themselves; and homesteads of this class have sprung up with incredible rapidity. Nothing, I think, so clearly declares the wealth of the colony—which is not yet forty years old—as the solidity of her country life. When the stranger asks whence came these country gentlemen, whom he sees occasionally at the clubs and dinner-tables in Melbourne, exactly as he finds those in England up in London during the winter frosts, or in the month of May, he is invariably told that they or their fathers made their own fortunes. This man and that and the other came over perhaps from Tasmania, in the early days, joint owners of a small flock of sheep. They generally claim to have suffered every adversity with which

Providence and unjust legislators could inflict a wretched victim ; and, as the result, each owns so many thousand horned cattle, so many tens of thousand sheep, so many square miles of country, and so many thousands a year. Most of them have, I think, originally come out of Scotland. When you hear an absent acquaintance spoken of as "Mac," you will not at all know who is meant, but you may safely conclude that it is some prosperous individual. Some were butchers, drovers, or shepherds themselves but a few years since. But they now form an established aristocracy, with very conservative feelings, and are quickly becoming as firm a country party as that which is formed by our squirearchy at home.

I have spoken of country life in New South Wales without reserve, because the small establishment which I described belongs to my own son. In Victoria I visited many houses of infinitely greater pretension, but I fear to speak of any one in particular lest I should commit that great sin,—not always avoided as scrupulously as it should be by travelling authors,—of putting some kind host into a book, with his wife, family, kitchen and cellars. And yet, if it be possible, I would fain let English readers know what these houses are, and of what nature is the life contained in them. They are generally less remote from towns than are the habitations of squatters in the other colonies,—the towns being more numerous, and the roads more formed. The buildings themselves are generally of two stories,—always having the tropical addition of a verandah, but not erected in that straggling, many-roofed, one-storied fashion which is common to tropical and semi-tropical countries. I like those straggling many-roofed nests of cottages which are common in Queensland and New South Wales. They betoken a gradually increasing prosperity. The squatter builds first a wooden hut which ultimately becomes his kitchen, then a wooden sitting-room and bedroom near to it ; then a bigger sitting-room with two small bedrooms, still of wood,—and so on. But when he has realised to himself the fact that he is a rich man he rushes into brick and mortar or stone, and erects a European country house,—

with the addition of a wide verandah. This has been done now very generally by the landowners of Victoria. But still the place has rarely all the finished comfort, the easy grace, coming from long habit, which belong to our country seats at home. There is a roughness and a heaviness about it, a want of completion about the gardens, of neatness about the paths, and of close-shorn trimness about the plots and lawns, which strikes the beholder at once, and declares that though the likeness be there, it exists with a difference.

This difference is caused chiefly by the dearness of labour, a fact which influences not only the outside of the Victorian gentleman's house, but also every part of his establishment. Let his means be what they may, he never has the retinue of servants which is to be found in an ordinary English household. The high rate of wages and the difficulty of getting persons to accept these high rates for any considerable number of months together, cause even the wealthy to dispense with much of that attendance which is often considered indispensable at home even among families that are not wealthy. On the other hand, certain luxuries are common among Australian families, which few among us can enjoy without stint. He who has a carriage and horses at home is supposed to be a rich man. If a gentleman have daughters fond of riding, he will perhaps have one horse for two girls. Young men can hardly hunt unless their fathers be wealthy. But horses on an Australian station are as common as blackberries on English hedges, and the possession of a carriage and pair of horses is as much a matter of course as the possession of a pair of boots. But horses are cheap and servants are dear in Victoria.

I have spoken of sweeping roads through timbered parks. It must not, however, be conceived that I speak of parks such as those which are the glory of our English magnates. The Australian park is hitherto much as nature fashioned it. The trees are the gum-trees which the present resident or his father found there when he first drove his sheep on the pastures which had never yet known the foot of a white man. The grasses round his house he may gradually have changed, and have extirpated those indigenous to the soil

by the use of English seeds. The road will probably be somewhat rough, and the fences which divide the paddocks still rougher. He is now a rich man, but he is rich because in all his expenditure he has thought more of a return for his capital than of the adornment of his place. He calls his park a paddock, and he has thought only of the welfare of his stock. But, nevertheless, there is that beauty about it which trees and grass, with the sky above them, always produce. And the territory is large and spacious, and all the magnificence of ownership is there. The man drives for miles through his own land. He has fortified himself on all sides against free-selecters. All those who frequent the place are his servants or his guests, and of every stranger whom he may see within miles of his house he is entitled to ask why he is there. He exercises a wide hospitality to the poor and the rich, and he is an aristocrat.

I imagine that the life of the Victorian landowner is very much as was that of the English country gentleman a century or a century and a half ago. In those days roads in England were very bad, so that it was a work of trouble to get from one house to another, a distance of twenty miles. Country houses of pretension were not numerous as they are now, and they who owned the halls and granges scattered through the counties rarely moved from their homes. There was great plenty, but of that finished luxury which is now as common in the country as in the capital, there was but little. Roast beef—or in winter powdered beef—and October ale were the fare. The men were fond of sport, but they did not go far afield for it as they do now, hunting in the shires, shooting on the moors, and fishing on all lakes and rivers. They shot over their own lands, and hunted over their own land and that of a few neighbours who would join them. The ladies stayed at home and looked after the house, and much that is now trusted to domestics and stewards was done by the mistress and her daughters, or by the master and his sons. The owners of these country houses were Tories, aristocrats, proud gentlemen; but they were not fine gentlemen, nor, for the most part, were they gentlemen of fine tastes in art or literature. We know

them very well from plays and novels,—and know something of them too from history, as history has of late been written. The ladies' dresses, the books, the equipages, the wines, the kitchens, which are now found in English country houses, were in those days known only in the metropolis, or at the castle of some almost royal nobleman. As were country houses and country life then in England, plentiful, proud, prejudiced, given to hospitality, impatient of contradiction, not highly lettered, healthy, industrious, careful of the main chance, thoughtful of the future, and, above all, conscious—perhaps a little too conscious—of their own importance, so now is the house and so is the life of the country gentleman in Australia. And as Justice Shallow in times still farther distant was ever anxious as to the price of a good yoke of bullocks or a score of ewes, so does the Australian country gentleman never omit his solicitude concerning those things which have made him what he is. The value of beef in the Melbourne market, and of wool at London, are continually in his thoughts, and as continually on his tongue, even though he may have reached that stage of prosperity which cannot be much affected by the transient rise or fall of prices. He has not at any rate reached that condition,—be it good or bad,—which enables the English country gentleman to drop all outward show of solicitude for the trade in which he is embarked, the trade namely of living upon his land, and, to pursue the unruffled tenor of his way as though all good things came to him and were sure to come to him like manna from heaven. The Victorian wool-grower or grazier will be sure to tell you, if you visit him in his own home, what has been his produce of wool, and what prices he has realised for it,—and will take you to his washpool, if he wash his sheep before shearing, and to his wool-shed; or he will show you his Durhams and Herefords, and boast how he has led the markets. Out of the full heart the mouth speaks. He has made himself what he is by his sheep and his oxen, and the sheep and the oxen are still dear to him. His grandson or great-grandson will probably be as outwardly indifferent as an English country gentleman, who is no more given to talk of his ~~reals~~ <sup>real</sup> than a banker is of his



profits, and who is concerned wholly, perhaps with his hounds, perhaps with his library, perhaps with his politics, or perhaps with his cook.

Out-of-door sports do not form so prominent a part of country life in the colonies as they do at home, partly because there are not so many idle men, and partly because there has not been as yet so great an expenditure of money with the view of creating sport. As years pass on both these causes will vanish. The idle men will be forthcoming, and game, brought from England, Scotland, and Ireland, will be naturalised in the country. Hares in Victoria will be, I hope, not quite so plentiful as rabbits. There are deer already in the country, and they will soon abound with that prolific increase which seems to attend all animals brought from the old country to these colonies. Duck-shooting is much practised, and ducks abound. Pheasants are already more common in parts of New Zealand than in England, though not so plentiful, and will probably become equally common in Tasmania and Victoria. I despair, however, of fox-hunting. I think it improbable that that most anomalous, most irrational, most exciting, most delightful, and most beneficent sport should thrive elsewhere on the world's surface than in the British Isles. None but the British and Irish farmer will bear the invasion of a troop of horsemen. None but the British or Irish sportsman can have that tenderness in preserving and that stern perseverance in killing a little vermin, which fox-hunting requires. None but a British or an Irish gentleman can expend thousands in furnishing amusement for an entire county.

The fault of a country home in the Australian colonies is that it furnishes but little employment, and that its ordinary life seems to be antagonistic to industry, at any rate on the part of the visitor. The master of the house is or is not the working manager of his property. If he be so, his time is fully occupied. He is on horseback before breakfast, and seems never to slacken his labours till the evening dews have long fallen. The exclusive care of a large flock of sheep,—which includes breeding, feeding, doctoring,

shearing, selling and buying, together with the hiring, feeding, inspection, and payment of a great number of by no means subservient workmen,—taxes a man's energies to the utmost. Cattle probably impose less labour, but a man will have his hands fairly full who owns three or four thousand head of cattle, who breeds them by his own judgment, and himself selects them for market. But very many squatters and graziers really manage their properties by deputy. Serviceable men have grown up in their employment, and as years creep on the real work of the run is allowed to fall from their own hands into those of superintendents and overseers. Then the country gentleman, though he still talks of "a score of ewes" as did Justice Shallow, becomes an idle man. He comes down to breakfast at nine, and is impatient for his dinner before six, thinking that the clock must be losing time. The ladies no doubt look after their houses, order lunch and dinner, and superintend the servants. But they seem to be insufficiently provided with occupations over and above these. There is a piano in every house. There are always books,—enough for reading, though not enough for literary luxury. There may be croquet out of doors. There are horses to ride; and there is the unlimited bush, with its magpies, its laughing jackasses, and its bell-birds, if you be good at walking. But there is no provision made for the passing of time. There is no period of the day at which books fall naturally into the hands of men and women. Loitering is common, and the hours too often become foes instead of friends. This is specially the case during the long evenings. I fancy that the same fault might have been found with country houses in England a hundred and fifty years ago.

Eating and drinking occupy so many of our thoughts, and contribute so much to the excitement and to the amusement of life, that I feel myself bound to say something of the Victorian country gentleman's taste. No table more plentiful or more hospitable was ever spread. Its chief distinctive feature is the similarity of the meals. The breakfast is nearly as substantial as the lunch and dinner,

and between the lunch and dinner it was long before I could find out any difference. Two or three hot joints of meat and four or five dishes of vegetables, wine-decanter, and not uncommonly a teapot, are common to both of them. As regarded the time allowed, or the appetite, or that addition to appetite which greediness furnishes throughout the world, I could not ascertain that there was any distinction between the two. With us at home the cook never exerts herself,—or himself,—for lunch, and is not indeed expected to do so. The Victorian cook is equally awake all the day long. At last I perceived that at luncheon there would never be more than two puddings. At dinner the number was not limited. As a rule, gentlemen in the colonies do not sit long over their wine; and, as a rule, also,—and rules, of course, have their exceptions,—the wine is not worth a long sitting.

But these little details of which I have spoken do but form the outside skin of society, whereas the bones, the muscles, the blood, and the flesh consist of the people themselves. Whether men and women dine at five or at seven, whether they drive out regularly or irregularly, whether they hunt foxes or kangaroos, drink bad wine or good, matters little, in regard to social delights, in comparison with the character, the manners, and the gifts of the men and women themselves. In describing Victorians of the upper classes, and of the two sexes, I would say that both in their defects and their excellences they approach nearer to the American than to the British type. And in this respect the Victorian is distinct from the colonist of New South Wales, who retains more of the John-Bull attributes of the mother country than his younger and more energetic brother in the South. This is visible, I think, quite as much in the women as in the men. I am speaking now especially of those women whom on account of their education and position we should class as ladies; but the remark is equally true to all ranks of society. The maidservant in Victoria has the pertness, the independence, the mode of asserting by her manner that though she brings you up your hot water, she is just as good as you,—and a good deal better

if she be younger,—which is common to the American “helps.” But in Victoria, as in the States, the offensiveness of this—for to us who are old-fashioned it is in a certain degree offensive—is compensated by a certain intelligence and instinctive good-sense which convinces the observer that however much he may suffer, however heavily the young woman may tread upon his toes, she herself has a good time in the world. She is not degraded in her own estimation by her own employment, and has no idea of being humble because she brings you hot water. And when we consider that the young woman serves us for her own purposes, and not for ours, we cannot rationally condemn her. The spirit which has made this bearing so common in the United States,—where indeed it is hardly so universal now as it used to be,—has grown in Victoria and has permeated all classes. One has to look very closely before one can track it out and trace it to be the same in the elegantly equipped daughter of the millionaire who leads the fashion in Melbourne and in the little housemaid; but it is the same. The self-dependence, the early intelligence, the absence of reverence, the contempt for all weakness,—even feminine weakness,—the indifference to the claims of age, the bold self-assertion, have sprung both in the one class and in the other from the rapidity with which success in life has been gained. The class of which I am now specially speaking is an aristocrat class; but it is an aristocracy of yesterday; and the creation of such an aristocracy does away with reverence and puts audacity in its place. The young housemaid does not shake in her shoes before you because you have £10,000 a year, and the young lady has no special respect for you because you are her father’s old friend. Her father and her father’s friends have had their time. It is her time now. It is for her to stand in the middle and for them to range themselves on one side. She will do her duty by her father and mother,—but she does it as a superior person attending on those who are inferior. To her grandfather and her grandmother she alludes as poor things of the past, to whom much tenderness is due. But the attention is paid after a fashion which seems to imply

that old folk, in the arrangements of life, should not interfere with their betters who are young. Luckily for fathers and grandfathers in Victoria the power of the purse remains with them, otherwise they would I fear be ciphers in the houses that were once their own. The Australian girls and young married women are not cruel, false, or avaricious, and I will not call them Gonerils and Regans ; but I have seen old men who have put me in mind of Lear.

There is a manifest difference between women who have come out from England and those who are "colonial-born," which is not at all points in favour of the former. If we are to take personal appearance as the good thing most in request by the female sex, I think that the girls born in the colony have the pre-eminence. As a rule they are very pretty, having delicate sweet complexions and fine forms. They grow quickly, and are women two years earlier in life than are our girls,—and consequently are old women some five years sooner. They are bright and quick, hardly as yet thoroughly educated, as the means of thorough education for women do not grow up in a new country very readily ; but they have all achieved a certain amount of information which they have at their fingers' ends. They never appear to be stupid or ignorant,—because they are never bashful or diffident. We do not criticise very accurately the law as laid down to us by a pretty woman,—being thankful for any law from bright eyes and ruby lips. Sometimes at home we can get no law, no opinion, no rapid outflow of sweet-sounding words,—because some modest sense of the weakness of feminine youth restrains the speech. It must be admitted, however, that even at home this failing is less general than it used to be.

Women, all the world over, are entitled to everything that chivalry can give them. They should sit while men stand. They should be served while men wait. Men should be silent while they speak. They should be praised,—even without desert. They should be courted,—even when having neither wit nor beauty. They should be worshipped,—even without love. They should be kept harmless while men suffer. They should be kept warm

while men are cold. They should be kept safe while men are in danger. They should be enabled to live while men die in their defence. All this chivalry should do for women, and should do as a matter of course. But there is a reason for this deference. One human being does not render all these services to another,—who cannot be more than his equal before God,—without a cause. A man will serve a woman, will suffer for her,—if it come to that will die for her,—because she is weaker than he and needs protection. Let her show herself to be as strong, let her prove by her prowess and hardihood that the old idea of her comparative weakness has been an error from the beginning, and the very idea of chivalry, though it may live for awhile by the strength of custom, must perish and die out of men's hearts. I have often felt this in listening to the bold self-assertion of American women,—not without a doubt whether chivalry was needed for the protection of beings so excellent in their own gifts, so superabundant in their own strength. And the same thought has crept over me when I have been among the ladies of Victoria. No doubt they demand all that chivalry can give them. No ladies with whom I am acquainted are more determined to enforce their rights in that direction. But they make their claim with arms in their hands,—at the very point of the bodkin. Stand aside that I may pass on. Be silent that I may speak. Lay your coat down upon the mud and perish in the cold, lest my silken slippers be soiled in the mire. Be wounded that I may be whole. Die, that I may live. And for the nonce they are obeyed. That strength of custom still prevails, and women in Victoria enjoy for a while all that weakness gives, and all that strength gives also. But this, I think, can only be for a day. They must choose between the two, not only in Victoria but elsewhere. As long as they will put up with that which is theirs on the score of feminine weakness, they are safe. There is no tendency on the part of men to lessen their privileges. Whether they can make good their position in the other direction may be doubtful. I feel sure that they cannot long have both, and I think it unfair that they should

make such demand. For the sake of those who are to come after me,—both men and women,—I hope that there may be no change in the old-established fashion.

I write these words in fear and trembling, lest the ladies of Victoria should condemn my book, and set me down as one who had accepted and betrayed hospitality. Let them remember all that I have conceded to them. They are lovely, bright, quick-witted, and successful. If, having said so much on their behalf, I venture to add a few words of counsel, they should remember that unqualified praise is always egregious flattery.

In speaking of men I can venture to use my pen with greater courage, and to say what I have to say without bating my breath. To their censure I can be deaf, and callous to their displeasure. The Victorian old man hardly as yet exists. Among those who are near the top of the tree it is rare to find even those who have been born in the other colonies. The men who have hitherto prospered best in Australia are they who came young from the old country, without much money, with great energy, and with a strong conviction that fortune was to be made by industry, sobriety, and patience. These men succeeded, and they or their descendants are now the landed gentry of the country. Some are dead, and their places are filled by their sons. Some are tottering in old age, and their work is carried on by their sons. But there are enough of them still left in hale strength to give a tone to the entire colony. They smack of England,—or of Scotland or Ireland, as the case may be,—and are very different in their manners from those younger than themselves, who have been born in Australia. There are of course many, still young, who have come out from England,—so many that they suffice to give a tone to the whole social life of the colony. But every year this becomes less so than it was the year before, and the time will soon come in which the colonial will be stronger than the home flavour. It is of interest to inquire whether the race will deteriorate or become stronger by the change.

Dividing the population into two classes,—which, in order that I may be understood, I will call the upper and

the lower class,—I speak now of that which is by far the less important as being the less numerous. As regards the masses of the men who earn their bread by their manual labour I have no doubt whatever that the born colonist is superior to the emigrant colonist,—any more than I have that the emigrant is superior to his weaker brother whom he leaves behind him. The best of our workmen go from us, and produce a race superior to themselves. The labourer born in the colonies is better educated than the man who has come from the old country, and is very much more sober. He is better fed than the labourer at home, better housed, better clothed, and is therefore more of a man. I think that any observer seeing the artisans in an Australian town, the miners on an Australian gold-field, or the shearers in an Australian wool-shed, would come to this conclusion,—and would feel that no workman should remain at home who can make himself master of a passage to the colonies. I cannot speak with the same confidence of those who are born to positions which we regard as higher than those of a daily workman. The young Australian-born “gentleman” has certain points in his favour. He who goes out from England belonging to that class has not uncommonly been sent there because he has not hitherto done very well at home. I have said that the best of our labourers emigrate; but we certainly do not send to the colonies the best of our youth from Oxford and Cambridge, our most learned young lawyers, our cleverest engineers, or the most promising sons of our merchants and tradespeople. The young colonial scion is not called on to compete with the élite of the youth of the mother country. But in the competition to which he is called, he hardly as yet holds his own. He rarely runs into bad vices. He does not drink, or gamble, or go utterly to the dogs. But he is too often listless, unenergetic, vain, and boastful. Up to a certain age, that of advanced boyhood, he is generally clever, quick at learning what he does learn, and very often superior in general information to a boy from Harrow or from Winchester. He has more to say for himself, is less addicted to mere boyish amusements, and comes out as a man at an earlier age. But he



has that fault which belongs to all produce of field and garden which grows ripe too quickly. When Clara in "Philip van Artevelde" boasted that she, being of the softer sex, was privileged to grow ripe on the sunny side of the wall, she had probably not yet learned that the fruit which hangs through the autumn has the finer flavour, and can be kept till the end of winter. The colonial young man—a young man while he still should be a boy—hardly keeps the promise of his early years, and seems to lack something of that energy which grows up among us during the protracted years of our juvenility. \*

It is common to hear this discussed in the colonies themselves,—where the old swans are by no means disposed to look upon their cygnets as goslings. It is acknowledged, at any rate, that the boy grows out of boyhood earlier than he does in the old country. It is common to attribute the change to the climate; and there certainly is apparent ground for doing so, as we know that puberty is attained earlier in warm than in cold countries. I do not, however, believe that the climate is accountable for the great difference which exists,—especially as there is another cause in operation which must, I think, have produced it without other cause. Hitherto the education of youths in the Australian colonies has been quick, perfunctory, and perhaps superficial. That it should have been of this kind, is so natural,—that it should gradually cease to be open to such censure as the modes of education are improved, is again so natural,—that we may be justified in looking for the decrease and gradual cessation of an evil so caused, whereas, were it attributable to the climate, any remedy for it would be beyond the reach of our energy and wisdom. We are apt, in the old country, to complain bitterly of the years which are devoted to the pursuit of limited knowledge very imperfectly mastered. At eighteen or nineteen our boys, though they have been at school for the last ten years, do not speak Latin, do not read Greek fluently, bungle in their French, and are novices at mathematics. But during the whole time they have been learning much which cannot be put into any examination paper, and which they cannot

reckon up in the list of their acquirements. They may be idle, but they are rarely listless. They may dislike study, but they do not love to sit still and whistle.

Gradually there is growing up in the colonies a desire for protracted education on the part of fathers who can afford to bestow such advantage on their sons. There are universities at Sydney and Melbourne, which indeed are as yet only in their infancy in regard to numbers, but which have the means of giving, and which are intended to give, the protracted education of which I speak. Gradually they will grow into favour, and the example which they set will be followed by schools throughout the colonies. What is chiefly required on behalf of the colonial-born youth is that he should be kept a little longer from the appurtenances of manhood. He should be taught to cease to think that the prime of life has been reached at nineteen.

## CHAPTER IX.

### NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, RAILWAYS, ROADS, TOWNS, AND WINES.

I DISLIKE the use of superlatives, especially when they are applied in eulogy ; nevertheless, I feel myself bound to say that I doubt whether any country in the world has made quicker strides towards material comforts and well-being than have been effected by Victoria. She is not forty years old, all told,—going back even to the date at which Mr. Henty landed at Portland,—and she has already at her command most of the enjoyments of civilised life. Of her great city, Melbourne, I have spoken,—and of her gold-fields and that wonderful gold-town, Ballaarat ; also of the country life of her country gentlemen. But there are other matters in which she has advanced as quickly : and I must say a word of her newspapers, her general produce, her railways, her roads and coaches, her country towns, and her native wines.

With all the prejudice of a genuine Briton, I think that no country has ever yet produced newspapers equal to those of England. This fact—if it be a fact—I attribute partly to her wealth, partly to her general energy, partly to her love of fair play, but chiefly to her determination that the press shall be free. In France many of the writers of newspapers are at any rate equal in talent to their brethren among us, and, as a rule, they stand higher in public estimation. They are known by name, and they have a wider reputation. But they do not produce the same sort of article. The French newspaper is more confined than the English, and either more vapid in its obedience to authority, or more violent in its opposition. There is no catering for informa-

tion at all approaching in extensiveness to that practised by our great metropolitan and provincial daily papers ; and the means expended on the production of a newspaper are infinitely less. The article when produced is readable in regard to language and type, and has opinions of its own, perhaps very strongly developed, as to the central political subject of the day in France itself ; but beyond that it is generally barren of information, and is often half filled with extraneous matter, which might be more conveniently used in the form of a volume. But if the French newspapers dissatisfy us, what are we to say of those of the United States? With a fair experience of their journals, with a conviction favourable in general to American habits and American institutions, with strongest feelings of social friendship for Americans whom I know and of political friendship for Americans generally, I am bound to declare that I never had a newspaper of the United States in my hand without suffering during the whole time that I was reading it. The sensational headings, spread over an amount of column often greater than that afterwards devoted to the subject itself, disgust and irritate. There will be a dozen such headings in every paper, and not a scrap of news to create sensation afterwards. The language is bombastic, vulgar, and very frequently so faulty as to leave on the mind an impression that the persons employed cannot generally belong to the same class as do our writers for the daily press. Their type is bad. Their paper is bad,—and when you have read a journal through with the greatest diligence, you declare, as you throw it aside, that there is nothing in it whatever. An American can give a good lecture,—much better generally than any Englishman,—can make a good speech, can build a good house, can cook a good dinner, can bake good bread, can tell a good story, can write a good book, can do, as I think, anything on earth requiring intellect, energy, industry, and construction,—with this one exception. He cannot,—at any rate as yet he has not turned out a good newspaper.

But Victoria, with her 750,000 souls, has a good daily newspaper,—as has also New South Wales, with her 500,000

souls. Indeed, in this respect I intend to give no priority to the one over the other, having failed to form an opinion as to which was the best. But I think that the Melbourne "Argus" and the Sydney "Morning Herald" are the best daily papers I have seen out of England. Sydney is nearly a hundred years old, and is perhaps entitled to a good newspaper; but it is remarkable that there should be such a paper as the "Argus" in a town which was a wilderness forty years since. Melbourne also has a weekly paper, the "Australasian," which is as good in its way as the "Argus." Common report says that as pecuniary speculations these periodicals have been highly successful;—but then so also is the New York "Morning Herald"!

General literature is perhaps the product which comes last from the energies of an established country. Men must eat before they can write, and all think of eating before they think of writing. Leisure, which is compatible only with fixed means of living, is necessary for the production of books. Books in these halcyon days do no doubt provide bread for the writers of them; but the man who with empty pocket attempts to begin the opening of his oyster by the production of a book, will too often have to endure almost starvation before his oyster is reached.

The production of books must follow the production of other things, and the growth of literature will be slow. Victoria, however, and the Australian colonies generally have produced many books. I cannot say that as yet their volumes are to be found crowding the shelves of European libraries. It would be odd indeed if it were so, as the country has not yet been open to European enterprise, or even to European footsteps, for a full century. I have been surprised to find not only how many books have been written in Australia, and sent home for publication,—books generally of colonial history, colonial experience, and colonial exploration,—which have made their mark, but also how vast a number of small volumes have issued in the colonies, from the presses of Melbourne and Sydney, which, alas! have as yet done but little either for the pockets or the fame of the writers. Very many of these little books—the

majority of the great number which reached my hands—contained verse, verse that was heroic, verse that was elegiac, verse that was burlesque, verse that was amatory, and very often verse that was plaintive. I never had one of these unpretending products of ambitious souls in my hand without thinking of the hopes which were once high, so soon to be dashed to the ground,—of the grand thoughts which heralded perhaps but a poor production, of the labour given without return, of the bitter disappointment, and, alas ! too, of the money spent on the paper and printing which probably could be but ill spared. Taking each individual author, and regarding the agony which disappointed authorship entails, I could not but deplore the production of many a little book. Now and again the author would tell of all his trouble, and would complain of the hardness of the world which would not give him a hearing. But, looking at the thing as a whole, I know it to be good for the colonies that such efforts should be made. Success will always at last attend such struggles ; not, I fear, success for each individual struggler, but success for the people collectively, whose total of energy is thus exhibited. The desire, and the ambition, and the purpose are there, and that which a people really desires it will achieve. I cannot thus allude to the literature of the colony at large without mentioning the name of Mr. Marcus Clarke, of Melbourne, whose Australian tales are not only known familiarly by all colonists, but are almost as familiar to English readers.

Victoria has made her railways after a system,—as we are sometimes told that France did, as England certainly did not do, nor, as far as I could judge, the other Australian colonies. In the first place she has a line perfected, as far as her territory is concerned, in the direct route to Sydney. The Melbourne and Sydney road crosses the Murray at Albury, and the Victorian railway was, when I was there, nearly finished up to the Victorian side of the river, and has since been completed. I do not think that New South Wales is making any effort to fill up the gap. She has a line as far as Goulbourn,—130 miles from Sydney ; but the intervening space is so long,—about 300 miles,—that the

general transit from one town to the other is still by water. The distance, and the poorness of the country to be traversed, will afford an excuse for New South Wales, the validity of which it is impossible altogether to deny; but it is, I think, notorious that Sydney is not desirous of the close intercourse which a continuous railway would create, and that she would dread the effect of the unrestricted rivalry which it would produce. The wool-growers of the intervening districts would buy in Melbourne and would sell in Melbourne, if they could reach Melbourne as easily as Sydney;—and then there would be renewed difficulty as to border duties. If all the southern part of the colony, and much of the south-eastern part, as well as the Riverina, bought their groceries in Melbourne, how would New South Wales collect sufficient taxes?

The Victorian line, striking the Murray at Albury, is a branch from a main line, previously perfected, striking the same river at Echuca, lower down. By this main route the intercourse between the Riverina and Melbourne is carried on, and from this point the people of the Riverina are anxious that a line should be made into the heart of their country, or at any rate to Deniliquin, which they call their capital. But of this they have but faint hopes while the Riverina remains a portion of New South Wales. The line from Melbourne to Echuca passes directly through the great Victorian gold-fields of which Bendigo, or Sandhurst as they now call it, is the centre. There is a station at Castlemaine, and another at Sandhurst. The line to Ballarat, the capital of the other great Victorian gold-field,—I am afraid to call it either the first or the second in regard to its gold, but in regard to its qualities as a town there can be no doubt that it is the first,—starts from the same station at Melbourne, but branches off a mile or two from the town. This line takes an indirect course, running down the north-western side of Port Phillip Bay to Geelong, and then turning north to Ballarat. It is intended to continue this line into the rich farming districts of the west, towards Hexham, Hamilton, and Coleraine, but when I was in the colony there was a diversity of opinion as to the route which should be taken.

There is apt to be a diversity of opinion as to the route to be taken by railways, when the money required for making them is to come from the colony at large.

Victoria, as she makes her railways, borrows the money on the credit of the entire colony, and pays the interest out of the general revenue, applying the earnings of the railways to the revenue also. In 1869 the total interest on the amount up to that date borrowed for the construction of railways, is stated to have been £505,676, and the expenses of working the railways to have been £250,657, making a total of £756,333 expended,—whereas the proceeds earned amounted to £544,414, leaving a deficit of £211,919 to be paid out of the general taxes of the country. I regard the result as highly satisfactory to the colony. The railways are still in course of construction, and in that condition must be less remunerative than they will be when perfected. I believe that comparatively a few years will make the Victorian railways self-supporting, and that an excellent discretion has been exercised in the manner in which the money has been borrowed and expended. But it may easily be imagined that money borrowed and expended on this system should give rise to conflicting claims. Why should one district be favoured above another, when all pay? It will of course be urged that this district will support a railway, while that other cannot do so. But such an argument will find no favour with the rejected district, which may perhaps be able to assert itself loudly by political support or political opposition.

Another short branch striking off from the Geelong line down to Melbourne, goes to Williamstown, which is the port of the capital, and completes the set of government railways belonging to the colony. There is a suburban line, belonging to a private company, which runs to the south and south-east, and enables the citizens of Melbourne of all degrees to live out of the city. It was a matter of wonder to me that a town of such a population as Melbourne should afford so very large a local traffic;—but I soon found how large a proportion of the population lived in the suburbs which it accommodated,



There are still large districts of Victoria not touched by railway, especially the entire eastern part of the colony, which is called Gippsland, and the Wimmera district which lies to the north-west. The Gippslanders talk eagerly of a railway, but as their pleasant little capital of Sale holds only 2,000 people, and is the centre of a thinly populated country, I cannot think that their hopes will be soon gratified. The Wimmera district I did not visit. It is more remote and more sparsely populated even than Gippsland, but had I gone there, I should probably have heard of the great projected Wimmera line.

I cannot speak as highly of the coach roads as of the railways of Victoria. One effect of railways in a new country is to anticipate and supersede the creation of ordinary roads. A perfectly new country, hitherto known only to a few shepherds, is opened up by a railway,—which is not carried hither and thither for the service of towns and villages, but creates them as it goes along. Then, the one great need of a central road having been achieved, neither the government nor the inhabitants are for a time willing to go to the expense of macadamization. The badness of the roads is, however, remarkable throughout Australia,—and it is equally remarkable that though the roads are very bad, and in some places cannot be said to exist, nevertheless coaches run and goods are carried about the country. A Victorian coach, with six or perhaps seven or eight horses, in the darkness of the night, making its way through a thickly timbered forest at the rate of nine miles an hour, with the horses frequently up to their bellies in mud, with the wheels running in and out of holes four or five feet deep, is a phenomenon which I should like to have shown to some of those very neat mail-coach drivers whom I used to know at home in the old days. I am sure that no description would make any one of them believe that such feats of driving were possible. I feel that nothing short of seeing it would have made me believe it. The coaches, which are very heavy, and carry nine passengers inside, are built on an American system, and hang on immense leathern springs. The passengers inside are shaken ruthlessly, and are horribly soiled by mud

and dirt. Two sit upon the box outside, and undergo lesser evils. By the courtesy shown to strangers in the colonies I always got the box, and found myself fairly comfortable as soon as I overcame the idea that I must infallibly be dashed against the next gum-tree. I made many such journeys, and never suffered any serious misfortune. I feel myself bound, however, to say that Victoria has not advanced in road-making as she has in other matters.

There are three good towns in Victoria, towns which would receive such praise on the score of architecture and general arrangements in any country, whether new or old. These are Melbourne, Ballarat, and Geelong. In some respects, a growing town with a look of growing prosperity about it, but with still something of the roughness of the bush in its unfinished streets, is more interesting than a full-fledged city. There are many such in Victoria, in which the churches, the banks, the schools, and the hotels seem to bear a very undue proportion to the shops and private residences. And in every such a town that has had any success there is a newspaper,—or perhaps two. For a mile or two on each side of such a town there will be made roads, and then, by gradual but quick decrease of road-making enterprise, the bush track will be reached. The population is very small, 3,000 being enough to justify corporate pride and a high position among boroughs, and even 500 sufficing for a mayor. In all these towns rough plenty prevails. In many of them I found that the rates of an artisan's wages were quite as high as in Melbourne, and in some higher. Large amounts of capital are occasionally expended on the erection of a store, or a huge inn,—which not unfrequently is lost to the speculator. But in a new country such losses do not frighten other speculators ;—do not even frighten him who for the nonce has been ruined. The man who has lost his money “clears out,” and some other speculator comes in. I visited various such towns as these, Beechworth, Hamilton, Sale, Woods Point, Wangaratta, and others, and was invariably struck by their uncouth prosperity. You see them expanding and growing, as you do the young colonial girl of ten years old, who buds forth so quickly that

the increase of her physical power becomes almost visible to you. Too often these towns are altogether ugly to the eye. How should an unfinished congregation of houses be otherwise than ugly when it is constructed with rectangular streets on a level plain? The pretentious dimensions of some two or three buildings,—of a church, a bank, or an inn,—adds to the ugliness of the houses generally, and gives to the stranger a feeling of mixed melancholy and of thankfulness that his lot has not been cast in so unsightly a place. When, however, he has learned on inquiry that every man there earns 4s., 5s., or 6s. a day, and that meat is 2d. a pound, and when he remembers that in his own pretty villages at home men are earning 2s. a day and that meat is 1s. a pound, the melancholy by which he is pervaded takes another direction.

From this general charge of ugliness I must except the pretty town of Beechworth, which is the capital of a large district, and which is graced by a lunatic asylum. But its charm does not depend on the greatness of its corporate condition, or even on its asylum. It is backed by the Australian Alps, and has had bestowed upon it the gift of fine scenery. I doubt whether there be a man alive who would prefer 2s. a day and grand mountains, to 5s. and a flat country ;—but when the matter does not come home so closely to the spectators, a pretty landscape has a great effect.

Australia makes a great deal of wine,—so much and so cheaply that the traveller is surprised how very little of it is used by the labouring classes. Among them some do not drink at all, some few drink daily,—and many never drink when at work, but indulge in horrible orgies during the few weeks, or perhaps days, of idleness which they allow themselves. But the liquor which they swallow is almost always spirits—and always spirits of the most abominable kind. They pay sixpence a glass for their poison, which is served to them in a cheating false-bottomed tumbler so contrived as to look half-full when it contains but little. The drain is swallowed without water, and the dose is repeated till the man be drunk. The falseness of the glass seems to excuse

itself, as the less the man has the better for him ;—but the fraud serves no one but the publican, for though the “nobbler” be small,—a dram in Australia is always a nobbler,—there is no limit to the number of nobblers. The concoction which is prepared for these poor fellows is, I think, even worse than that produced by the London publican. At home, however, beer is the wine of the country and is the popular beverage at any rate with the workmen of this country. In all the Australian colonies, except Tasmania, wine is made plentifully,—and if it were the popular drink of the country, would be made so plentifully that it could suffice for the purpose. All fruits thrive there, but none with such fecundity as the grape. One Victorian wine-grower, who had gone into the business on a great scale, told me that if he could get 2s. a gallon for all that he made, the business would pay him well. The wine of which he spoke was certainly superior both in flavour and body to the ordinary wine drunk by Parisians. It is wholesome and nutritious, and is the pure juice of the grape.

Accustomed to French and Spanish wines,—or perhaps to wines passed off upon me as such,—I did not like the Australian “fine” wines. The best that I drank was in South Australia, but I did not much relish them. I thought them to be heady, having a taste of earth, and an after-flavour which was disagreeable. This may have been prejudice on my part. It may be that the requisite skill for wine-making has not yet been attained in the colonies. Undoubtedly age is still wanting to the wines, which are consumed too quickly after the vinting. It may possibly be the case that though Australia can grow an unlimited quantity of wine, she cannot produce wines capable of rivalling those of Europe. On these points I do not pretend to have an opinion. But I regard a wholesome drink for the country as being of more importance than fine wines, even though they should equal the produce of the vineyards of the South of Spain or the South of France. France and Italy are temperate because they produce a wine suitable to their climate. Australia, with a similar climate, produces wine with equal ease, and certainly,—I speak in reference to the common

wine,—as good a quality. There is now on sale in Melbourne, at the price of, I think, threepence a glass,—the glass containing about half a pint,—the best vin-ordinaire that I ever drank. It is a white wine, made at Yering, a vineyard on the Upper Yarra, and is both wholesome and nutritive. Nevertheless, the workmen of Melbourne, when they drink, prefer to swallow the most horrible poison which the skill of man ever concocted.

## CHAPTER X.

### LEGISLATION, GOVERNMENT, AND COMMERCE.

THE scheme of legislation and government is the same in Victoria as in the other colonies, but it has been carried out after a more entirely democratic fashion, and with a more settled intention of throwing the political power of the colony into the hands of the people. There are, of course, the three estates,—King, Lords, and Commons, represented here by the Governor, with his appointment from Downing Street, the Legislative Council, and the Legislative Assembly. The Governor has, of course, the royal veto; and he has also, which is much more commonly used, the power of reserving bills which have passed the two colonial houses for the approval or disapproval of the home government. The Upper House, or Legislative Council, is elective, as it is also in South Australia. In Queensland and New South Wales it is nominated. The nominations in the latter colonies are, indeed, practically made by the premier for the time, who is the minister of the people; but a House is thus constituted much less democratic and at the same time more influential than when elected by popular constituencies. Political power necessarily belongs chiefly to the Lower House,—to that which is nearest to the community at large; but it falls altogether away from an elective Upper House, as the people devote all their energies and all their thoughts to the members whom they are to elect for the popular chamber.

The Legislative Council in Victoria is returned by six provinces into which the colony is divided,—each province

returning five members. Of these five one goes out every second year, so that each member of the Council is returned for ten years. A property qualification is required both for the candidate and for the electors. The former must own property to the value of £2,500, and the latter must pay a rental of £50, or rates on property to that amount. The interest taken by Victorians in the elections of the Council is not great. At those which were made in 1870 there was no contest in four out of the six provinces, and in the other two less than 50 per cent. of the electors polled. The Upper House seldom initiates laws, and is looked upon rather for protection than action. This is certainly the case in the other colonies also, but in none of them to the same extent as in Victoria. In Tasmania and South Australia I found the prime minister in the Upper House. In Queensland and New South Wales I found one of the cabinet there; and, in the latter, many of the leading men of the colony held seats in the Council. In Victoria the cabinet is no doubt represented in the Council; but the representation is generally feeble, and the gentlemen selected have of late held no office and, I believe, received no emolument.

The Lower House is elected for three years, by manhood suffrage, and no property qualification is required either for the candidates or for the electors. The votes for both Houses are of course taken by ballot. In regard to the ballot in Victoria, it is as well to point out that its value consists not in any security afforded by secrecy,—as to which the voters are happily quite indifferent;—but in the tranquillity at elections which it ensures. In Victoria, and in Victoria alone among the Australian colonies, members of parliament are paid. They receive £300 a year for their services, and are entitled to travel free by railways and mail-coaches. The system of payment has not, however, as yet been permanently adopted. Unless renewed by another bill, it will lapse after the first year of the parliament next to be elected, and would thus cease in 1875. Whether it will be renewed not a few in the colony profess to doubt; but I observe that the doubters are those who think such payment to be objectionable. I have but little faith myself in the modera

tion of a dog that has once tasted blood, and do not therefore believe that the members of the next Victoria parliament will be endowed by so strong a spirit of patriotic martyrdom as to abandon by their own act the salaries which they will be then enjoying. I will not trouble my reader here by attempting to prove that this making a profession of parliament, this power of living poorly on the small means which parliament will produce, must be injurious to the legislature of the country, as the system has but few advocates at home. It has now been practised for many years in the United States, and certainly has not served there to raise the House of Representatives. It has not been long tried in Victoria, but it certainly has not as yet had that tendency.

The mode of carrying on the government in Victoria subject to the approval of parliament is almost identical with that which is familiar to us at home. The governor nominally appoints his minister,—selecting one chief who selects his own cabinet; but the choice is in fact made by the Lower House, whose chosen leader remains in power as long as he is the chosen one, and gives way by resignation as soon as some other favourite has usurped the votes of the majority. The mode of changing ministers is nearly the same as with us at home,—but the power of the minister is in one respect confined within narrower limits. The outgoing minister in his last and generally futile attempt to regain that which he has lost, recommends the Crown to dissolve Parliament, so that the country at large may have an opportunity of reversing the last decision of its representatives. We at home now think that the Crown is bound to follow the advice so tendered, thereby obeying the great constitutional rule that the sovereign can do no political act except by the advice of his ministers. The practice is not as yet recognised,—is at any rate not as yet established as constitutional usage,—in the colonies. During my sojourn in Australia I saw a ministry outvoted in New South Wales and another in Victoria. In each case the outgoing minister appealed to the governor for a dissolution. In New South Wales the governor acceded,—and was then blamed by



every one for doing so. In Victoria the governor refused,—giving his reasons in a paper which was read to the House, and every one praised him for refusing. In the one case as in the other there was a general feeling that nothing could be gained by a dissolution,—as in New South Wales nothing was gained by the outgoing minister. Nevertheless it will come to be accepted in the colonies before long as good constitutional doctrine that in this matter, as in all other matters of political practice, the governor should be guided by his responsible advisers.

A member of a colonial cabinet is not so great a man as a cabinet minister at home. He is not even relatively so great a man, and does not hold a position among his fellow citizens proportionate to that enjoyed by our own statesmen at home ; but he holds very much more than proportionate powers, and exercises very much more than proportionate patronage. Everything is centralized. The roads, the bridges, and the railways of the colony are constructed by government. Asylums and gaols are erected and managed by the government. The lands of the colony, not as yet alienated, are the property of the government at large, and are sold or leased by the government. The local magistrates are appointed by the government. Municipal institutions are growing, and as they grow this centralization of power will be lessened ; but, in the meantime, the ministers of the day, who may be men but very little qualified to bear the weight of such responsibility, are called upon to arrange details affecting the interests of individuals which it would be impossible for any minister, however great, to adjust with true impartiality. Things are, in truth, adjusted with an eye to electioneering majorities. When a member for some remote district becomes a cabinet minister, that district at once expects all the good things which patronage can give. Should a Roman Catholic be prime minister the Roman Catholics throughout the colony expect government places ; —and every porter at a railway holds a government place. But the minister for lands is he upon whom the greatest pressure is brought to bear. A supporter of the ministry considers himself entitled to buy good land cheap,—and

considers also that every impediment should be thrown in the way of those who oppose the ministry but still wish to buy land. Tenders of contracts for the conveyance of mails are sent out in the name of the postmaster-general, who happened also to be prime minister when I was in Melbourne. Tenders for government clothing are sent out in the name of the treasurer. The same practice prevails throughout the cabinet, and produces a feeling that staunch support of the government may be quite as influential in procuring the desired job as favourable terms. The injustice done to individuals is not in itself so great an evil as the growing conviction throughout the colony that all this is a matter of course, and that it forms a recognised part of that concrete institution which we welcome under the name of Constitutional Government.

I do not wish to say hard things of Victorian ministers of state ;—nor do I condemn any individuals when I assert that the whole colony is permeated by a conviction that the power of government is used for jobbing. While matters are centralized as they are now,—while members of the cabinet are compelled to exercise their own judgment in the appointment of gaolers, railway porters, and letter-carriers over the entire colony,—while tenders are sent in, not to the politically powerless head of a department, but to the political minister himself by name,—it would require more than human energy and impartiality to avoid jobbery. In the present circumstances of the colonial executive departments is it not probable that the energies of ministers will be prompted to take quite the other direction? Indeed no man could sit for a month on the Victorian ministerial bench who determined to manage his office without any reference to his parliamentary position. It is taken as a matter of course that he will use his patronage for the promotion of his party.

In this matter I do not know that even yet we have our hands at home quite clean. I think I do know that they have not at any rate been long clean. But the sin has been all but abolished among us, chiefly by the intense desire of statesmen to be quit of a business that had been thrown

upon them gradually by the increasing propensity to raise bulwarks for political powers, but which they at last found to be not only onerous and disreputable, but also unserviceable. In the United States the system is still rampant,—though there it has been somewhat lessened by the general feeling which prevails as to its iniquity. In all the Australasian colonies it exists. In each of them ministers are driven to seek parliamentary support by manipulating patronage. Fortunes already made are not common among legislators in a new country,—so that it may often happen that the brothers, sons, and kinsmen of a minister may themselves be in need of places. A ministry that was beaten in the parliament of Victoria in June, 1872, was turned out solely on the ground that it had misused its patronage. There may, perhaps, be room to hope that such an example may be of service, and that it may tend to teach the people generally that parliamentary government does not mean the partial advancement of a certain class who may support this or that set of politicians. There can be but little doubt that a decentralization of affairs and an increase in the power and responsibility of local management would greatly tend to save colonists themselves from falling into a miserably false view of politics, which at present it is almost impossible that they should avoid.

The revenue of the colony for the year ending 30th June, 1872, was £3,721,648. This included about three-quarters of a million raised by the sale of public lands and by pastoral leases. It included also the amount collected on the railways, for water-supply to the city of Melbourne, for telegraphs, pilot-dues, and postage, and various other items, all of which are brought to the account of the public purse, though they have no connection with the taxation of the country. The absolute burden on the country, raised in the shape of taxes, does not exceed a million and a half, and is therefore not above £2 a head on the population. The public debt amounts to twelve millions,—but it has been borrowed exclusively for the construction of public works, and almost exclusively for the construction of railways. It must be admitted that the burden of taxation on

the public is light in the colony, and is so although the government has undertaken enterprises on the public behalf, which no private companies could have achieved.

The two great staple articles of commerce in Victoria are wool and gold. Of the gold-fields of the colony I have said enough, but it may be well to add a comparative statement of the value of those two sources of wealth. In 1870 the gold exported from the colony was sold for £6,119,782, and the wool for £3,205,106. Gold maintains its nominal value, whereas wool vacillates so much that within twelve months the price may be nearly doubled or halved. Between March, 1871, and March, 1872, the price of wool did rise fully 80 per cent. But since 1852, the first year of extended gold production in Victoria, the Victorian wool has never come near to the Victorian gold, and during the whole of that period has amounted to little more than a quarter of it. Nevertheless the established wealth of the wealthy man in Victoria has been made by pastoral pursuits rather than by mining. The aristocracy is essentially an aristocracy of squatters,—that is of gentlemen who have made or are making their money by grazing cattle and shearing sheep. The gold may cost as much to raise it as it is worth,—may, indeed, and often does, cost much more. But the sheep increase in numbers and are shorn with comparatively little outlay. Here, as in most other countries, land is more coveted, and seems to convey a higher influence, than any other property. The squatter, even though he do not own his land, but runs his sheep on waste lands, as a crown tenant with a short lease, and no certainty of tenure even as to that, is still regarded as a territorial magnate. Though the gold produced in the colony be annually worth double the wool, and though the raids of the free-selector on the squatter have been more cruel in Victoria than even in the other colonies, still the production of wool is the most popular and certainly at the present moment the most remunerative occupation in Victoria.

In 1870 the total imports into the colony amounted to £12,455,758, and the exports to £12,470,014, thus very nearly balancing themselves. Each amount is about a

million lower than it was ten years before,—in 1861. But I doubt whether this can be taken as showing any decrease in the substantial prosperity of the colony. The decrease in the exports has been chiefly on gold and live-stock, with a wholesome rise on most other articles of Victorian produce. The export of wool increased during that period by more than a third, showing that it was better worth the while of the stock-owners to keep their sheep than to send them into the other colonies for sale. The produce of gold is necessarily fluctuating, and cannot be taken in any one year as an indication of the trade of the country. The decrease in the imports was chiefly on grain and flour, thus showing that the country had progressed in the important work of feeding itself. No doubt, whenever new gold-fields are opened, creating new “rushes,” or old gold-fields show themselves to be for a time specially productive, there will be a sudden influx of migratory population, and successful miners will spend money freely. They will thus raise the imports by their consumption, and the exports by the gold which they send away. A gold-producing country must be subject to these fluctuations, but they can hardly be taken as a proof either of the decay or the rise of substantial prosperity. As to the substantial prosperity of Victoria, no one, I think, who has visited that country can entertain a doubt. It is to be seen in the daily lives of the colonists, in the clothes which they wear, in the food which they eat, in the wages which they receive, in the education of their children, and in the general comfort of the people.



TASMANIA.





# TASMANIA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY HISTORY.

IT seems hard to say of a colony, not yet seventy years old, that it has seen the best of its days, and that it is falling into decay, that its short period of importance in the world is already gone, and that for the future it must exist,—as many an old town and old country do exist,—not exactly on the memory of the past, but on the relics which the past has left behind it. England has towns of her own at home and colonies of her own abroad,—it would be invidious to name them,—of which this may truly be said. On visiting them the stranger feels assured that the salt of life has gone out of them. Trade dwells in them no longer, and prosperous men do not move about their streets. Their inhabitants are contented to be obscure, and generally have neither fears nor hopes. Society is mild and dull, and the remnant of the people who are left are for the most part satisfied to sit and wait. But a young colony should have young, sparkling, eager life. She should be hopeful, impetuous, and loud, with a belief in her destiny; and if she be given somewhat to boasting, she will not, indeed, thereby show herself to be possessed of an actual virtue, but will give evidence even by that vice of the strength of youth which makes a community at first buoyant and then prosperous. Such essentially are Queensland and Victoria, which force even upon unwilling ears a conviction of their strength by

the loudness of their self-assertion and the vigour of their confidence. I by no means say that the dreamy, dusty quiescence of decay, the imbecility of old age which does not become actual death because so little of the energy of life is expended on the work of living from day to day, have become the lot of young Tasmania; but I do say that Tasmanians are almost united in declaring so of themselves, and that they have said so till the other colonies are quite united in repeating the story.

Tasmania as Tasmania is very young,—so young that many old-fashioned folk at home hardly recognise her under that name, and still know her as Van Diemen's Land. That name is now odious to the ears of Tasmanians, as being tainted with the sound of the gaol and harsh with the crack of the gaoler's whip; but it was under that name that the island was prosperous. England sent her convicts thither, and with her ruffians sent £350,000 a year for their custody and maintenance. The whole revenue of the island, including Customs, Inland Revenue, and Land Fund, does not now exceed £280,000. And the money sent from England was by no means all the wealth which the convicts brought with them. They had their thews and sinews, and the free squatters of Tasmania knew well how to turn such God-sends into money. And public works were done magnificently by them,—on the doing of which sufficiently, quickly, and without too close a regard to any immediate return of money, the welfare of a growing colony almost depends. Roads were made, and buildings were erected, and river-banks were cleared, and forests were cut down with a thoroughness which proved that convicts were at any rate useful. But though useful they were disgraceful. The Van Diemonians,—as colonists from other colonies are wont to call them in jeering mirth,—had a spirit of their own which could not be at ease within a prison, even though they themselves were the masters and wardens, and kept the keys of the prison. It began to be unendurable to them that their beautiful island, the sweetest in climate, the loveliest in scenery, the richest in rivers and harbours, the most accessible of all Great Britain's eastern

colonies, should be known to the world only as Great Britain's gaol. So they spoke their mind, and of course had their way,—as has been the case with all Great Britain's children since the tea was thrown overboard at Boston. The convicts were made to cease, and Van Diemen's Land became Tasmania,—Tasmania with free institutions of its own, with representative government, with Lords and Commons, with a public debt, with its own taxes, and a right to govern itself by its own laws,—so long as it should enact no laws contrary to the spirit of the laws of England. It became, in fact, as were and are the other colonies, all but independent, and it threw off from itself its convict stain. But then, as a matter of course, it threw off from itself also the £350,000 a year which in one shape or another the convicts used to bring with them from England, and it could make no more roads and put up no more public buildings except in the normal way of the world, by paying the market price for the works accomplished.

The feeling of disgrace, the aspiration for a different state of things, and the determination to be quit of the questionable well-being of a convict establishment, were very grand on the part of the free settlers of Van Diemen's Land. There was more in it than in the same resolution on the part of New South Wales;—for New South Wales was large, and was achieving property in another way when it resolved that convicts should be no longer received. New South Wales made no such sacrifice as did Van Diemen's Land. The government money, and government works, and government employment were no longer at that time all in all to New South Wales, as they were to the small colony settled in the southern island, which had been created in the first place for the convicts, and then nourished by them. A great fight was made by the mother country to retain the right thus to dispose of her ruffians, and Sir William Denison, who was the governor of the day in Van Diemen's Land, was very eager in his attempt to perpetuate the arrangement, acting no doubt under instructions from the Colonial Office at home. But the feeling against the convicts was too general, and the people, though few in

numbers, were too strong for Sir William Denison. In 1851 and 1852, when the agitation was going on, there were less than 75,000 free inhabitants in the colony, but they prevailed ;—and as a consequence the money was stopper. There were no longer British troops in the island, now re-christened as Tasmania. All the paraphernalia of home wealth, and home empire, and home influence were withdrawn. Of course there has been a reaction. I do not dare to say that the Tasmanians regret their convicts ; but they do regret the attendant expenditure and attendant ceremonies of the convict establishment. The colony had been fostered by extraneous help and not by internal energy. It was easier to see and to feel the meanness in the eyes of the world of this position, than to rise at once to the national effort necessary for success on its withdrawal. The “Van Diemonians” were all but united in the declaration of their determination that no more convicts should be sent to them. They are now almost equally united in their declaration that the cessation of the coming of the convicts has been their ruin. They think that England has been hard to them in the measure of justice which she has meted. There might have been a regiment or at any rate a company of soldiers left in the island,—a few red jackets if only to enliven the streets and gladden the eyes of the women. Was it to be expected that all the money was to be withdrawn at once,—or if not quite at once with so great rapidity? There still remains, and will yet remain for a few years,—as I shall explain more at length in another chapter,—a small subsidy for the expiring needs of the old establishment ; but that is becoming less and less every year, and the want of the money is felt in every station and in every shop.

We all know the listlessness and unmanly apathy which has hitherto been engendered all the world over by government pay. In England for the last twenty years we have been making great efforts to cure the evil, but the fact that the efforts have been found to be necessary is the best proof of the truth of the assertion. Government cannot get the same work out of its workmen that is got by private

employers. It cannot build a ship, or manage an estate, or erect a palace with that economy which a private master can ensure. Six hours of work, diminished perhaps to five or four as opportunities may allow, takes the place of the eight hours given by servants employed in private enterprises. This scope for idleness produces idleness till it becomes the great blessing of the service that real work is not exacted. To pretend to do something,—not even to pretend to do much,—is the gentlemanlike thing. There has been much of all this in England, but more of it, I think, among Englishmen employed out of England. The evil is by no means limited to the clerk, or secretary, or commissioner who feels himself to be a great man because he has very little to do for his salary, but extends itself to all those who see and know and envy the great man. A profuse expenditure of government money in any community will taint the whole of it with the pervading sin. Men learn to regard the government as babies regard the nurse,—and are like the big calf which can only be kept from its overwrought mother's dugs by some process of disagreeable expulsion. Personal enterprise and national enterprise are equally destroyed by it. In Dublin, you are told that Dublin could not thrive if the Lord Lieutenant were withdrawn; and, consequently, Dublin with its Lord Lieutenant does not thrive. Of all food this national mother's milk, when taken beyond the period of infancy, is the most enervating. Van Diemen's Land had the strength of character necessary for the abandonment of it by her own effort. I think myself that she has a constitution sufficiently strong to enable her to live through the consequent crisis, and to walk honestly on her own legs after a period of weakness. In the meantime she feels herself to be sick, and she longs for the unwholesome nourishment which she herself was wise enough to throw away from her.

I need hardly say that the island now called Tasmania lies south of Australia. The port of Launceston, which is the largest town in the northern division of the island, is, at the present rate of steaming, about twenty-five hours distant from the port of Melbourne. The island, with the small

adjacent islands belonging to it, is somewhat smaller than Ireland. It comprises nearly seventeen million acres, of which less than a fourth have been alienated from the Crown,—that is, purchased and used by settlers in the colony. A small portion of the vast remaining area is leased by the Crown to squatters, and is depastured,—if I may use a word which I have found to be common in the colonies ; but by far the greater proportion of the island is covered by dense unexplored forests of gum trees. It is now divided into eighteen counties, of which five in the west are, as far as I could learn, altogether uninhabited and uninhabitable. Of others only strips of land near the sea or by the side of rivers have been “taken up.” It is mountainous, the mountains boasting of but moderate altitudes,—5,000 feet, and the like. It is intersected by many rivers, and watered by many lakes, being in this respect altogether unlike the mainland of Australia. It was discovered in 1642, originally by Abel Jan Tasman, a Dutchman,—as were so many of the Australian pioneers. Tasman, so says the legend, was violently in love with Maria, the daughter of one Van Diemen, who in those days was governor of the Dutch East Indian possessions. Tasman had been sent out on this expedition by Van Diemen, and showed his gratitude and gallantry by the liberal use of his patron’s name and that of his patron’s daughter in the nomenclature of the places he discovered. The whole country he called Van Diemen’s Land. The largest of the adjacent islands which he saw he christened Maria. The lady’s name still stands on the maps ; but posterity, with a justice which is not customary in such matters, after more than two centuries, in its hatred of a sound which had become connected all over the world with rascaldom, has gone back to the real discoverer, and has created for the colony the name of Tasmania. For many years after Tasman’s discovery it was thought to be a part of the continent of New Holland, as Australia was then called. It was not till 1798 that George Bass discovered the straits which still bear his name. In 1803 the island was first occupied on behalf of Great Britain by a party sent from New South Wales, and in 1804

Colonel David Collins was appointed as its first lieutenant-governor, he being at that time subject to the governor of the parent colony. The settlement in Van Diemen's Land was made with the express intention of relieving New South Wales of a portion of its convicts, and specially with a view of sending thither those who had been hitherto stationed at Norfolk Island,—which place had been found to be ill fitted for the purpose. At this time the only, or at least by far the paramount, interest taken by the mother country in the possession of Australia had reference to her convicts. New South Wales had been found to be a place to which convicts could conveniently be sent ; but the number which could be safely kept there was not sufficient for the purposes of the home government. Van Diemen's Land might supply the deficiency, and to Van Diemen's Land were dispatched a certain proportion of the convicts who crowded and embarrassed the hands of the governor of New South Wales. Two stations were opened, the first on the north and the second on the south side of the island. And thus sprang up two towns, Launceston on the Tamar in the north, and Hobart Town on the Derwent in the south. These are still the chief and, perhaps I may say without offence to various flourishing villages, the only towns in Tasmania ; and they are joined together by such a road, 120 miles in length, as is not to be found elsewhere in the Australian colonies. This was, of course, made altogether by convict labour.

From this time, 1804, down to the year 1856, when responsible government began, the history of Van Diemen's Land is simply the history of a convict establishment. How to manage convicts, how to get work out of them with the least possible chance of escape, how to catch them when they did escape, how to give them liberty when they made no attempt to escape, how to punish them, and how not to punish them, how to make them understand that they were simply beasts of burden reduced to that degree by their own vileness, and how to make them understand at the same time that if under the most difficult circumstances for the exercise of virtue they would cease to be vicious, they might

cease also to be beasts of burden,—these were the tasks which were imposed, not only upon the governors and their satellites, not only on all officers military and civil, not only on the army of gaolers, warders, and such like, which was necessary, but also on every free settler and on every free man in the island. For no one who had cast in his lot with Van Diemen's Land could be free from the taint of the establishment, or unconnected with the advantages which it certainly bestowed.

A double set of horrors is told of the convict establishment of Van Diemen's Land,—of horrors arising from the cruelty of the tyrant gaolers to their prison slaves, and of horrors created by these slaves when they escaped and became bushrangers. It must be borne in mind that almost every squatter was a gaoler, and that almost every servant was a slave. But no tidings that are told through the world exaggerate themselves with so much ease as the tidings of horrors. They who are most shocked at them, women who grow pale at the hearing and almost shriek as the stories are told them, delight to have the stories so told that they may be justified in shrieking. The ball grows as it is rolled, and the pile of wonder is accumulated. But no doubt the work to be done was very nasty work, and there was of necessity much of roughness on both sides. It must be understood that these prisoners in Van Diemen's Land were not to be kept as prisoners are kept in our county gaols and penitentiaries at home. They were to be out at work wherever the present need of work might be. Nor were they to be watched when at work by regular warders as many of us have seen to be done with gangs of prisoners at Portland, Portsmouth, and elsewhere at home,—so watched that immediate escape, though not perhaps impossible, is very difficult. A portion of the convicts sent to Van Diemen's Land were no doubt locked up from the first, a portion were employed on government works and were probably kept under close though not continued surveillance;—but the majority both of men and women were sent out as servants to the free settlers, who were responsible, if not directly for the safe custody of those entrusted to them, at



least for immediate report should any escape. The first preliminaries of escape were easy. A man could run into the bush, and be quit at any rate of the labour of the hour. If he were shepherding sheep, or building fences, or felling timber, during the greater part of the day, no eye unless that of a brother convict was upon him. He could go, and the chances of the world were open to him. But when these first preliminaries were so easy it was of course essential that they should ordinarily be rendered unsuccessful, and that the attempt should be followed by speedy and sharp punishment. The escaped convict was at once hunted, and generally tracked by the facilities which starvation afforded to his pursuers. No one but an escaped convict would feed an escaped convict, and none but they who had established themselves as bushrangers had food either to eat or to give. Even the established bushrangers, who had homes of some sort in the mountain recesses, who were in league with the blacks, and who knew how to take the wild animals, the kangaroos and wallaby and opossums, were not unfrequently driven by famine to surrender themselves.

Of course the escapes were numerous, and of course the punishments were severe. And it was not only that the men would escape, but also that when punctual to hours and punctual in the receipt of their rations, they would not earn their rations by work. They would not work after such a fashion as to please their masters ;—and, as a necessity, the masters had a redress for such occasions. A convict who would only eat rations and never earn them,—and who could not be dismissed as can an ordinary idle servant,—required some treatment more or less severe. The master himself was not allowed to inflict corporal punishment,—but the neighbouring magistrate was entrusted with that power. The magistrate could, on hearing sufficient evidence of wilful idleness or other delinquency, inflict a certain number of lashes. The thing became so common, of such everyday occurrence, that very light evidence was soon found to be sufficient. The neighbouring settler or squatter was probably the friend of the magistrate, who was a squatter himself ; and what better,—indeed what other evidence could

the magistrate have than his friend's word? The practice became very simple at last. If the man would not work, or worked amiss, or was held to have sinned in any way against his master's discipline, he was sent to the magistrate to be flogged. He himself would be the bearer of some short note. "Dear Sir,—Please give the bearer three dozen, and return him." The man as a rule would take the note,—and the three dozen, and would return. A bold spirit would perhaps run away. Then he would be tracked and dogged and starved, till he either came back or was brought back,—and the last state of that man would be worse than the first.

Of course these were horrors. The men who did escape, and some who did not, committed fresh crimes and underwent fresh trials,—with very small chance of verdicts in their favour. And of all crimes murder and attempts to murder seem to have been most in excess. Men were hung for murder and attempts to murder and for various other crimes. The hangings were frequent and gave rise to sharp expostulations. There is a story in the island that the gaol chaplain at Hobart Town once remonstrated,—not against hanging in general or the number that were hung,—but as to the inconvenient celerity with which the ceremony was performed. Thirteen men, he said, could be comfortably hung at once, but no more. The crowding had been too great, and he trusted that for the future the accommodation afforded by the gaol might not be too far stretched. The hangman was a great and well-paid official. There were flagellators also, generally convicts themselves, promoted to the honourable employment of flogging their brethren at the different stations. There is still, I am told, an old pensioned hangman living under protection in the island. The flagellators have disappeared, some having gone to Victoria as miners, some having died in their bed,—a reasonable proportion having been murdered. It may be understood that the flagellators would not be popular.

Not a few of these forlorn ones did escape and make their way into the wilderness, living in holes and amidst rocks and sometimes in habitations built for themselves in the deep

recesses of the forests. The names of some of these still live in the memory of old Tasmanians, and some few still live themselves as respectable members of society. There was one Brady, who seems to have possessed himself of half the mountain tops in the island, for, let the traveller go where he will, he will be shown a "Brady's Look-out." Brady, I think, was hung at last. And there was one Howe, who had a wonderful career, living with a native girl whom he at last murdered because she was not fleet enough of foot to escape with him, and who was himself at last murdered by a companion. And then there was one Cash, who had a long career as a bushranger, and who now lives in dignified and easy retirement. There is also one Markham, now carrying on business satisfactorily as a gardener, who lived for seven years in a retreat he made for himself in the bush, coming down occasionally and stealing such articles as were essential for him, growing a little wheat on a plot round his cottage, keeping a goat and rearing a few sheep. For seven years the man lived on in this way, all alone, undiscovered, sufficing in all things for himself,—except in regard to those occasional thefts from his nearest neighbour. Then the solitude became too much for him, and he crept down to a neighbour's house,—the squatter from whom he had been accustomed to steal,—and finding the mistress of the family, he gave himself up to her in order that the law might do as it would with him. The squatter, who had been the man's prey, was an Irish gentleman, with a tender heart, who felt thankful to the man for not having murdered his wife and children. Having position and influence he interfered on the man's behalf, and the law was lenient and the man was pardoned. The story was told to me by the lady to whom Markham surrendered himself, wild, with long locks, clothed in a sheepskin, haggard with solitude, tired out with absolute independence. Now he is a prosperous grower of apples. What an episode in life for a man to carry about always in his memory!

There was much of murder and robbery; much of hanging and slavery. English settlers to whom convicts were assigned of course learned the sweets of slavery. Their

servants were intelligent beasts of burden, who had only to be fed, coerced, and made to work. The slave too was not purchased, and if he died there was no loss. The system of course was bad, as with our present lights we can see plainly enough. But though the system was bad, the men who carried it out did, I think, mainly strive to do so to a good end. Though one hears much of flogging in Van Diemen's Land, one hears still more of the excellence of the service rendered by convicts. Ladies especially are never weary of telling how good and how faithful were the females allotted to them and to their mothers. Indeed it is from the ladies of the colony that one hears the loudest regrets in regard to the good things that have now been lost for ever. And though the ladies are the loudest, men also tell of the excellence of the convicts by whose labour they were enriched in the old days. Again, on the other hand, the inquirer is constantly startled by the respectability of career and eminent success of many a pardoned convict. Men who came out nominally for life were free and earning large incomes within comparatively few years. Unless a man were reconvicted he was sure to be made free, having at first a ticket of leave, which enabled him to work within a certain district on his own behalf, and then a conditional pardon, which allowed him to go anywhere except to England. In the records of Tasmania, which we have at home, we are told of the cruelty and sufferings inflicted and endured on both sides, of the cruelty of masters and of all that their slaves endured, of the bloodthirsty malignity of bushrangers, and of the evils which they perpetrated on the community. Horrors are always so popular that of course such tales are told the loudest. Enduring good conduct with good results creates no sensational enjoyment, and therefore we hear little or nothing of masters and mistresses so satisfied with the docility of convicts as to find them superior to free servants, or of men who have been sent from England as abject, nameless wretches, who have risen, after a period of penal service, to opulence, respectability, and almost to honour.

When the establishment was first set on foot in Van Diemen's Land, not only were convicts sent out to certain

of the settlers as labourers without hire, but the settlers who took them had with each convict a grant of land,—so many acres for each convict taken. The owner of the slave was then bound to feed and clothe the man, but was not required to pay him any wages. That the convicts were sufficiently fed and clad by their employers I have never heard denied. Indeed food was so cheap,—or at least meat was so,—that no deficiency in this respect was probable. Nor, as far as I can learn, were the men overworked. No doubt the amount of labour performed by them daily was less than that ordinarily given by free labourers. But absolute submission was required from them,—that absolute touch-your-hat-and-look-humble submission which to this day is considered necessary among soldiers. They were to give implicit obedience, and masters accustomed to implicit obedience and absolute submission are apt to become arbitrary. And the scourge, when it is in use, recommends itself strongly to those who use it. The system could not but be evil. Then, after some years, wages of £9 per annum were required from the masters for each man,—out of which the men found their own clothes. This was a great improvement in the condition of the convicts, as they were thus enabled to own property and to exercise some of the rights of free men. At the same time they had awarded to them the privilege of leaving their masters if they chose, and of going on to the public works. This was a privilege which was but seldom exercised, as private work and private rations and private discipline were always better than the work and rations and discipline of the public gangs. But it was something for a man who could not endure a master to be able to shake that master's yoke from his neck.

In different parts of the island, as the public works demanded, large stations were built for those employed. There were various of these stations on the route from Launceston to Hobart Town, where the men were kept while they constructed the road. They were built of stone, and the ruins of them are still to be seen on the roadside. Here also resided wardens and gaolers and flagellators, and I fancy that life in the gangs was generally very much worse than

life in private service. The streets and roads about Hobart Town were made after this fashion, and many of the public buildings were put up by the convicts. The traveller is astonished at the neatness and excellence of these works in Hobart Town till he learns by degrees what it was that convict labour in old days did for a convict establishment.

And there was a third mode of bestowing the convicts in Tasmania which was,—and indeed is, for it still remains,—the most remarkable of the three. There were men who could neither be sent out as private servants, or even trusted to work in gangs,—men for whom a prison home was needed. A prison home also was needed for the new comers, as to whom in the first months of their service solitary confinement and good discipline were a part of the bad bargain they had made for themselves. This prison was after a while established at Port Arthur, a peninsula joined to the mainland by a neck of land only a few yards broad, and has been, I think, in many respects the most remarkable, as it is probably the most picturesque, prison establishment in the world. It is still in operation, as a certain proportion of old English convicts are yet in durance, and I shall therefore speak of it in the next chapter. Now it is altogether under colonial control ; but it has been so only for a year or two. The transfer was, I think, finally made in 1870, till which time Port Arthur was an imperial establishment. Perhaps no spot on the globe has been the residence during the last sixty years of greater suffering or of guiltier thoughts.

The system of transportation as carried on in Van Diemen's Land no doubt was bad. It was bad to stain with the crime of so many criminals a community which must necessarily be in itself so small. It could never have been hoped that the population of Van Diemen's Land could swallow up so large a body of English criminals as would be sent thither, without becoming a people especially noted for its convict element. And yet it was never intended that Van Diemen's Land should be devoted to convicts, as was Norfolk Island, and as is the little spot of land called Spike Island in the Cove of Cork. And the portioning out of convicts to settlers to be employed as labourers was bad ;

for it created a taste for slavery which has not yet lost its relish on the palate of many Tasmanians. A certain amount of harshness and bitter suffering was, no doubt, incidental to it. But I do not believe that men became fiends under its working. The fiends came out ready made, from England, and were on the whole treated with no undue severity. Of course there were exceptions,—and the exceptions have reached the public ear much more readily than has the true history. Nevertheless the people rebelled against the system,—or rather repudiated it with such strength, that the government at home was at last forced to give way.

In 1853 Van Diemen's Land ceased to receive convicts, and in 1856, following the example of her elder and younger sisters on the Australian continent, she went to work with a representative government of her own. There had been considerable difference of opinion between the colony and the mother country. The convict establishment was very convenient to us. We all know well how hard of solution is the question of the future disposition of the man against whom a judge has with great facility pronounced a sentence of penal servitude for a certain term of years. Whither shall we send our afflicted brother? Our depôts at home are small and easily crowded. Van Diemen's Land in this respect was convenient, and was at first hardly thought to have a voice loud enough to make itself heard. The governor of the day, Sir William Denison, did what he could to save the thing. But the people were in earnest and they prevailed.

Up to that time the colony had no doubt prospered. Wool, the staple of all the Australian colonies, had been grown with great profit in the island. It was from Van Diemen's Land that the district now called Victoria had been first supplied with sheep. It was found that almost every plant and almost every animal that thrives in England could be acclimatized in an island whose climate is only a little warmer than that of England, and a little more dry. It became known in the East for its breed of horses, for its whale fishery,—which was pre-eminently successful,—for its wheat and oats, and especially for its fruit. It could supply

all Australia with fruit if only all Australia could be made to take it. For a time the markets were at any rate good enough to secure wealth. Men in Van Diemen's Land became rich, and both Launceston and Hobart Town were prosperous boroughs. Schools were general, hospitals were established, the institutions of the colony generally were excellent. Van Diemen's Land had not indeed a great reputation. It had a name that seemed to carry a taunt in men's ears. But it was prosperous and fat; and, unless when the bushrangers were in ascendancy, the people were happy. Such was their history up to 1856, when transportation had been abolished and representative government was commenced. Now the Tasmanians declare themselves to be ruined, and are not slow to let a stranger know that the last new name given to the island is that of "Sleepy Hollow." When the stranger asks the reason of this ruin, he is told that all the public money has gone with the convicts, and that—the rabbits have eaten up all the grass. The rabbits, like the sheep, have been imported from Europe, and the rabbits have got ahead of the sheep. "If it was not that this is Sleepy Hollow," they say, "we should stir ourselves and get rid of the rabbits. But it is Sleepy Hollow, and so we don't."



## CHAPTER II.

### PORT ARTHUR.

WHEN it had been decided between the mother country and the colony that transportation to Van Diemen's Land should be at an end, the colonial Houses of Parliament petitioned the Queen that the name might be changed,—so that the convict flavour and the convict odour attached to the old sound might be banished ; and the Queen of course assented. Hence has sprung in the catalogue of our colonies the name of Tasmania, as pretty as any that we have, but to my ears somewhat fantastic. In New South Wales, with its enormous area, and in the absence of any sea barriers by which convicts could be hemmed in, the traveller does not at present hear much about convicts. They have wandered away whither they would. Now and then good-natured reference is made, in regard to some lady or gentleman, to the fact that her or his father was “lagged,” and occasionally up in the bush a shepherd may be found who will own to the soft impeachment of having been lagged himself,—though always for some offence which is supposed to have in it more of nobility than depravity. But in Tasmania the records are recent, fresh, and ever present. There is still felt the necessity of adhering to a social rule that no convict, whatever may have been his success, shall be received into society. “But if he should be a member of the Assembly?” I asked. Well, yes, my informant acknowledged that there would be a difficulty. There are occasions on which a member of the Assembly may almost demand to be entertained,—as a member of the House of

Commons has, I imagine, almost a right to dine with the Speaker. It is not only that men and women in Tasmania do not choose to herd with convicts, but that they are on their guard lest it might be supposed that their own existence in the island might be traced back to the career of some criminal relative.

In the meantime, though a new name sweet as a rose has been invented, the odour and the flavour have not as yet quite passed away. A certain number of convicts are at work on the public domain in Hobart Town, but they are always the convicts of the island,—men who have received their sentences for deeds done in Tasmania. At the extreme south-west of the island,—in a peninsula called by the name of Tasman, which is all but an island,—is maintained a station called Port Arthur, and there are at present kept as many as remain of the old English exiles. With them are a portion of the convicts of the island. For those who were sent out from England, England still pays the cost of maintenance, amounting to £36 19s. 8d. per annum for each man under sentence, and something less for lunatics and paupers. Of these the great majority are now either paupers or lunatics, who would be free were they able to earn their own bread. England also pays, and will, by agreement, continue to pay for some further term of eight or nine years, a lump sum of £6,000 per annum towards the general police expenses, which were commenced on behalf of the mother country. When an English convict, who has had a conditional pardon, is reconvicted, he is maintained at the expense of the colony if reconvicted after a period of six months of freedom ;—but at the expense of England if within that period. And so the convict system is dying out in Tasmania, and will soon be extinct, and at last the odour and the flavour will be gone.

I visited Port Arthur, and was troubled by many reflections as to the future destiny of so remarkable a place. It is in a direct line not, I believe, above sixty miles from Hobart Town, but it can hardly be reached directly. The way to it is by water, and as there is no traffic to or from the place other than what is carried on by the government

for the supply of the establishment, a sailing schooner is sufficient,—and indeed more than sufficiently expensive. In this schooner I was taken under the kind guidance of the premier and attorney-general of the island, who were called upon in the performance of their duties to inspect the place and hear complaints,—if complaints there were. We started at midnight, and as we were told at break of day that we had made only four miles down the bay, I began to fear that the expedition would be long. But the wind at last favoured us, and at about noon we were landed at Tasman's peninsula in Norfolk Bay, and there we found the commandant of the establishment and horses to carry us whither we would. We found also a breakfast at the policeman's house, of which we were very much in want.

Tasman's peninsula, which has been held entire by the Crown for the purposes of the convict establishment, is an irregularly formed piece of land about twenty-five miles long and twelve broad, indented by various bays and creeks of the sea, very hilly, covered with primeval gum-tree forest, and joined on to the island by a very narrow neck of sand. Port Arthur, where are the prisons, is about nine miles from Norfolk Bay; but our first object was to visit the neck,—called Eagle Hawk Neck,—partly for the sake of the scenery, and partly because the neck is guarded by dogs, placed there to prevent the escape of the convicts. I had heard of these dogs before I visited Tasmania, but I had thought that they were mythic. There, however, I found them, to the number of fifteen, chained up in their appointed places at and near the neck. The intention is that they should bark if any escaped prisoner should endeavour to swim at night across the narrow arm of sea which divides the two lands. In former days they used to be employed in hunting the men down. I doubt whether they are now of any service. They are allowed regular rations, one pound of meat and one pound of flour a day per dog; and I found the policemen stationed at the Neck very loud in their assurances that the business could not be carried on without the dogs. The policemen also have rations,—somewhat more than that of the dogs, though of the same kind;

and it struck me that to the married men who have families in the neighbourhood, the rationed dogs might be serviceable.

The scenery at this spot is very lovely, as the bright narrow sea runs up between two banks which are wooded down to the water. Then we went farther on, riding our horses where it was practicable to ride, and visited two wonders of the place,—the Blow-Hole, and Tasman's Arch. The Blow-Hole is such a passage cut out by the sea through the rocks as I have known more than one on the west coast of Ireland under the name of puffing-holes. This hole did not puff nor blow when I was there; but we were enabled by the quiescence of the sea to crawl about among the rocks, and enjoyed ourselves more than we should have done had the monster been in full play. Tasman's Arch, a mile farther on, is certainly the grandest piece of rock construction I ever saw. The sea has made its way in through the rocks, forming a large pool or hole, some fifty yards from the outer cliffs, the descent into which is perpendicular all round; and over the aperture stretches an immense natural arch, the supports or side pillars of which are perpendicular. Very few even now visit Tasman's Arch; but when the convict establishment at Port Arthur comes to an end, as come to an end I think it must, no one will ever see the place. Nevertheless it is well worth seeing, as may probably be said of many glories of the earth which are altogether hidden from human eyes.

On the following day we inspected the prisons, and poor-house and lunatic asylum and farm attached to the prisons;—for there is a farm of well-cleared land,—seventy or eighty acres under tillage, if I remember rightly; and there is a railway for bringing down timber and firewood. The whole was in admirable order, and gave at first sight the idea of an industrial establishment conducted on excellent commercial principles. The men made their own shoes and clothes and cheeses, and fed their own pigs, and milked their own cows, and killed their own beef and mutton. There seemed to be no reason why they should not sell their surplus produce and turn in a revenue for the colony. But prisons

never do turn in a revenue, and this certainly was no exception to the rule.

I found that there were altogether 506 persons, all males, to be looked after, and that no less than 97 men were employed to look after them. Of these 25 were officers, many of whom were in receipt of good salaries. There was the commandant, and the Protestant chaplain, and the Roman Catholic chaplain, and the doctor, and the doctor's assistant, and the postmaster, forming with their wives and families quite a pleasant little society, utterly beyond reach of the world, but supplied with every comfort,—unless when the wind was so bad that the government schooner could not get round to them. These gentlemen all had houses too. I was hospitably received in one, that of the commandant, which, with its pretty garden and boat-house, and outlook upon the land-locked bay of the sea, made me wish to be commandant myself. There would have been nothing peculiar in all this, except the cleanness and prettiness of the place, were it not that it must apparently all come to an end in a few years, and that the commandant's house and the other houses, and all the village, and the prisons, and the asylum, and the farm, and the church, will be left deserted, and allowed to fall into ruins. I do not know what other fate can be theirs. Tasmania will not maintain the place for her own prison purposes when there is an end of the English money;—and for other than prison purposes no one will surely go and live in that ultima Thule, lovely as are the bays of the sea, and commodious as may be the buildings.

Of the 506 men to be looked after, 284 belonged to England, and 222 to the colony. Of the 506, 234 only were efficient for work; and of this latter number only 39 were English convicts. It will be understood that the lingering English remnants of transported ruffianism would by this time consist chiefly of old men unfit for work. There were 146 English paupers,—convicts who have served their time, but who would be unable to support themselves if turned out,—and there were ten invalids who would return to their convict work when well. There were also 89

lunatics, of whom only four were still under sentence. With 506 men to be looked after, 97 officers and constables to look after them, and with only 234 men able to do a day's work, it may well be imagined that the place is not self-supporting. Its net cost is, in round numbers, £20,000 ; of which, in round numbers again, England pays one-half and the colony the other. It was admitted that when the English subsidy was withdrawn,—for in fact England does pay at present £6,000 a year for general expenses over and above her contribution per man to the establishment at Port Arthur,—that when this should be discontinued, Port Arthur must be deserted.

The interest of such an establishment as this of course lies very much in the personal demeanour, in the words, and appearance of the prisoners. A man who has been all his life fighting against law, who has been always controlled but never tamed by law, is interesting, though inconvenient,—as is a tiger. There were some dozen or fifteen men,—perhaps more,—whom we found inhabiting separate cells, and who were actually imprisoned. These were the heroes of the place. There was an Irishman with one eye, named Doherty, who told us that for forty-two years he had never been a free man for an hour. He had been transported for mutiny when hardly more than a boy,—for he had enlisted as a boy,—and had since that time received nearly 3,000 lashes ! In appearance he was a large man and still powerful,—well to look at in spite of his eye, lost as he told us through the misery of prison life. But he said that he was broken at last. If they would only treat him kindly, he would be as a lamb. But within the last few weeks he had escaped with three others, and had been brought back almost starved to death. The record of his prison life was frightful. He had been always escaping, always rebelling, always fighting against authority,—and always being flogged. There had been a whole life of torment such as this ; forty-two years of it ; and there he stood, speaking softly, arguing his case well, and pleading while the tears ran down his face for some kindness, for some mercy in his old age. “ I have tried to escape ;—always to escape,” he said,—“ as a

bird does out of a cage. Is that unnatural ;—is that a great crime ?” The man’s first offence, that of mutiny, is not one at which the mind revolts. I did feel for him, and when he spoke of himself as a caged bird, I should have liked to take him out into the world, and have given him a month of comfort. He would probably, however, have knocked my brains out on the first opportunity. I was assured that he was thoroughly bad, irredeemable, not to be reached by any kindness, a beast of prey, whose hand was against every honest man, and against whom it was necessary that every honest man should raise his hand. Yet he talked so gently and so well, and argued his own case with such winning words ! He was writing in a book when we entered his cell, and was engaged on some speculation as to the tonnage of vessels. “Just scribbling, sir,” he said, “to while away the hours.”

There was another man, also an Irishman, named Ahern, whose appearance was as revolting as that of Doherty was prepossessing. He was there for an attempt to murder his wife, and had been repeatedly re-tried and re-convicted. He was making shoes when we saw him, and had latterly become a reformed character. But for years his life had been absolutely the life of a caged beast,—only with incidents more bestial than those of any beast. His gaolers seemed to have no trust in his reformation. He, too, was a large powerful man, and he, too, will probably remain till he dies either in solitary confinement or under closest surveillance. In absolute infamy he was considered to be without a peer in the establishment. But he talked to us quite freely about his little accident with his wife.

There was another remarkable man in one of the solitary cells, whose latter crime had been that of bringing abominable and false accusations against fellow-prisoners. He talked for awhile with us on the ordinary topics of the day not disagreeably, expressing opinions somewhat averse to lonely existence, and not altogether in favour of the impartiality of those who attended upon him. But he gave us to understand that, though he was quite willing to answer questions in a pleasant, friendly way, it was his intention

before we left him to make a speech. It was not every day that he had such an audience as a prime minister and an attorney-general,—not to speak of a solicitor-general from another colony who was with us also, or of the commandant, or of myself. He made his speech,—and I must here declare that all the prisoners were allowed to make speeches if they pleased. He made his speech,—hitching up his parcel-yellow trousers with his left hand as he threw out his right with emphatic gesture. I have longed for such ease and such fluency when, on occasions, I have been called upon to deliver myself of words upon my legs. It was his object to show that the effort of his life had been to improve the morals of the establishment, and that the commandant had repressed him, actuated solely by a delight in wickedness. And as he made his charge he pointed to the commandant with denouncing fingers, and we all listened with the gravest attention. I was wondering whether he thought that he made any impression. I forget that man's name and his crime, but he ought to have been a republican at home, and should he ever get out from Port Arthur might still do well to stand for a borough on anti-monarchical interests.

But of all the men the most singular in his fate was another Irishman, one Barron, who lived in a little island all alone ; and of all the modes of life into which such a man might fall, surely his was the most wonderful. To the extent of the island he was no prisoner at all, but might wander whither he liked, might go to bed when he pleased, and get up when he pleased, might bathe and catch fish, or cultivate his little flower-garden,—and was in very truth monarch of all he surveyed. Twice a week his rations were brought to him, and in his disposal of them no one interfered with him. But he surveyed nothing but graves. All who died at Port Arthur, whether convicts or free, are buried there, and he has the task of burying them. He digs his graves, not fitfully and by hurried task-work, but with thoughtful precision,—having one always made for a Roman Catholic, and one for a Protestant inmate. In this regularity he was indeed acting against orders,—as there was some prejudice against these ready-made graves ; but he went on with his



work, and was too valuable in his vocation to incur serious interference. We talked with him for half an hour, and found him to be a sober, thoughtful, suspicious man, quite alive to the material inconveniences of his position, but not in the least afflicted by ghostly fear or sensational tremors. He smiled when we asked whether the graves awed him,—but he shook his head when it was suggested to him that he might grow a few cabbages for his own use. He could eat nothing that grew from such soil. The flowers were very well, but a garden among graves was no garden for vegetables. He had been there for ten years, digging all the graves in absolute solitude without being ill a day. I asked him whether he was happy. No, he was not happy. He wanted to get away and work his passage to America, and begin life afresh, though he was sixty years old. He preferred digging graves and solitude in the island, to the ordinary life of Port Arthur; he desired to remain in the island as long as he was a convict; but he was of opinion that ten years of such work ought to have earned him his freedom. Why he was retained I forget. If I remember rightly, there had been no charge against him during the ten years. “You have no troubles here,” I said. “I have great troubles,” he replied, “when I walk about, thinking of my sins.” There was no hypocrisy about him, nor did he in any way cringe to us. On the contrary, he was quiet, unobtrusive, and moody. There he is still, living among the graves,—still dreaming of some future career in life, when, at last, they who have power over him shall let him go.

Of the able-bodied men the greatest number are at work about the farm, or on the land, or cutting timber, and seem to be subject to no closer surveillance than are ordinary labourers. There is nothing to prevent their escape,—except the fact that they must starve in the bush if they do escape. There is plenty of room for them to starve in the bush even on Tasman’s peninsula. Then when they have starved till they can starve no longer, they go back to the damnable torment of a solitary cell. None but spirits so indomitable as that of the man Doherty will dare to repeat the agonies of escape above once or twice.

There was a man named Fisher dying in the hospital, who had been one of those who had lately escaped with Doherty, and had, indeed, arranged the enterprise, and had gotten together the materials to form a canoe to carry them off. Before they started he had been possessed of £10, which,—so the officers said,—he had slowly amassed by selling wines and spirits which he had collected in some skin round his body, such wine and spirits having been administered to him by the doctor's orders, and having been received into the outer skin instead of taken to the comfort of the inner man. This, it was supposed, he had sold to the constables and warders, and had so realised £10. Now he was dying,—and looked, indeed, as he lay on his bed, livid, with his eyes protruding from his head, as though he could not live another day. But it was known that he still had three of the ten sovereigns about him. "Why not take them away?" I asked. "They are in his mouth, and he would swallow them if he were touched." Think of the man living,—dying, with three sovereigns in his mouth, procured in such a way, for such a purpose, over so long a term of years ;—for the man must have been long an invalid to have been able to sell for £10 the wine which he ought to have drunk ! What a picture of life ;—what a picture of death ;—the man clinging to his remnant of useless wealth in such a fashion as that !

In the evening and far on into the night the premier was engaged in listening to the complaints of convicts. Any man who had anything to say was allowed to say it into the ears of the first minister of the Crown,—but all of course said uselessly. The complaints of prisoners against their gaolers can hardly be efficacious. So our visit to Port Arthur came to an end, and we went back on the next day to Hobart Town.

The establishment itself has the appearance of a large, well-built, clean village, with various factories, breweries, and the like. There is the church, as I have said, and there are houses enough, both for gentle and simple, to take away the appearance of a prison. The lunatic asylum and that for paupers have no appearance of prisons. Indeed the

penitentiary itself, where the working convicts sleep and live, and have their library and their plays and their baths, is not prison-like. There is a long street, with various little nooks and corners, as are to be found in all villages,—and in one of them the cottage in which Smith O'Brien lived as a convict. The place is alive, and the eye soon becomes used to the strange convict garments, consisting of jackets and trousers, of which one side is yellow and the other brown. If it were to be continued, I should be tempted to speak loudly in praise of the management of the establishment. But it is doomed to go, and, as such is the case, one is disposed to doubt the use of increased expenditure.

All those whom I questioned on the subject in Tasmania agreed that Port Arthur must be abandoned in a few years, and that then the remaining convicts must be removed to the neighbourhood of Hobart Town. If this be done there can hardly, I think, be any other fate for the buildings than that they shall stand till they fall. They will fall into the dust, and men will make unfrequent excursions to visit the strange ruins.

## CHAPTER III.

### HER PRESENT CONDITION.

IT is acknowledged even by all the rival colonies that of all the colonies Tasmania is the prettiest. This is no doubt true of her as a whole, though the scenery of the Hawkesbury in New South Wales is, I think, finer than anything in Tasmania. But it may be said of the small island that, go where you will, the landscape that meets the eye is pleasing, whereas the reverse of this is certainly the rule on the Australian continent. And the climate of Tasmania is by far pleasanter than that of any part of the mainland. There are, one may almost say, no mosquitoes. Other pernicious animals certainly do abound, but then they abound also in England. Everything in Tasmania is more English than is England herself. She is full of English fruits, which grow certainly more plentifully and, as regards some, with greater excellence than they do in England. Tasmanian cherries beat those of Kent,—or, as I believe, of all the world,—and have become so common that it is often not worth the owner's while to pull them. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, plums, and apples are in almost equal abundance. I used in early days to think a greengage the best fruit in the world;—but latterly, at home, greengages have lost their flavour for me. I attributed this to age and an altered palate; but in Tasmania I found the greengages as sweet as they used to be thirty years ago. And then the mulberries! There was a lady in Hobart Town who sent us mulberries every day such as I had never eaten before, and as,—I feel sure,—I shall never eat again. Tasmania

ought to make jam for all the world, and would do so for all the Australian world were she not prevented by certain tariffs, to which I shall have to allude in the next chapter. Now the Australian world is essentially a jam-consuming world, and but for the tariffs Tasmania could afford to pick, and would make a profit out of, the cherries and raspberries. And this is not the only evil. The Victorians eat a great deal of jam. No one eats more jam than a Victorian miner,—unless it be a Victorian stock-rider. But they eat pumpkin jam flavoured with strawberries,—and call that strawberry jam. The effect of protection all the world over is to force pumpkin jam, under the name of strawberry jam, down the throats of the people.

The Tasmanians in their loyalty are almost English-mad. The very regret which is felt for the loss of English soldiers arises chiefly from the feeling that the uniform of the men was especially English. There is with them all a love of home, which word always means England,—that touches the heart of him who comes to them from the old country. “We do not want to be divided from you. Though we did in sort set up for ourselves, and though we do keep our own house, we still wish to be thought of by Great Britain as a child that is loved. We like to have among us some signs of your power, some emblem of your greatness. A red coat or two in our streets would remind us that we were Englishmen in a way that would please us well. We do not wish to be Americanised in our ways and thoughts. Well,—if we cannot have a red-coated soldier we will at any rate have a mail-guard with a red coat, after the old fashion, and a mail-coachman with a red coat, and a real mail-coach.” And they have the mail-coach running through from Launceston to Hobart Town, and from Hobart Town to Launceston, not in the least like a Cobb’s coach, as they are in the other colonies, but built directly after that ancient and most uncomfortable English pattern which we who are old remember;—and they have the coachman and the guard clothed in red,—because red has been from time immemorial the royal livery of England.

Launceston is a clean, well-built town, and does most of

the importing and exporting business of the island. It is on the north side of the island, and therefore within easy reach from Melbourne, with which port most of the business of Tasmania is done,—exclusive of the export of wool. It has no look of decay, in spite of the evil things that are said, and at any rate appears to prosper. The scenery round Launceston is not equal to that at Hobart Town, but there are one or two very pretty walks,—noticeably those up the hill over the waterfall whence the visitor looks down upon the South Esk, which there is as pretty as the Lynn at Linton.

An English farmer hearing of land giving 60 bushels of oats to the acre, averaging over 40 lbs. the bushel, would imagine that the owner of such land ought to do well,—especially if he knew that the same crop could be raised on the land year after year. But yet land growing such crops will not give a rent, or even a profit, to the combined land-owner and farmer of 10s. an acre. The corn has to be sent into Launceston, and will not fetch when there above 2s. a bushel,—or 16s. a quarter. Now oats in England, at that weight, range I believe from 30s. to 34s. a quarter. With us the wages of rural labourers are 11s., 12s., or 14s. a week, according to the county or district. In the part of Tasmania of which I am speaking, men were receiving £30 per annum wages, with rations, consisting of 10 lbs. of meat, 10 lbs. of flour, 2 lbs. of sugar, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of tea per week, worth 7s. a week. They also had cottages if married, or house-room if single,—and some extra sums of money were given to them at harvest time,—£3 or £4,—to secure their services. This altogether, would be worth 20s. or 21s. a week;—whereas living is generally cheaper to the working man in Tasmania than in England. The result is that the labourers are able to pay, and as a rule do pay, 6d. a week each for the schooling of their children. The labourer does well,—but the farmer makes but a poor profit out of his tilled land. It should be explained that on the farms which I visited,—and which belonged to a family of brothers, cousins, and uncles,—everything was done with the best implements brought out from England, and that manure was used. Hitherto the use of manure in tillage is not common in any of the

colonies. It is thought to be more profitable to take what the land will give and then to leave it for awhile than to carry manure to it. Gradually, however, they who are most deeply concerned in agriculture find that there must soon be an end to a system such as this. In the district of which I am speaking wheat was subject to rust, which is the great scourge of the Australian farmer. The price of wheat in Launceston was 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. a bushel; but my friend told me that it would pay him better to send his wheat to London than to sell it in the colony, and that he intended to do so.

I found that ordinary day-labourers throughout the colony were getting 4s. a day without rations, or on an average from 9s. to 10s. a week with rations and house accommodation. The men without rations would of course be employed with less certainty of duration than those hired as permanent hands with rations. Journeymen carpenters, masons, plasterers, wheelwrights, and the like, were getting 6s. 6d. a day; domestic men-servants £30 per annum with board and lodging, and female servants about £20. I found also that all provisions were cheaper than in England, or as cheap: bacon 8d. a pound; butter 1s. to 1s. 6d.; bread 3½d. the 2 lb. loaf; beer, brewed in the colony and very good, 2s. the gallon; mutton 4d. a pound; beef 6d.; sugar 4½d. a pound; coffee, 1s. 2d.; tea 2s.; potatoes £3 a ton. I am afraid that domestic details may not be very interesting to general readers, but they may serve to afford to some intending emigrant an idea of the fate which he would meet in Tasmania.

I must say of this colony, as I have and shall say of all the others, that it is a paradise for a working man as compared with England. The working man can here always eat enough food, can always clothe and shelter himself, and can also educate his children. His diet will always comprise as much animal food as he can consume,—and if he be a sober, industrious man he will never find himself long without work. Tasmania is no doubt at present not popular with the young Tasmanian working man, because the search for gold has not hitherto been prosperous in Tasmania. The

young men go off to Victoria, though it may be doubtful whether they improve either their comfort or their means by the journey. A miner in Victoria will earn from 7*s.* to 8*s.* a day;—the average wages were 7*s.* 6*d.* when I was at Sandhurst; but to earn that a man must be a miner. He must lose time in going in quest of his work, and cannot always readily find it. And when he has got it, and has learned to be a miner, and is in receipt of 45*s.* a week, he lives hard in order that he may gamble in gold speculation with all that he can save. I think that the labourer in Tasmania has the best of the bargain: but the desire for gold is so strong, and the chances of fortunate speculation are so seductive, that the young men of the island colony are gradually drawn away.

Of males, there were in the island in 1870, in round numbers, 27,000 under twenty years of age;—only 10,800 between twenty and forty, and 11,500 between forty and sixty. These figures prove that the male population has by far too great a proportion of old and of young for thorough well-being and a wholesome condition. Of females, there were 25,000 under twenty, the number of the girls as compared with that of the boys giving one evidence among many of the fact that the male progeny in Australia is more numerous than the female,—a rule which applies to horses, sheep, and cattle as well as to the human race. Between twenty and forty there were 12,000 women, who thus beat the men during that, the strongest, period of life, by 1,200; and between forty and sixty there were only 7,000 women, sinking below the number of men for the same period by 4,500. What becomes of the old women in Tasmania I cannot say. Between sixty and seventy there are 3,200 men, and only 1,200 women. I cannot suppose that after a certain time of life the Tasmanian women go to the diggings. I am almost disposed to think that the statistical tables of the colony show that ladies in Tasmania do not give correct records as to their ages. On 31st December, 1870,—and I have no information corrected up to a later date,—there were altogether in Tasmania 53,464 males and 47,301 females,—in all 100,765. Since 1870 the increase



has been very slight. In 1853, when transportation from England ceased, the population was 75,000. The colony, therefore, has not grown as have the other Australian colonies,—not as Queensland, which began her career as an independent colony in 1859 with 18,000 inhabitants, and had 115,000 in 1870. But even in Tasmania there has been a steady increase, though the increase during the last few years has been small.

The road from Launceston to Hobart Town is as good as any road in England, and is in appearance exactly like an English road. It was made throughout by convicts, and was manifestly made with the intention of being as like an English road as possible. The makers of it have perfectly succeeded. When it passes through forest land,—or bush,—the English traveller would imagine that there was a fox covert on each side of him. There are hedges too, and the fields are small. And there are hills on all sides, very like the Irish hills in county Cork. Indeed it is Ireland rather than England to which Tasmania may be compared. And, as I have said before, English,—or Irish,—coaches run upon the road; a night mail-coach, with driver and guard in red coats, and a day coach with all appurtenances after the old fashion. I found their pace when travelling to be about nine miles an hour. We went by the mail-coach as far as Campbelltown,—a place with about 1,600 inhabitants, which returns a member to parliament, and has a municipal council, four or five resident clergymen, a hospital, an agricultural association, and a cricket-club. Quite a place!—as the Americans say. When I asked whether it was prosperous, my local friend shook his head. It ought to be the centre of a flourishing pastoral district. It is the centre of a pastoral district, which is not flourishing,—because of the rabbits. This wicked little prolific brute, introduced from England only a few years ago, has so spread himself about, that hardly a blade of grass is left for the sheep! But why not exterminate him, or at least keep him down? I asked the question with thorough confidence that the energies of man need not succumb to the energies of rabbits. I was told that the matter had gone too far, and that the rabbit

had established his dominion. I cannot, however, but imagine that the rabbit could be conquered if Tasmania would really put her shoulder to the wheel.

We passed a place called Melton, at which a pack of hounds was formerly kept,—so called after the hunting metropolis in Leicestershire; and as I looked around I thought that I saw a country well adapted for running a drag. Foxes, if there were foxes, would all be away into the mountains. They used to hunt stags, but I should have thought that the stags would have taken to the hills. But the hunting had belonged to the good old prosperous convict days, and had passed away with other Tasmanian glories. At Bridgewater, within ten miles of Hobart Town, there is a magnificent causeway over the Derwent, about a mile long, which was of course built by convict labour, and which never would,—in Tasmania never could—have been made without it.

Hobart Town, the capital of the colony, has about 20,000 inhabitants, and is as pleasant a town of the size as any that I know. Nature has done for it very much indeed, and money has done much also. It is beautifully situated,—as regards the water,—placed just at the point where the river becomes sea. It has quays and wharves, at which vessels of small tonnage can lie, in the very heart of the town. Vessels of any tonnage can lie a mile out from its streets. It is surrounded by hills and mountains, from which views can be had which would make the fortune of any district in Europe. Mount Wellington, nearly 5,000 feet high, is just enough of a mountain to give excitement to ladies and gentlemen in middle life. Mount Nelson is less lofty, but perhaps gives the finer prospect of the two. And the air of Hobart Town is perfect air. I was there in February,—the height of summer,—having chosen to go to Tasmania at that time to avoid the great heat of the continent. I found the summer weather of Hobart Town to be delicious. And there were no musquitoes there. I have said something about Australian musquitoes before. They were not so bad as I had expected; but in certain places they had been troublesome,—especially at Melbourne. But I knew nothing

of them in Hobart Town. Other living plagues there were plenty in Tasmania,—no doubt introduced, as were the rabbits, with the view of maintaining the general likeness to England. All fruits which are not tropical grow at Hobart Town and in the neighbourhood to perfection. Its cherries and mulberries are the finest I ever saw. Its strawberries, raspberries, apples, and pears are at any rate equal to the best that England produces. Grapes ripen in the open air. Tasmania ought to make jam for all the world, and would make jam for all the Australian world, were it not for Australian tariffs. Tasmanian jams would probably come to England if Tasmania could import Queensland sugar free of duty. As it is, fruit is so plentiful that in many cases it cannot be picked from the trees. It will not pay to pick it!

So much in regard to the gifts bestowed by nature upon the capital of Tasmania. Art,—art in the hands of convicts,—has made it a pretty, clean, well-constructed town, with good streets and handsome buildings. The Government House is, I believe, acknowledged to be the best belonging to any British colony. It stands about a mile from the town, on ground sloping down to the Derwent,—which is here an arm of the sea, and lacks nothing necessary for a perfect English residence. The public offices, town-hall, and law courts are all excellent. The supreme court, as one of the judges took care to tell me, is larger than our Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster. The Houses of Parliament are appropriate and comfortable with every necessary appliance. They are not pretentious, nor can I say that the building devoted to them is handsome. There is a Protestant bishop of course, and a cathedral,—which a stranger, not informed on the subject, would mistake for an old-fashioned English church in a third or fourth rate town. I was told that it is tumbling down; but a very pretty edifice is being erected close by its side. The work is still unfinished and funds are needed. Perhaps a generous reader might send a trifle.

From Hobart Town various expeditions may be made which amply repay the labour. I have already told how I went to Port Arthur. I was very anxious to get to Lake

St. Clair, but did not succeed. Lake St. Clair is nearly in the middle of the island,—somewhat towards the west, or wilder part of it,—in County Lincoln, and is, I was informed, wonderfully wild and beautiful. It was described to me as another Killarney, but without roads. The beauty, too, I was told, could be well seen only from a boat, and there was no boat then on the lake. I found that I could not compass it without devoting more time than I had to spare,—and I did not see Lake St. Clair. I went up the Derwent to New Norfolk and Fenton Forest, and across from Hobart Town to the Huon River and a township called Franklin, finding the scenery everywhere to be lovely. The fern-tree valleys on the road to the Huon are specially so,—and in one of these I was shown the biggest tree I ever saw. I took down the dimensions, and of course lost the note. It was quite hollow, and six or seven people could have sat round a table and dined within it. It was a gum-tree, bigger I imagine in girth, though not so tall as that which I described as having been found in Victoria, near the road from Woods Point to Melbourne. The River Huon is a dark, black, broad stream, running under hanging bushes,—very silent and clear, putting me in mind of the river in Evangeline.

On the Upper Derwent, in the neighbourhood of New Norfolk, where the river Plenty joins the Derwent, there are the so-called Salmon Ponds. Now these salmon ponds are a matter of intense interest in Tasmania, and very much skill and true energy have been expended,—and no slight amount of money also,—in efforts to introduce our river fish, especially the trout and salmon, into Tasmanian waters. In reference to trout the success has been perfect. The quantity in the rivers is already sufficient to justify the letting of fishing licenses at 20s. a year, and men who know how to fly-fish can get excellent sport. I have seen trout six and seven pound weight, and have eaten I think better trout in Tasmania than ever I did in England. In regard to salmon I can only say that there has as yet been no success. No one has as yet caught a Tasmanian salmon, though there are stories about of salmon having been seen. The

man who catches the first salmon will be entitled to £30 reward.\*

Mr. Allport, of Hobart Town, a gentleman who has taken pains with the subject, and who thoroughly understands it, is confident of success. He gave me reasons to show how it is that the salmon should take much longer than the trout to establish themselves, and to prove that there was as yet no reason for a faint heart on this great matter. Mr. Allport's enthusiasm was catching, and I found myself ready to swear, after hearing him, that there must be salmon. Some other great scientific authority has declared,—thinks I believe that he has proved,—that it is impossible that there should be a salmon in Tasmania. It is a great question. I myself, in my ignorance, lean to Mr. Allport's side altogether, because I had the advantage of knowing Mr. Allport. I was only told of the adverse great authority. But the trout are a fact. I ate them again and again, with great satisfaction. I do not doubt that before long, with true Australian fecundity, they will swarm in Tasmanian rivers.

In this part of the Island,—the part of which New Norfolk is the centre, about twenty-four miles up the Derwent from Hobart Town,—hops have lately been introduced with success. They grow with great luxuriance, and bear heavily. It is, indeed, hard to find anything that will not flourish in Tasmania,—except wheat, which seems in the Australian colonies generally to be of all crops the most hazardous. Everywhere one hears of rust. The stalk becomes hard, red, and thick under the influence of the sun, and then the grain is either not produced at all, or is a withered, shrivelled atom, giving no flour. Respecting the hops, I asked whether that at any rate was not a profitable enterprise. It would be, I was told, but for the damnable Victorian tariffs which had been invented with the primary object of ruining Tasmania,—of bringing her so low that, to escape absolute ruin, she should be forced to annex herself to her big and cruel sister. That is the Tasmanian creed, and it is one not altogether unfounded on facts. It must be understood that

\* Since these words were first published the first salmon has, I am informed, been caught, and the reward given.

Victoria is the natural market for Tasmanian produce. Setting wool aside, which almost as a matter of course goes to England, and which constitutes above a third of the total exports from the colony, we find that nearly three-fourths of its surplus produce is shipped for Victoria. This is done in the teeth of the terrible Victorian tariffs, and we may therefore be sure that the proportion would be much greater, and the produce sent very much more extensive, if the Victorian markets were open. Permission to sell her produce in Melbourne is the one thing necessary to ensure prosperity to Tasmania. This refers to almost everything she produces,—to flour, wheat, oats, barley, fruit, jam, vegetables, cheese, butter, hides, and horses. I always take delight in reminding a Victorian,—who is a jam-loving creature,—that he is obliged to eat pumpkin jam, a filthy mixture just flavoured with fruit, because of the tariff by which he protects the fruit-grower of Victoria,—who after all can't grow fruit. I know that this will bring down wrath on my head, because fruit is grown in Victoria,—very fine fruit, which I have seen and eaten. And how shall I be believed when with the same breath I warm my fingers and cool them;—when in the same paragraph I declare that the fruit is grown and is not grown? Money and care no doubt will produce fruit in Victoria;—but even Victorian shearers and Victorian miners cannot afford to eat jam made from costly fruits. Over in Tasmania fruit is rotting,—fruit as fine as any that the world can produce,—because it is thought expedient to protect the Victorian raspberry. Oh, my Victorian friend, deluging your unfortunate inwards with pumpkin trash, it grieves me to think that the madness of this protection will not make itself apparent to you, till your taste will have been polluted and your digestion gone! You will, I fear, never live to learn what comforts, what luxuries, what ample bounties the rich world will give to him who will go out freely and buy what he wants in the cheap markets;—or how great, how fiendish, how unnatural is the injury done by him who won't let others go out and buy! In the meanwhile Tasmania sits pining because she cannot sell her fruit,—cannot sell her hops.

Wool is at present the staple of this colony,—as of all the others. But pastoral interests do not prosper here as they do in the four great colonies on the continent. Although comparatively so small a portion of the land has been bought from the Crown,—less than four million out of a total of nearly seventeen million acres,—very few flocks are pastured on runs leased from the Crown. There are altogether in Tasmania 1,350,000 sheep; and of these all but about 100,000 are pastured on purchased lands. In 1870 the sum derived by the colony from leases was only £7,210. In 1853 it amounted to very nearly £30,000. No doubt this has been caused by the sale of lands which had before been let; but the fact shows that it has not been found expedient to take up new lands for pastoral purposes, nor is it worth the wool-grower's while to do so. By far the greatest portion of the island is unfit even for pastoral purposes,—is too rough, too inaccessible, too rocky, and too heavily timbered. The grasses used for wool are not there,—or if there cannot be reached.

I must not misuse the colony by omitting to say a word of her gold-fields. She has gold-fields,—especially that at Fingal. I believe I shall hardly be wrong in saying that there is no other to which it is necessary to call special attention. But even on the Fingal gold-digging, very much has not yet been done. The young men of Tasmania who run to gold-rushes seek their fortunes beyond the island. Nevertheless, gold that pays has been found in the north-eastern part of the colony, and it may be that even yet Tasmanian rushes will come into fashion.

The form of government in Tasmania is very much the same as in the other colonies. There is a "Legislative Council" or Upper House, and an "Assembly," which is the Lower House. The governor of course is king, and is politically irresponsible. The Council is elected, and goes out by rotation, each man sitting for six years. The Assembly is elected for three years. In the latter manhood suffrage is the rule,—it being necessary that a man should be twenty-one years old, and have resided for a certain number of months in his district. For the Legislative Council there

is a property qualification. Votes are of course taken by ballot. The chambers were not sitting when I was in Tasmania, and I was informed that they do not sit on an average above two months in the year. Legislation in the colony is undemonstrative and unexciting. But I think that a quiet common sense prevails which makes it unnecessary that a Tasmanian should blush when he compares the legislative doings in his parliament with the work of any other colony.

It strikes an Englishman with surprise to find repeated in so small a community as that of Tasmania all the fashions of government with which he has been familiar at home, but which, while he has acknowledged them to be good and serviceable for their required purposes, he has felt to be complex and almost confused,—and which he has known to have been reached not by concerted plan, but by happy accident, or rather by that arranging of circumstances which circumstances effect for themselves, when the intentions of men in regard to them are honest and high-minded. When a ministry at home is in a minority on any important subject,—any subject as to which the ministry has pledged itself,—the ministers resign in a body, and the Queen, at the advice of the outgoing premier, sends for that premier's chief political enemy. If that enemy, on assuming power, finds that the majority which brought him there will not support him while he is there, he—goes to the country. A new House of Commons is elected, and as that House may have a bias this way or that, this or that political chieftain becomes the Queen's adviser. The system is complex, and very difficult to be understood by foreigners. Even Americans find it difficult of comprehension. We call it constitutional, but it is written nowhere. There is no law compelling the beaten minister to resign. There is no law compelling the monarch to send for a perhaps unpalatable politician. There is no standard by which the importance of measures can be measured,—so that a man may say, On this measure a beaten minister will retire; but in regard to that measure a ministry, though beaten, may hold its ground. But by those who attend to politics at home the working of



the thing is understood, and the system has become constitutional. No minister could live who would put himself into direct opposition to it, let his genius and statesmanship be what they might. Nor could any sovereign oppose it, and continue to be a sovereign in England. The system is supported by no law, but by a general feeling which is stronger than all laws,—and that general feeling of what is expedient makes, and builds up, and alters from time to time the political arrangement of public matters which we call our constitution. We understand, not accurately indeed, but after some fashion, this slow growth, and gradually self-arranging political machinery among ourselves at home who are an old people. But it is very singular that the same system should have been adopted with complacency,—almost without thought,—by our democratic children. The Australian colonies claim to govern themselves in everything, to make what laws they please, to have what public ministers they choose, to spend what money they think right,—to be bound to the mother country only by their loyalty to the Crown. They do choose their own ministers, and give them what name they like. In one colony they have a colonial secretary, in another a chief secretary. In one colony it is reckoned that this secretary must be, and in another that he only may be, the head of the government. One colony delights to call its minister the premier, another taboos the name altogether. One colony has seven cabinet ministers, another six, another five. Tasmania has only four, one of whom has neither portfolio nor salary. In these matters they independently make their own arrangements. But the system under which ministers go out and come in, dissolve parliament, and live upon majorities,—under which the governor is advised by the retiring chieftain to send for the then popular rising star,—even though he, the governor, should think the then popular rising star to be the most inefficient and dangerous man in the colony,—is the exact copy of our political constitutional system at home.

The revenue in Tasmania amounts to about £220,000 a year, and the expenditure has been a little higher. I do

not give the exact sum, because the figures before me will be an old story before this is published. The public debt amounts to £1,328,000, which includes a sum of £400,000 advanced to the Launceston and Deloraine Railway. The taxation only just exceeds £2 a head, and cannot therefore be regarded as heavy. There is a separate land fund, which is burdened with expenses incident to the land. The amounts received for sale and leases of crown lands are expended on the land or on public works, so that no absolute revenue is thus received.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FUTURE PROSPECTS.

THAT Tasmania is going gradually to the mischief seems to be the fixed opinion of Tasmanian politicians generally. That such a belief as to one's country should not be accompanied by any personal act evincing despair, has been the case in all national panics. English country gentlemen have very often been sure of England's ruin ; but I have never heard of the country gentleman who, in consequence of his belief, sold his estate and went to live elsewhere. Speculative creeds either in politics or religion seldom prove their sincerity by altered conduct. Modern prophets have more than once or twice named some quick-coming date on which the world would end ; but the prophets have made their investments and taken their leases seemingly in anticipation of a long course of future years. So it is in Tasmania. Even they who are most unhappy as to the state of things live on comfortably amidst the approaching ruin. What the stranger sees of life in the island is very comfortable. The houses are well built, and are kept in good order. The public offices are clean, spacious, and commodious. The public garden is large, and, for so small a place, well kept and handsome. The inns are fairly good, as also are the shops. I here speak both of Hobart Town and Launceston, the only two towns in the colony. Hobart Town in round numbers has 20,000 inhabitants, and Launceston 11,000. But they have the appearance of large and thriving cities much more than have towns with a similar population in England. Nevertheless, the Tasmanians ac-

knowledge it to be the fact that Tasmania is going to the mischief.

The loudest grumblers declare that the ruin is to be found rifest in the rural districts, among the country folk and poor people. Hobart Town, they say, is kept alive by visitors who flock to it for the summer months from the other colonies ; and Launceston has whatever relics of prosperous trade the island still possesses. The people in the rural districts, they say, are generally so poor that they can with difficulty live. I have, however, already stated how infinitely superior is the condition of the Tasmanian labourer to that of his brother at home in England.

No doubt, however, there are grounds for grumbling ; or it might be more just to say that there is cause for apprehension. Though Tasmania is as yet only seventy years old, as a country inhabited by white men, and, being still in its early youth, it should be yearly laying up new blood and new bone in the shape of increased population. It is not doing so. For some years past there has been no increase of which the colony can boast. During four years, from 1866 to 1870, the total increase was 403. As 340 emigrants, chiefly German, were brought into the colony in 1870 by a system of bounties,—a number so small as to show that the effort was a failure,—it must be acknowledged that those immediate attractions which give increased population to a young colony have departed from it. And the grumblers are justified also by the condition of trade generally. In 1861 the eight chief articles exported from Tasmania were as follows :—

Wool . . . . .	Value £326,000
Wheat . . . . .	82,000
Oats . . . . .	81,000
Sperm oil . . . . .	59,000
Timber . . . . .	55,000
Fruit (including jams) . . . . .	50,000
Horses . . . . .	42,000
Flour . . . . .	39,000
<hr/>	
£734,000	

In 1870 the amounts were altered as follows :—

Wool . . . . .	£246,000
Wheat . . . . .	15,000
Oats . . . . .	56,000
Sperm oil . . . . .	33,000
Timber . . . . .	37,000
Fruit (including jams) . . . . .	84,000
Horses . . . . .	5,000
Flour . . . . .	11,000
	<hr/>
	£487,000

These figures show a decrease in every article except fruit ; a total decrease of £247,000,—or, in round numbers, about one-third,—and a decrease of £120,000 in corn and flour alone. No doubt for so small a community such a falling off is very serious, and justifies apprehensions. Such a diminution in the supply of wheat would lead to the fear that the colony would soon fail to feed itself with flour and grain, did not we know that the exportation of these articles from Tasmania had been stopped by the Victorian tariffs. As long as Victoria charges 9*d.* a hundredweight on the importation of all grain, Tasmania will be shut out from the market which is nearest to her,—indeed, from the only foreign market to which she has hitherto been able to sell her produce other than wool.

In regard to wool, which is still the staple of the colony, and as to which the above figures show the greatest decrease, the circumstances admit of a certain amount of explanation. The weight of the wool exported in 1870 was as great as that produced in 1861,—indeed, something greater ; and the fall in the figures is due to the depreciation in value,—which, as all persons interested in the Australian colonies are aware, has again risen very greatly since the crop of 1870 was sold. And, again, the time of shearing, which varies according to circumstances of the year, threw over a portion of the wool of 1870 to the sales of 1871. It appears that in 1868 the amount of Tasmanian wool sold was 6,136,426 lbs. ; in 1869, 5,607,083 lbs. ; and in 1870, only 4,146,913 lbs. The great difference apparent between 1868

and 1870 was caused by the later shearing of the latter year, and therefore does not show, as it might seem to do, any serious decay in the pastoral interest of the colony.

In respect to the other articles enumerated,—especially in regard to cereal produce,—there is evidence of decay where especially there should be increasing life; and it is of extreme importance that they who are interested not only in this colony, but in the Australian colonies generally, should inquire and understand how it has come to pass that in a land so gifted as Tasmania,—in a land more fitted by climate for English emigrants than, I believe, any other on the face of the earth,—in a land that might flow with milk and honey, in a country possessing harbours, rivers, and roads,—things should already be going from bad to worse, instead of from good to better. The convict system no doubt brought with it much of evil for which it must answer,—as also many advantages with which it should be credited. The profuse expenditure of government money, and the use of what may be called slave labour, no doubt had a tendency to paralyze the energies of the settlers. The condition produced was unwholesome, and such unwholesomeness clings long. But the Tasmanians themselves understood this, and got rid of the thing. The convict flavour is quickly passing away from them; and though a certain lack of vitality among some classes may still be due to the condition of a convict settlement as I have endeavoured to describe it, Tasmania will gradually throw off that disease as New South Wales has already done. But there are other diseases which she cannot throw off,—or rather there is another cause for disease of which she cannot rid herself,—as long as the existing unnatural position of the Australasian colonies towards each other in regard to commerce remains unaltered. I will state here the populations of the colonies roughly:—

Victoria has	.	.	.	.	.	750,000 souls.
New South Wales	.	.	.	.	.	500,000 „
South Australia	.	.	.	.	.	185,000 „
Queensland	.	.	.	.	.	120,000 „
Tasmania	.	.	.	.	.	100,000 „

Western Australia	.	.	.	.	25,000 souls.
New Zealand	.	.	.	.	250,000 „

Putting aside New Zealand,—which, however, is quite as much interested in the matter as the others,—we find that they are like so many English counties, or, as the area is very large, like so many American states, contiguous to each other, speaking the same language, having the same or similar interests, connected in and out by joint properties, joint families, and joint names, attached to the same mother country, having nothing but a name to mark their borders. There is indeed no such dissimilarity of interests as between Lancashire and Wiltshire, for wool is the staple produce of each of them. There is no such cause of disruption as between the Southern and Northern States of America,—no dissimilarity of character as between the Eastern and Western States. They are at least as much one people as are the inhabitants of the dominion of Canada. They are much more one people than were the various German nationalities who had found it to be impossible not to bind themselves together by a customs union, even before Prussia had bound them together politically. They are all English;—and not a law can be passed by them without the assent of an English minister or his deputy. And yet they levy customs duties among each other as do the various nations of Europe;—or rather as did the various nations of Europe before the principle of free-trade had been efficacious in liberating a single branch of commerce.

It is not my purpose here to discuss free trade, or to attempt to prove its beneficent action. I am content in my humble way to point out that people who reject free trade must be content to eat pumpkin mixture and call it strawberry jam. Those of my readers who are still in favour of protecting home industry by duties on imported goods will not be converted by me. In regard to the great majority of my countrymen I may take it for granted that on this matter we are of one opinion. The question here is not one of free trade;—but of free trade between the Australian colonies, which may be accompanied by any amount of protection by them all against the outside world.

It is as though we should have discussed the expediency of border customs between Lancashire and Yorkshire at a time in which we levied duties on silks from France and Italy. There was a question among us then,—a much-vexed question,—as to the imposition of duties on foreign articles ; but no man would have been listened to for a moment who would have proposed border customs between our counties at home. Such a man would have been simply insane. The man who should do so in America with regard to the different states would be equally so. The German Zollverein showed what was the feeling of Germany generally in the matter. But the Australian colonies still act against each other as though they were separate nations.

And they are forbidden by the English law as it at present stands to do otherwise,—though the English government has more than once offered to the colonies its sanction for the abolition of the absurdity in the gross. As the law stands at present any British colony, and therefore any one of the Australias, may levy what taxes and what customs duties it thinks fit to levy ; but it cannot levy differential duties. New South Wales for instance may put what duty it shall please on sugar ;—but it cannot receive Queensland sugar free of duty and charge a duty on sugar from the Mauritius or from Cuba. And yet there is no more than a nominal border-line between the two colonies, the two places being as closely joined as any two English counties. Victoria may receive wheat free from all the world ; but she cannot receive wheat free from South Australia, with which she borders as Yorkshire does with Lancashire, unless she receive it free also from all the world. The law has been so fixed in order that no dependency of Great Britain should be able to sin against that free-trade policy by which England professes to regulate her dealings with foreign countries. Differential duties may, no doubt, be levied with the express view of injuring the trade of an especial country ; and if England binds herself not to commit the injury, it is intelligible that she should bind her dependent colonies to the same extent.

But England has in point of fact abandoned the principle



in regard to intercolonial trade ;—not because it is felt that the principle is not as applicable to the colonies as to England, but on the conviction that Australia in regard to trade must and should be regarded as one whole,—as is the Canadian dominion, as are the United States, as were the German kingdoms when Germany was politically divided. A reference to the population of the colonies, to their geographical position and affinities, to their joint interests, to their real oneness as a people, convinces the merest tyro in political economy of the absurdity of border duties between them,—almost equally of the absurdity of duties levied from port to port. On the 15th July, 1870, the Secretary of State for the Colonies wrote the following circular to the different Australian governors :—

“SIR,—I think it important to ensure that the governors of the Australian colonies should not misunderstand the views of Her Majesty’s government with regard to intercolonial free trade.

“The different colonies of Australia are at present, in respect of their customs duties, in the position of separate and independent countries. So long as they remain in that relation, a law which authorised the importation of goods from one colony to another on any other terms than those applicable to the imports from any foreign country would be open, in the view of Her Majesty’s government, to the objection of principle which attaches to differential duties.

“But Her Majesty’s government would not object to the establishment of a complete customs union between the Australian colonies, whether embracing two or more contiguous colonies, or,—which would be preferable,—the whole Australian continent with its adjacent islands. If any negotiations should be set on foot with this object you are at liberty to give them your cordial support.

(Signed) “KIMBERLEY.”

I cannot think that any one will read this without agreeing with Lord Kimberley, though probably most who do so would express their agreement in stronger terms, as to the present condition of Australian customs duties than it would suit a Secretary of State to use. But this proposition on the part of Lord Kimberley altogether abandons the question as to differential duties between the colonies. If there were an Australian customs union New South Wales would get Queensland sugar free of duty, but might still charge what duty it pleased on Cuban sugar. Victoria would

import free wine from New South Wales,—which she does largely,—and free wine from South Australia, and free hops from Tasmania ; but would still put what duties she pleased on French wines, and Chilian wheat, and English hops. And this permission would be given, not because English statesmen have gone back in their opinion about differential duties,—but because the maintenance of hostile trade interests between communities so bound together as are these colonies is a worse evil than the semblance of differential duties which would thus be allowed to exist.

But the colonies are not ready for a customs union. Three of them, Tasmania, South Australia, and New Zealand, have expressed a general concurrence ;—others a qualified concurrence. Victoria is the greatest sinner in the matter,—being for the time wedded to protection in all its deformity. In the meantime permission has been asked by certain of the colonies,—and notably by Tasmania, on whose behalf the matter has been argued with great vigour by her minister, Mr. Wilson,—that they should be allowed to arrange their intercolonial customs without reference to the duties charged on extra-colonial articles,—and that they should be permitted to do this, as a measure paving the way to a customs union. This permission has been refused them, and I must acknowledge that in the correspondence which has taken place on the subject I think that the Tasmanian statesman gets the better of Downing Street. I give in an Appendix, No. 3,—as they are too long for insertion in the text,—Lord Kimberley's circular dispatch on the subject, dated 13th July, 1871 ; and Mr. Wilson's memorandum in answer to it.

We cannot prevent the colonists from entertaining protectionist principles,—cannot go back to a condition of things which would enable the mother country to dictate to the colonies on the subject. Universal suffrage undoubtedly assists protection. The fabricator of any article sees that a tax on that article when imported will force the world around him to use the article home-made, and that then his peculiar labour will be fostered and protected. If foreign boots be made dear by a tax, the local bootmaker can get 5s. a pair for making boots ; but if foreign boots be sold cheap, he

cannot get above 3s. 6d. The Victorian farmer,—a very small man usually,—thinks that he cannot grow wheat and live if wheat from Adelaide be admitted to the markets on the same terms as his own wheat. Men learn so much quickly. The lesson is acquired on the first aspect of the matter. The consequent evil results to these shallow pupils in having to pay double for goods which they consume and do not produce, requires a deeper insight into matters, and an insight accompanied by some calculation, before it produces a conviction. At home, in England, the working man is certainly not superior in intelligence to his Australian brother, but he is subjected in his political instincts and inquiries to higher and, I must say, to more honest influences. I cannot bring myself to believe that he is generally made to understand great political truths, but he is made to believe that this or that politician is a safe political guide, and he votes accordingly. And on one subject, which is to him of all the most important,—the subject of food,—he has been made to understand that free trade means a cheap loaf. In Australia food is plentiful, and the labourer feels comparatively little solicitude on this subject. Each man wishes to protect from competition that which he himself makes. The Victorian, in his wisdom, desires to give nothing out of his store to any fellow-labourer from South Australia or from Tasmania ;—at any rate to give as little as possible. He therefore is a protectionist ;—and the would-be minister of the day is a protectionist because he wants the labourer's vote.

It is thus that protection has become rife, and we cannot cure the evil suddenly by any order to be given, or by any permission to be refused. The ordinary educated traveller in the colonies,—getting into the society which will fall naturally in his way,—will find that almost every person he meets is opposed to protection. But everybody will tell him at the same time that protection cannot be abolished. The voters like it, and the voters are omnipotent. There is a variation in the feeling in the various colonies ;—but this is the general state of the colonial mind on the subject. If it be so, it should, I think, be the object of governments at

home to develop as far as possible all operations which will tend in the first place to create intercolonial free trade. The existing state of things has the double evil,—the first natural evil of impeding trade and of impoverishing everybody concerned; and the further evil of fostering rivalries and hostilities between people who are in fact one and the same. That a general customs union would, of all steps in the right direction, be the greatest and the wisest there can hardly be a doubt. To me it seems to be almost equally clear that any measure tending to abolish customs duties between the colonies would be a step towards a customs union. Let New South Wales be enabled to take free sugar from Queensland, and Queensland will take fruit on the same terms from New South Wales. The condition of the colonies makes it obvious that there should be no customs levied between them.

Poor little Tasmania is straining every nerve to obtain the privilege of sending her produce for the consumption of her sister colonies, especially of Victoria, without which privilege she cannot continue to exist. The value of the exports from any country are, or should be, but small in comparison with the value of the produce consumed at home;—but the smaller the country is, the more certain is the ruin entailed upon it by prohibition from selling its goods in an outside market.

Its condition becomes such as that would be of a small wheat-growing English county debarred from selling its wheat beyond its own confines. The richness of its own produce would become its own greatest burden. Industry and energy would naturally disappear. A large population with diverse employments, producing all, or nearly all, that it wants, can live in such a condition, though the life would be a bad life;—but a small community would be as were Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, wanting almost all that man requires, though overladen with much plenty.

There is a remedy at hand for the injury which Tasmania now suffers,—but it is a remedy which she cannot adopt without soreness of heart, without dishonour, without self-annihilation. She can become a part of Victoria, and then

the Victorian markets will be open to her. Let her implore Victoria to take her, and then she will be able to sell her wheat and her oats, her fruit and her jam, her hops and her horses at Melbourne. "You had better do it," the Victorian says to the Tasmanian. "It will come at last."

Men in Tasmania are beginning to feel that perhaps they had better do it, though the idea is odious to them. It is impossible that this island ever should be amalgamated with the big continental colony on equal terms. Were the arrangement made on seemingly equitable terms, on terms fixed in accordance with the population, Tasmania would send to the Victorian legislature one Tasmanian for every eight Victorians,—or thereabouts; and the men so sent would have to remain in Melbourne for eight or nine months of parliamentary work. This small minority would be almost voiceless among their louder brethren, and it would soon come to pass that Tasmanians would not go there. Tasmania would be represented by Victorians, to whom she would have to pay the salaries which Victorian legislators now receive. Hobart Town would no longer be a seat of government. Some judge would come there on periodical visits as often as Victorian generosity would permit, and that judge would be Victorian. The little colony would be handed over, bound hand and foot, to her strong-fisted sister, and there would be the end of all her glories. The reader will perhaps feel that these are simply sentimental objections, and will say that the material advantages to be gained would more than compensate them. But sentimental grievances are of all grievances the heaviest to bear, and the material advantages are only those which the colony has a right to expect without any sacrifice of her honour.

Such a change of things would be detrimental not only to Tasmania, but to all Australia generally. I have suggested in a former paragraph that a general federal union of these colonies into one nationality will take place sooner or later. Such I believe to be the opinion of almost all who have thought upon the subject. But nothing will tend so much to delay this result as the special greatness and superiority in population and wealth of any one colony. The

big colony will think twice before it will admit the little colony to equal terms with it. There was much generosity on foot when Virginia and New York united themselves with Rhode Island, and a great patriotic idea was urgent in the breasts of great patriots. Among the Australian colonies each colony recognises with astonishing accuracy its own position in wealth and population. Victoria is even now much the biggest. Were Tasmania to become a part of Victoria, I fear that the difficulty of forming, first, a customs union and then a political federal union, would become greater even than it is at present.

It is to be presumed that such amalgamation could not be effected without the consent of the government at home, and that the matter is one as to which a Secretary of State would feel himself justified in refusing his consent on the ground of general policy. If there is to be an Australian as well as a Canadian dominion, or rather a union of states,—for such must be the condition rather than the other,—it will be more easily effected with many than with a few. Before that day shall arrive, there will probably be a northern colony in Queensland, and a further division from New South Wales in the direction of the big rivers. And there will be a northern territory in that which is all now called South Australia, with a capital at Port Darwin. I trust that the fairest and prettiest and pleasantest of all the colonies will not then have been absorbed, so that the name of Tasmania shall be absent from the roll of Australian States.

## APPENDIX.

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### APPENDIX No. I., page 87.

*Regulations under which free-selections of Land can be made in Victoria, taken from MacPhaile's Australian Squatting Directory.*

For Crown lands, not being lands included in any city, town, or borough, licenses to occupy for a period of three years, at a rental of 2s. per acre per annum, any such license not to be for more than 320 acres, may be granted by the Governor to any person applying and paying half a year's rent in advance for such allotment.

Applications for licenses may be made on any day during office hours, personally, to a land officer for the district, and applicants shall at the time of application deposit half a year's rent of allotment in advance.

Every license shall be issued under the following conditions :—(1.) A condition for the payment of the fee in advance at half-yearly intervals. (2.) A condition that the licensee will not, during the currency of such license, assign the license, nor transfer his right, title, and interest therein, or in the allotment therein described, or any part thereof, nor sublet the said allotment or any part thereof, and that the license shall become absolutely void on assignment of such license, whether by operation of law or otherwise, or upon the said allotment or any part thereof being sublet. (3.) A condition that the licensee shall, within two years from the issue of such license, enclose the land described in such license with a good and substantial fence, and shall, during the currency of such license, cultivate at least one acre out of every ten acres thereof. (4.) A condition annulling the license in case of non-payment of the fees, or any of them, in accordance with the conditions herein mentioned, or in case the licensee shall not, within six months after the issue of the license, and thenceforward during the continuance of such license, occupy the allotment, or in case substantial and permanent improvements certified in writing under the seal of the Board or under the hands of arbitrators to be of the value of £1 for every acre and fractional part of an acre of the allotment shall not have been made on the allotment, by the licensee, his executors, or administrators,

before the end of the third year from the commencement of the license, or in case of the breach or non-fulfilment of any of the conditions of the license, or of a violation of any of the provisions of this Act. (5.) A condition that if the licensee shall, during the said period, occupy the allotment for not less than two years and a half, and shall fence and cultivate as herein provided, and make the improvements of the nature and value in the previous condition mentioned, on the allotment during the said period of three years, and shall prove to the satisfaction of the Board (to be certified under its seal) by such evidence as the Board may require that he has complied with the said conditions, and with all other conditions of the said license, he shall be entitled at any time, within thirty days after three years from the commencement of the license, to demand and obtain from the Governor a Crown grant, upon payment of 14s. for each acre or fractional part of an acre, or otherwise he may obtain a lease of the said allotment; and every such lease shall be for a term of seven years, at a yearly rent payable in equal parts half-yearly in advance of 2s. for each acre or fractional part of an acre so demised, and shall contain the usual covenant for the payment of rent, and a condition for re-entry on non-payment thereof; and upon the payment of the last sum due on account of the rent so reserved, or at any time during the term, upon payment of the difference between the amount of rent actually paid and the entire sum of £1 for each acre, the lessee, or his representatives, shall be entitled to a grant in fee of the lands leased, and every such grant shall be subject to such covenants, conditions, exceptions, and reservations as the Governor may direct: Provided that in the case of the death of the licensee during the currency of such license it shall not be obligatory on the executors or administrators of such licensee to comply with the said condition of occupation.

No such license or lease shall give power to any licensee, lessee, or assignee to search for or to take any metal; and it is provided that before any license or lease is issued to any applicant, he shall make a declaration on oath before a justice, in a form settled by the regulations, that his application is made in conformity with the provisions of this Act.

No person shall become the licensee, either in his own name or in the name of any other person, of any allotment, who shall have selected, under any previous Land Act, the maximum number of 320 acres allowed under this Act, or who shall have taken up a pre-emptive right, or shall have made a selection, or whose selection shall have been forfeited or cancelled for the evasion of any such Act. But a selector under any previous Act may take up a sufficient quantity of land to make up the 320 acres allowed by this Act.

No person shall become the licensee of any allotment who is under eighteen years of age, or who is a married woman not having obtained a decree of judicial separation, or who is a trustee, servant, or agent in respect of the license applied for, or who has entered into any arrangement to permit any other person to acquire, by purchase or otherwise, the allotment or any part of it, or the applicant's interest in the usufruct of it, and all land applied for under this Act shall be so applied for



*bonâ fide* for the use and benefit of the applicant in his own proper person, and not as the agent, servant, or trustee of any other person, on pain of the forfeiture of the license, and all contracts made in violation of the Act shall be held to be illegal and absolutely void both at law and equity.

If it be proved to the satisfaction of the Board within sixty days of the end of the third year from the commencement of the license that substantial and permanent improvements of the value of £1 per acre of the allotment have been made upon it, in the terms of the condition of the license, a certificate under the seal of the Board, to that effect, shall be given to the licensee, his executors or administrators. But if the Board be not satisfied that such improvements of the value aforesaid have been made, then such improvements as have been made may be valued by arbitration, one arbitrator being chosen by the licensee, his executors or administrators, another by the Board, and a third by the two arbitrators so chosen; and such arbitrators, or any two of them, shall make their valuation in writing within four months after the end of the third year from the commencement of the license. But if either party shall neglect to appoint an arbitrator, then the one chosen by the other party shall have full power to value.

The Board shall, as soon as possible after the last days of June and December in every year, prepare a list of the names of all persons from whom fees or rent shall have become due on leases granted under the Land Act, 1862, or the Amending Land Act, 1865, on leases or licenses under this part of this Act, and who shall not have paid such fees or rent, and the days upon which such fees or rent become due, and such list shall be forthwith published in the "Government Gazette," and the insertion in such list of the name of any person from whom such fees or rent have become due, shall be *primâ facie* evidence of the non-payment of such fees or rent, and shall be evidence of notice to the parties named that their fees or rent are due, and that payment thereof has been lawfully demanded.

The licensee, the lessee, and assigns of an allotment of land shall have all the rights against trespassers which at law belong to the owner in possession of any land, except the right of impounding; but so soon as the allotment, or the part of it trespassed on, shall have been properly fenced, then they shall have that right also.

Holders of licenses of land under any other Act, of which the licensees shall have been in possession at least two years and a half, if it be proved to the satisfaction of the Board that they have erected buildings or other improvements on such lands, and that the conditions of the license have been complied with, and there be no objections on account of the ground being auriferous, or other reasons of a public nature, shall have the exclusive right to purchase the allotment on which such improvements stand, at a price to be determined by the Board not to exceed the upset price of the nearest land sold by the Crown before the issue of such license, and so much of the rent paid by the licensee during his possession of the land shall be credited to him in the purchase money of the said land,

## APPENDIX NO. II., page 72.

*Melbourne Botanic Garden, 21st February, 1872.*TO CLEMENT HODGKINSON, ESQ., ASSISTANT-COMMISSIONER OF  
LANDS AND SURVEY.

Sir,—Referring to your suggestions of the 12th inst., I took the earliest opportunity of acting upon them, and accordingly, on the 15th inst., I proceeded to the Watts River, and carefully inspected the heavily timbered country extending from Mount Monda to Mount Juliet, also the various spurs and tributaries of the Watts, extending as high up as the crest of the dividing range and the watershed of the Goulbourn River.

I have now the honour to report that a very large extent of the above country is densely timbered with various species of Eucalypti, consisting principally of *Eucalyptus obliqua*, *E. Amygdalina*, and *E. Goniocalyx*.

Immense numbers of each of the above species have attained gigantic dimensions, and very much surpass any other species of Eucalypti I have ever met with in other forests.

On penetrating into many of the secluded spots near the source of the Watts, and on the spurs of the ranges in the vicinity, I met with large tracts of valuable timber; enough to supply all ordinary demands for many years, if carefully conserved. In many places I observed large areas where the axe of the splitter is yet unknown, and where the timber averages from 100 to 150 trees per acre, with a diameter of from 2 ft. to 6 ft., and from 250 ft. to 300 ft. in height, the most of which is as straight as an arrow, with very few branches.

Some places, where the trees are fewer and at a lower altitude, the timber is much larger in diameter, averaging from 6 ft. to 10 ft., and frequently trees of 15 ft. in diameter are met with on alluvial flats near the river. These trees average about ten per acre; their size, sometimes, is enormous. Many of the trees that have fallen through decay and by bush fires measure 350 ft. in length, and with girth in proportion. In one instance I measured with the tape line one huge specimen that lay prostrate across a tributary of the Watts, and found it to be 435 ft. from its roots to the top of the trunk. At 5 ft. from the ground it measures 18 ft. in diameter, and at the extreme end where it has broken in its fall, it is 3 ft. in diameter. This tree has been much burnt by fire, and I fully believe that before it fell it must have been more than 500 ft. high. As it now lies it forms a complete bridge across a deep ravine.

Proceeding from Fernshaw up the Black Spur, some large specimens of *Eucalyptus obliqua* and *Amygdalina* may be seen; but it is only by leaving the main road and following some of the splitters' tracks for several miles higher up the Watts that the forests of fine timber and large trees are to be found. On some spurs of these ranges, where the

timber is extra fine in quality, some few trees have been felled by splitters, but the mountainous nature of the country, and the difficulty of transport, is so great, it will be many years before much destruction can be done in this part of the forest.

The number of splitters at present working in these forests is very limited, and is likely to continue so. In many places they have to carry their paling and shingles for long distances on pack-horses. The ranges are so steep that it is a work of much difficulty to convey them to some accessible spot. However, the splitter in this region seldom meets with a hollow tree, and he takes care to select such trees only as will turn out from 10,000 to 20,000 palings, and frequently a much greater number.

The only destruction at present to be dreaded in these forests is fire. The scrub is so dense that it is difficult to penetrate far into it, and frequently fire is used to clear a track, and in its progress makes sad havoc.

Many of the deep ravines and sides of creeks in this locality abound with splendid specimens of native beech (*Fungus Cunninghamii*), some of which measure upwards of 100 ft. high, with a diameter of trunk from 5 to 8 ft. This timber is of great value, and ought to be strictly preserved. Great quantities of blackwood (*Acacia Melanoxylon*), of large dimensions and fine quality, are everywhere interspersed throughout these forests, mixed with sassafras trees (*Atherosperma Moschatum*) and dogwood (*Pomaderris apetala*), also of large size. *Lomatia Fraserii* also forms a goodly sized tree in the fern-tree gullies, along with *Acacia decurrens*, many of which have attained the height of 150 ft., with magnificent straight trunks of from two to three feet in diameter. The timber of this species is well adapted for staves for wine casks and other purposes.

Seeing that such large quantities of valuable timber abound in the valley of the Watts, and on the spurs adjacent, I would respectfully beg to recommend the reservation of every acre, wherever it would not interfere with settlement, for, as a whole, the timber in the locality of the Watts, and ranges adjacent, is of far more value than the land, and it is rare to find such forests of sound timber in any other part of Victoria.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM FERGUSON, Inspector of State Forests.

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## APPENDIX No. III., page 176.

CORRESPONDENCE AS TO THE CREATION OF A  
CUSTOMS UNION AMONG THE COLONIES.

CIRCULAR.

*Downing Street, 13th July, 1871.*

SIR,

I HAVE had for some time under my consideration Despatches from the Governors of several of the Australasian Colonies, intimating the desire of the Colonial Governments that any two or more of those Colonies should be permitted to conclude agreements securing to each other reciprocal Tariff advantages; and reserved Bills to this effect have already reached me from New Zealand and Tasmania.

It appears that whilst it is at present impossible to form a general Customs Union, owing to the conflicting views of the different Colonial Governments as to Customs Duties, the opinion extensively prevails, which was expressed at the Intercolonial Conference held at Melbourne last year, in favour of such a relaxation of the Law as would allow each Colony of the Australasian Group to admit any of the products or manufactures of the other Australasian Colonies Duty free, or on more favourable terms than similar products and manufactures of other Countries.

At the same time it has not been stated to me from any quarter that the subject urgently presses for the immediate decision or action of Her Majesty's Government; and I trust, therefore, that any delay that may arise in dealing with it will be attributed to its true cause, namely, to the desire of Her Majesty's Government to consider the subject deliberately in all its bearings with a view to arrive at such a settlement as may not merely meet temporary objects, but constitute a permanent system resting upon sound principles of commercial policy.

The necessary consultations with the Board of Trade and with the Law Officers have unavoidably been protracted to a late period of the Session; and if Her Majesty's Government were satisfied that they could properly consent to the removal of the restrictions against Differential Duties, it would not be possible now to obtain for so important a measure the attention which it should receive from Parliament. It is by no means improbable that the introduction of a Bill to enable the Australasian Colonies to impose Differential Duties might raise serious discussions and opposition both in Parliament and in the Country, on the ground that such a measure would be inconsistent with the principles of Free Trade, and prejudicial to the commercial and political relations between the different parts of the Empire; and I feel confident that the Colonial Governments will not regret to have an opportunity afforded them of further friendly discussion of the whole subject, after learning the views of Her Majesty's Government upon it, before any final conclusion is arrived at, I will therefore proceed to

notice those points which seem to Her Majesty's Government to require particular examination.

The Government of New Zealand appears from the Bill laid before the House of Representatives, and from the financial statement of the Treasurer, to have originally contemplated the granting of special bonuses to goods imported into New Zealand from the other Australasian Colonies. As, however, this expedient was not eventually adopted, I am relieved from the necessity of discussing the objections to such a mode of avoiding the rule against Differential Duties.

The proposal now before me raises the following questions; viz.,—

1. Whether a precedent exists in the case of the British North American Colonies for the relaxation of the rule or law now in force.
2. Whether Her Majesty's Treaty obligations with any Foreign Powers interfere with such relaxation.
3. Whether a general power should be given to the Australasian Governments to make reciprocal Tariff arrangements, imposing Differential Duties, without the consent of the Imperial Government in each particular case.
4. Whether on grounds of general Imperial policy the proposal can properly be adopted.

The Attorney-General of New Zealand, in his Report accompanying the reserved Bill, observes that its main provisions are almost a literal copy of provisions which have been for some time past in force in Canada and other North American Colonies; and I observe that in the various communications before me the argument is repeatedly pressed that the Australasian Colonies are entitled to the same treatment in this respect as the North American Colonies. It may be as well, therefore, to explain what these provisions actually are.

I enclose extracts from the Acts of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island of the year 1856; but I need not dwell upon them, because, as dealing with a limited list of raw materials and produce not imported to those Colonies from Europe, they are hardly, if at all, applicable to the present case; and I shall refer only to the Act passed by the Dominion of Canada in 1867 (31 Vict. cap. 7), which is the enactment principally relied upon as a precedent.

Schedule D of this Act exempts from Duty certain specified raw materials and produce of the British North American Provinces; and the 3rd Section enacts, that "any other articles than those mentioned in Schedule D, being of the growth and produce of the British North American Provinces, may be specially exempted from Customs Duty by order of the Governor in Council."

This, which was one of the first Acts of the Legislature of the newly constituted Dominion in its opening Session, was passed in the expectation that, at no distant date, the other Possessions of Her Majesty in North America would become part of the Dominion; and the assent of Her Majesty's Government to a measure passed in circumstances so peculiar and exceptional cannot form a precedent of universal and necessary application,—although I am not prepared to deny that the

**Australasian Governments** are justified in citing it as an example of the admission of the principle of Differential Duties.

With reference to the second question, as to the existence of any Treaty the obligations of which might be inconsistent with compliance by Her Majesty with the present proposal, the Board of Trade have informed me that this point could only be raised in connection with the terms of the Treaty between this Country and the Zollverein of 1865, extended through the operation of the "most favoured nation" Article to all other countries possessing rights conferred by that stipulation.

The 7th Article of that Treaty, which extends the provisions of previous Articles to the Colonies and Foreign Possessions of Her Majesty, contains the following provision :—

"In the Colonies and Possessions the produce of the States of the Zollverein shall not be subject to any higher or other Import Duties than the produce of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland or of any other Country of the like kind." I am advised that this 7th Article may be held not to preclude Her Majesty from "permitting the Legislature of a British Possession to impose on articles being the produce of the States of the Zollverein any higher or other Import Duties than those which are levied on articles of the like kind which are the produce of another British Possession, provided such Duties are not higher or other than the Duties imposed on articles of the like kind being the produce of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

But, apart from the strict interpretation of the Treaty, it seems very doubtful whether it would be a wise course on the part of the Australasian Colonies, which both as regards Emigration and Trade have more extensive relations with Germany than with perhaps any other Foreign Country, to place German products and manufactures under disadvantages in the Colonial markets.

Proceeding to the third question, whether, if the principle of allowing the imposition of Differential Duties were conceded, the Colonies could be permitted to impose such Duties without the express sanction of the Imperial Government in each particular case, you will be prepared, by what I have already said, to learn that I consider it open to serious doubt whether such absolute freedom of action could be safely given.

Her Majesty's Government are alone responsible for the due observance of Treaty arrangements between Foreign Countries and the whole Empire: and it would be scarcely possible for the Colonial Governments to foresee the extent to which the trade of other parts of the Empire might be affected by special Tariff agreements between particular Colonies.

It must, moreover, be anticipated that these differential agreements, being avowedly for the supposed benefit of certain classes of the community, would be liable to be affected by temporary political circumstances. The door having been once opened, each producing or manufacturing interest, and even individuals desirous of promoting any new enterprise, might in turn press for exceptionably favourable treatment under the form of Intercolonial reciprocity, while the real grounds for

such changes as might be proposed would be intelligible only to those concerned with local politics.

It would appear, therefore, to be by no means clear that Her Majesty's Government could be relieved from the obligation of examining the particulars of each contemplated agreement, however limited; and while it would be very difficult for them to make such an examination in a satisfactory manner, a detailed inquiry of this kind could hardly fail to be irksome to the Colonies, and to lead to misunderstandings.

It remains for me, lastly, to ask how far it is expedient, in the interests of each Colony concerned, and of the Empire collectively, that the Imperial Parliament should be invited to legislate in a direction contrary to the established commercial policy of this country.

Her Majesty's Government are bound to say that the measure proposed by the Colonial Government seems to them inconsistent with those principles of Free Trade which they believe to be alone permanently conducive to commercial prosperity; nor, as far as they are aware, has any attempt been made to show that any great practical benefit is expected to be derived from reciprocal Tariff arrangements between the Australasian Colonies.

At all events I do not find anywhere among the papers which have reached me those strong representations and illustrations of the utility or necessity of the measure which I think might fairly be expected to be adduced as weighing against its undeniable inconveniences.

It is, indeed, stated in an Address before me that the prohibition of differential Customs treatment "operates to the serious prejudice of the various producing interests of the Australian Colonies." I understand this and similar expressions to mean that it is desired to give a special stimulus or premium to the Colonial producers and manufacturers, and to afford them the same advantage in a neighbouring Colony over the producers and manufacturers of all other parts of the Empire and of Foreign Countries as they would have within their own Colony under a system of Protective Duties. What is termed reciprocity is thus in reality protection.

It is, of course, unnecessary for me to observe that, whilst Her Majesty's Government feel bound to take every proper opportunity of urging upon the Colonies, as well as upon Foreign Governments, the great advantages which they believe to accrue to every country which adopts a policy of Free Trade, they have relinquished all interference with the imposition by a Colonial Legislature of equal duties upon goods from all places, although those duties may really have the effect of protection to the native producer.

But a proposition that in one part of the Empire commercial privileges should be granted to the inhabitants of certain other parts of the Empire to the exclusion and prejudice of the rest of Her Majesty's subjects, is an altogether different question; and I would earnestly request your Government to consider what effect it may have upon the relations between the Colonies and this country.

Her Majesty's subjects throughout the Empire, and nowhere more than in Australasia, have manifested on various occasions of late their

strong desire that the connection between the Colonies and this Country should be maintained and strengthened ; but it can hardly be doubted that the imposition of Differential Duties upon British produce and manufactures must have a tendency to weaken that connection, and to impair the friendly feeling on both sides, which I am confident your Government, as much as Her Majesty's Government, desire to preserve.

I have thought it right to state frankly and unreservedly the views of Her Majesty's Government on this subject, in order that the Colonial Government may be thoroughly aware of the nature and gravity of the points which have to be decided ; but I do not wish to be understood to indicate that Her Majesty's Government have, in the present state of their information, come to any absolute conclusion on the questions which I have discussed.

The objections which I have pointed out to giving to the Colonies a general power of making reciprocal arrangements would not apply to a Customs Union with an uniform Tariff ; and although such a general union of all the Colonies is, it appears, impracticable, it may be worth while to consider whether the difficulty might not be met by a Customs Union between two or more Colonies.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

KIMBERLEY.

*Governor Du Cane.*

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## TASMANIA.

### MEMORANDUM.

LORD KIMBERLEY'S Despatch, under date of the 13th July, 1871, on the question of Intercolonial Reciprocity, has received the attentive consideration of His Excellency's Advisers.

It is satisfactory to find that the Secretary of State admits that, in the cases of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island in 1856, and of the Dominion of Canada in 1867, Her Majesty's Government have assented to Acts exempting Colonial products from the duties imposed on similar articles when imported from Europe : and that, as regards the latest precedent, Lord Kimberley is "not prepared to deny that the Australasian Governments are justified in citing it as an example of the admission of the principle of Differential Duties."

It is not easy to understand why the earlier precedents are not similarly recognised as applicable to the recent demand for an admission of the same principle by the Legislatures of New Zealand and Tasmania, to which may now be added that of South Australia. The lists of articles in the sections of Statutes appended to the Despatch comprise, in the main, the products and manufactures of the Provinces and Colonies therein named. And the Reciprocity Conventions contemplated by the reserved Bills of Tasmania and New Zealand would deal



similarly with the products and manufactures of the Australasian Colonies.

There is, however, another example of the admission of the principle of Differential Duties by Her Majesty's Government which is not referred to by Lord Kimberley. The Acts of the Legislatures of Victoria and New South Wales which sanction the reciprocal importation across the Murray Border of goods, which are liable to Customs Duties on the wharves of Melbourne and Sydney, have received Her Majesty's assent, and constitute a recent and conspicuous precedent for legislation in favour of Intercolonial Reciprocity: and this example derives special importance from the fact that the Acts in question were passed in the exercise of powers to legislate on this point, specially conferred upon Victoria and New South Wales by the Imperial Statutes which granted to those Colonies their present Constitutions.

It would, therefore, seem that all the precedents that can be instanced of Imperial assent to Colonial Legislation on this point may be "cited as examples of the admission of the principle of Differential Duties."

When we come to the extent to which such Colonial Legislation would affect Her Majesty's Treaty obligations with Foreign Powers, it is admitted that there is but one Treaty in existence which contains a stipulation restricting the fiscal legislation of "Colonies and Possessions" of the British Crown; and that the Secretary of State is "advised" that the Article in question "may be held not to preclude Her Majesty from permitting"—to quote the language of the Dispatch—"such a relaxation of the Laws as would allow each Colony of the Australasian Group to admit any of the products or manufactures of the other Australian Colonies duty free, or on more favourable terms than similar products and manufactures of other countries."

From this we may infer that, while Her Majesty is bound to require that Differential Duties shall not be imposed upon imports into British Colonies from the United Kingdom and Foreign States, Her Majesty is not required by any Treaty to refuse the Royal Assent to Measures admitting the reciprocal importation between two or more British Possessions, duty free, of articles which the Colonial Legislatures have subjected to Customs Duties when imported from Europe.

Lord Kimberley's suggestion of the impolicy of placing "German products and manufactures under disadvantages in the Colonial markets," seems to touch a subject on which it may be said the Legislatures of Australasia are the legitimate, perhaps the best, judges.

Lord Kimberley's observations on the question of Colonial Differential Duties as affecting the general Imperial Policy seem to proceed upon a misconception of the object aimed at by the Australasian Governments, and of the motives which influence the advocates of the removal of Imperial restrictions on the fiscal legislation of the Colonies.

The object of the Tariff Conference held in Melbourne last year was to establish a Commercial Union of the Australias and New Zealand on the basis of a common Tariff, with a distribution of the Customs Revenue to the several Colonies according to population. That object was found to be, at that time, unattainable; and the Conference

adopted a unanimous Resolution to the effect that it was desirable that the Colonial Legislatures should be freed from Imperial restrictions on their reciprocal fiscal arrangements.

Her Majesty's Government had intimated their readiness to assent to a Customs Union of two or more Colonies; but, when such an arrangement was found to be impracticable, the Governments represented at the Conference were willing to rest content with the removal of the existing restrictions on Intercolonial trade by Reciprocity Conventions.

It is difficult to apprehend the force of objections offered to this mode of treating the question when no objection is raised to a Customs Union, which would produce precisely analogous results on a much larger scale.

A Customs Union between all the Australasian Colonies would enable these Countries to impose, if it were thought desirable, protective duties upon imports from Europe, while Colonial products and manufactures were reciprocally interchanged duty free. How, it may be asked, can such a system be deemed legitimate and admissible, when a plan for carrying it into only partial operation by less direct means is held to be open to grave objections?

Her Majesty's Government are prepared, we are informed, to sanction an arrangement that would enable a group of six Colonies, if they were so minded, to establish absolute Free Trade among themselves in combination with Protection against all the world beside. But when two Colonies desire to be placed in a similar position by a Tariff Convention, "Her Majesty's Government are bound to say that the measure proposed seems to them inconsistent with those principles of Free Trade which they believe to be alone permanently conducive to commercial prosperity."

By Lord Kimberley's own showing there are precedents for the legislation now submitted for the Royal assent; and there are no legal obstacles to its recognition in the shape of Imperial Treaty obligations. It is only on an abstract theory of the superior advantages of a Free Trade policy that the Secretary of State objects to a proposal which seems to sanction Protection under the name of Reciprocity.

These are views which can find no acceptance with Colonial Legislatures under a system of Constitutional Government. The question they desire to solve is one directly affecting the interests of the communities for which those Legislatures are elected to make Laws. Its effect upon Imperial interests is almost inappreciable. The doubt whether "the imposition of Differential Duties upon British produce and manufactures might not have a tendency to weaken the connection between the Mother Country and the Colonies, and to impair the friendly feeling on both sides," seems scarcely warranted by a fair consideration of the whole bearing of the application under discussion.

It may be observed that the Tariffs of the Australasian Colonies have, in effect, for some years past imposed duties on British manufactures either intentionally or incidentally protective.

Is it to be supposed that the "friendly feeling on both sides" which has survived the imposition of Protective or Prohibitory Duties on

British manufactures would be "impaired" by a Reciprocity Convention,—for example, between Victoria and Tasmania,—which permitted the products and manufactures of those Colonies to be mutually exchanged duty free, or under a lower duty than similar articles imported from the United Kingdom? It may be suggested with far greater probability that "the friendly feeling on both sides" is more likely to be impaired by the refusal of Her Majesty's Government to relax a Law which imposes an irksome restriction on the fiscal legislation, and vexatiously intermeddles with the domestic taxation, of these self-governed Colonies.

Lord Kimberley seems to complain of the absence of "strong representations and illustrations of the utility or necessity of the measure." The unanimous Resolution of the Conference of last year, and the subsequent identical legislation of New Zealand, South Australia, and Tasmania, may be taken as a sufficient indication of the strength of the conviction of the Governments and Legislatures of Australasia of the urgent necessity, and by consequence in their judgment of the utility, of the measure.

As far as the Colony of Tasmania is concerned, the "necessity and utility of the measure" are sufficiently obvious. Our Customs Duties are imposed for revenue purposes only. But when our nearest neighbours practically close against our producers and manufacturers their best and natural market by the comprehensive operation of an intentionally Protective Tariff, we seek relief in Reciprocity Conventions, which, while they would extend the basis of commercial operations between us and our neighbours, would in no way prejudice the interests of European producers and manufacturers, inasmuch as the desired Convention would, for the most part, "deal with a limited list of raw materials and produce not imported to these Colonies from Europe."

Lord Kimberley's treatment of this question indicates throughout a natural anxiety to avoid a decision which might seem to commit Her Majesty's Government to a departure "from the established commercial policy" of the Mother Country. But, since His Lordship assures us that Her Majesty's Government have not "come to any absolute conclusion on the questions which he has discussed," we may venture to hope that a firm but respectful persistence in the course of legislation already adopted by New Zealand, Tasmania, and South Australia, will shortly secure for the Australasian Colonies that freedom from Imperial restrictions on their fiscal relations with each other which the conciliatory policy of Her Majesty's Government has already conceded to the Colonies of British North America.

JAMES MILNE WILSON.

*Colonial Secretary's Office, 11th September, 1871.*

*His Excellency the Governor.*

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